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MDCCLXXXIX.

COLLECTION

HISTORICAL

MANUSCRIPTS



The Strange
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Count *de Vinevil*
AND HIS
FAMILY.

VOL. II.

A

ADVENTURES

COUNT DE NANCY

IN THE

P R E F A C E.

SINCE serious Things are in a Manner altogether neglected by what we call the gay and fashionable Part of Mankind, and religious Treatises grow mouldy on the Booksellers Shelves in the Back-Shops; when Ingenuity is, for want of Encouragement, starved into Silence, and Toland's abominable Writings sell ten times better than the inimitable Mr. Pope's Homer; when Dacier's Works are attempted to be translated by a Hackney Writer, and Horace's Odes turned into Prose and Nonsense; the few that honour Virtue and wish well to our Nation ought to study to reclaim our giddy Youth; and since Reprehensions fail, try to win them to Virtue by Methods where Delight and Instruction may go together. With this Design I present this Book to the Publick, in which you will find a Story where Divine Providence manifests itself in every Transaction, where Virtue is tried with Misfortunes and rewarded with Blessings: In fine, where Men behave themselves like Christians, and Women are really virtuous, and such as we ought to imitate.

As for the Truth of what this Narrative contains, since Robinson Crusoe has been so well received, which is more improbable, I know no Reason why this should be thought a Fiction. I hope the World is not grown so abandoned to Vice, as to believe that there is no

such Ladies to be found, as would prefer Death to Infamy; or a Man that for Remorse of Conscience would quit a plentiful Fortune, retire, and choose to die in a dismal Cell. This Age has convinced us, that Guilt is so dreadful a thing, that some Men have hastened their own Ends, and done Justice on themselves. Would Men trust in Providence, and act according to Reason and common Justice, they need not to fear any thing; but whilst they defy God, and wrong others, they must be Cowards, and their Ends such as they deserve, surprizing and infamous. I heartily wish Prosperity to my Country, and that the English would be again (as they were heretofore) remarkable for Virtue and Bravery, and our Nobility make themselves distinguished from the Crowd, by shining Qualities, for which their Ancestors became so honoured, and for Reward of which obtained those Titles they inherit. I hardly dare hope for Encouragement, after having discovered, that my Design is to persuade you to be virtuous; but if I fail in this, I shall not in reaping that inward Satisfaction of Mind that ever accompanies good Actions. If this Trifle sells, I conclude it takes, and you may be sure to hear from me again; so you may be innocently diverted, and I employed to my Satisfaction. Adieu.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Count DE VINEVIL.

IN the Year 1702, the Count *de Vinevil*, a Native of *France*, born of one of the noblest Families in *Picardy*, where he had long lived possessed of a plentiful Estate, being a Widower, and having no child but the beautiful *Ardelisa*, his only Daughter, finding his Estate impoverished by continued Taxations, and himself neglected by his Sovereign, and no ways advanced, whilst others less worthy were put into Places of Trust and Power; resolved to dispose of his Estate, purchase and freight a Ship, sail for Turkey, and there settle at Constantinople, to trade; being induced so to do, from the perfect Knowledge he had of those Parts, having been in his Youth for above ten Years with an Uncle of his, who was Consul there for the *French* Factory, and carried him along with him to shew him the World.

Accordingly he turned all into ready Money, except some Lands, which being intailed he could not sell; and those he intrusted in the Hands of the Count *de Beauclair*, his Sister's Son.

Having thus ordered his Affairs, he purchased a Ship called the *Bon-Aventure*; and having loaded it with Goods proper for the *Levant*, he went aboard with the fair *Ardelisa*, and a youth, who being an Orphan, and Heir to a considerable Estate in *Picardy*, was left to his Care. This Youth was Count of *Longueville*, then about seventeen Years of age; a young Gentleman of extraordinary Parts and Beauty: He was tall, delicately shaped, his Eyes black and sparkling, and every Feature of his Face was sweet, yet majestic; he was learned beyond his Years, and his Soul was full of Truth and Ingenuity; he had received from the best Education the best Principles, was brave, generous, affable, constant, and incapable of any thing that was base or mean: These Qualities rendered him dear to the Count *de Vinevil*, who looked on him as his own son, and was pleased to find that *Ardelisa* and he grew together in Affection as they grew in Age. She was then fourteen, and the most charming Maid Nature ever formed; she was tall and slender, fair as *Venus*, her Eyes blue and shining, her Face oval, with Features and an Air so sweet and lovely, that Imagination can form nothing more completely handsome or engaging. Her Mind well suited the fair Cabinet that contained it; she was humble, generous, unaffected, yet learned, wise, modest, and prudent above her Years or Sex; gay in Conversation, but by Nature thoughtful; had all the Softness of a Woman, with the Constancy and Courage of a Hero: In fine, her Soul was capable of every thing that was noble. There needed nothing more than this Sympathy of Souls, to create the strongest and most lasting Affection betwixt this young Nobleman



man and Lady; they loved so tenderly, and agreed so well, that they seemed only born for one another.

The Evening before the Count de Vinevil left his Castle to go for *Turkey*, he called the young Count of *Longueville* into his Closet, and spake to him after this Manner: ' My Lord and Son, ' *said he*, I am, you see, going to quit my native ' Country, and to trust the faithless Seas with my- ' self and all that is mine: I am going amongst ' Mahometans, to avoid the seeing those, who ' have been my Vassals, lord it over me; but, ' my dear Child, I am most unwilling to hazard ' your Life, or involve you in whatever Misfor- ' tunes may befall me. You have a noble For- ' tune to enjoy, great Relations, such as can, ' with ease, procure you such an honourable Post ' at Court, or in the Army, as may give you Op- ' portunities of using, to your King and Coun- ' try's Glory, those admirable Qualifications Hea- ' ven has bestowed upon you; which I have not ' been wanting to improve in you, nor omitted ' any thing that could make you such, as I de- ' sired to see you: And, believe me, no News ' will be more grateful to me in my Exile from ' *France*, than to hear that you are great and ' happy. Now then, my dear Child, let me ' prevail with you to consent to our Separation: ' Stay here, and be as blessed as I wish you; ' and if I die in *Turkey*, and leave *Ardelisa* an ' Orphan, let her, returning, find in you such a ' Friend, as you have found in me.' Here he stopped. The young Count, whom Respect had till now kept silent, throwing himself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees with Tears, replied, ' My Lord and Father! what have I done to

' merit your Displeasure, that you should propose such a thing to me? Can you believe me
 ' capable of an Action so base, as to abandon
 ' you and *Ardelisa*, to whom my Soul is devoted,
 ' out of whose Presence I would not live, to gain
 ' the Empire of the *Eastern* World? No, my
 ' Father, your Fortune shall be mine; we will
 ' live and die together, nothing but Death shall
 ' ever separate us. *Ardelisa* shall be my Charge,
 ' and I will be to her a Lover, Husband, and
 ' Father; and to you a Son, in the strictest and
 ' most tender sense. Urge me no more to
 ' leave you, my Soul is filled with Horror at the
 ' Thought.' The old Count, taking him up in
 his Arms, embraced him with Transport; ' For-
 ' give me, my Son, *said he*, 'twas the Excess of
 ' my Affection made me fear to hazard the Life
 ' of what I loved so well; may Heaven prosper
 ' our Voyage, and reward you with a long Life
 ' and safe Return to *France*, when I am gone
 ' to rest: And may *Ardelisa* make you just Re-
 ' turns, and be to you as great a Blessing as you
 ' are to me. Let us now go to take our Repose,
 ' and with the Rising-sun we'll set out; all things
 ' are ready, the Wind is fair, and in another
 ' Country we will try to improve that Fortune
 ' we shall never be able here to better.'

The next Morning the good old Count, young
Longueville, and the fair *Ardelisa* left the Castle,
 attended with many Friends, who accompanied
 them to the Ship, where they were all handsomely
 treated with a Dinner: After which they took
 Leave, with many Tears, and good Wishes. The
 old Count's Servants expressed themselves in so
 moving a Manner, that it would have drawn
 Tears from the most savage Heart; nor was there

one of them, but did beseech him to let them go with him, though he had taken Care to recommend and provide for every one of them, having left Pensions to those who were grown old in his Service. He thanked them tenderly, and dismissed them all but four, which were *Nannetta*, a Maid, who had brought up *Ardelisa*, and governed his House ever since he had been a Widower; *Bonhome*, his old Steward and Secretary; *Manne* and *Joseph*, a young Maid and Boy, who had been bred up in his Family. And now, with a fair wind that Evening they hoisted Sail, on the 12th Day of *March* in the Year 1703. and, having a prosperous Voyage, reached the desired Port, arriving at *Constantinople* May the 1st.

So soon as they came to an Anchor, the old Count, who best knew the Customs of the Place, taking the Captain of the Vessel, went ashore to visit some *French* Merchants, to whom he brought Letters, and to pay the usual Compliments to the *Bassa* of the Port and *French* Consul; leaving the young Count with *Ardelisa*, whom the Disorder of a Sea-Voyage had so much indisposed, that she was scarce able to rise off the Bed: ‘ Now, my charming Dear, said the Lover, we are arrived at a strange Country, where we shall no more see Christian Churches, where Religion shews itself in Splendor, and God is worshipped with Harmony and Neatness; but odious Mosques, where the vile Impostor’s Name is echoed through the empty Quires and Vaults; where cursed *Mahometans* profane the sacred Piles, once consecrated to our Redeemer, and adorned with shining Saints and Ornaments, rich as Piety itself could make them. Alas! alas!

A 5

‘ dear

' dear *Ardelisa*, what will our Father's Ambition
 ' and Resentments cost both him and us? My
 ' boding Soul seems to forewarn me, that we
 ' here shall meet some dire Misfortunes: The
 ' wealth we have brought with us may perhaps
 ' occasion our undoing; but more, your Beauty,
 ' should some lustful *Turk*, mighty in Slaves and
 ' Power, once see that lovely Face; what hu-
 ' man Power could secure you from his im-
 ' pious Arms, and me from Death! Let me in-
 ' treat you, as you prize your Vertue and my
 ' Life, shew not yourself in publick; let the
 ' House conceal you till Divine Providence deli-
 ' vers us from hence.' *Ardelisa*, who was from
 his Discourse made too sensible of what she had
 to fear, shedding some Tears, replied, ' My dear
 ' Lord, I did not dare to tell my Father what
 ' I thought of this Design; but I, like you, have
 ' had a Dread ever since we left our native Land.
 ' I shall be wholly governed by you in all things,
 ' and rather choose to confine myself from all
 ' Conversation, than give you the least Disquiet;
 ' but, alas! should my Father's new Under-
 ' takings, his Trading, occasion your Absence
 ' from me, what must I do? or who shall pro-
 ' tect me from the Infidels Insolence?' At these
 Words, she remained silent, a Flood of Tears
 interrupting; whilst he, folding her in his Arms,
 sigh'd deeply, and just as he was going to speak,
 was prevented by *Bonhome's* entering the Cabbin
 to inform him, that the Boat was returned, with
 a Message from his Master, that they should come
 ashore, and that he only should stay aboard, to
 see the Cargo of the Ship unloaded; ' My Lord
 ' likewise, *continued he*, desires that you, Madam,
 ' will take Care to bring in your own Hand the little
 ' Cabinet

' Cabinet of Jewels; you will find him at a
' *French Merchant's House*, where you are to
' continue till my Lord has taken a House.

Nannetta and the young Lord assisting, *Ardelisa* arose, and was led to the Side of the Ship, and he descending into the Boat received his Mistress into his Arms, and with the faithful *Nannetta* and *Joseph* landed. They were by the Seamen conducted to the Merchant's House, where they found the Count *de Vinevil*, and were received and entertained with all the Kindness and Magnificence imaginable. Here they continued for about a Month, in which Time a handsome House was taken, and furnished, all the Goods got out of the Ship, brought ashore, and safely put into Warehouses; the greatest Part of which Goods were quickly sold to the *Turks*, by Means of the *French Consul* and Merchant.

The Count *de Vinevil*, at their leaving his House, made handsome Presents to Monsieur *de Joyeux* his Lady and Servants; and he and she had conceived the highest Esteem and Friendship that is possible for him, his Daughter, and the young Lord. And now the Count settled, and thus acquainted and assisted began to be extremely pleased with his Voyage and Success, and to resolve upon continuing in this Place the rest of his Days. *Ardelisa* carefully avoided going abroad, whilst her Father and Lover visited, managed, and dispatched all the Affairs with the Merchants: But so many *Bashaws* and Persons of Quality came to her Father's to traffick for European Goods, that she could not avoid being sometimes seen. Amongst these, *Mahomet*, the Captain of the Port's Son, a Chief Officer in

the Sultan's Guards, was so charmed with her Beauty, that he became passionately in Love with her: And knowing that her Father (being a Christian) would never consent to her being his, he concealed his Affection, resolving to wait for an Opportunity to steal her away, or take her by Force. In the mean Time, he sent her several Presents of considerable Value, by a Slave, whom he ordered to watch the young Count's going home at Noon, and to ask for her before him, and in case he was refused the Sight of her, to deliver the Present and Letter to the Count for her. This he did, to render the Count and her uneasy, having been informed that he was to marry *Ardelisa*. These Letters had no Name to them, but were very amorous, and contained all the passionate Expressions in which a Lover could declare his Passion. This rendered both the old Lord and young very uneasy; but above all, *Ardelisa*, who foresaw her Ruin approaching.

One Day the same Slave comes as usual, bringing a Letter in a Silver Basket of choice Sweetmeats, in the midst of which was placed a Gold Box, under the Letter: This he delivered to the old Lord for his Daughter, who now kept in her Chamber, and would no more be seen by Strangers. *Longueville* offered the Slave a large Reward, if he would reveal his Master's Name and Quality. The Slave surlily answered, ' Do you take me
' for a Christian, that I should betray my Trust?
' A true Believer keeps his Word. My Master,
' when he thinks fit, will take what he is pleased
' to love: *Ardelisa* shall then know her Happiness.
' Till he reveal it himself, not all the Wealth, the
' damning Gold, that would procure a Set of
' Courtiers great enough to depose a Christian
' King,

‘ King, or to create two new ones, should seduce me to reveal his Secret; though I am sure to fall a Victim by his Hand, whenever he is displeased, or would divert himself with doom-
 ‘ ing me to die. Farewel, Christian, take Care,
 ‘ and blush to think we both despise your Faith
 ‘ and you.’

He left them much amazed; they went to *Ardelisa* in her Chamber, and there opening the Gold Box, they found inclosed the Picture of a young *Turk*, set round with Diamonds of great Price. Just at this Instant the old Lord was called by *Nannetta* to the *French* Consul, who wanted to speak with him; he leaving the Room, the young Count throwing himself at his Mistress’s Feet, said, ‘ Now, my *Ardelisa*, my prophetick
 ‘ Fears are verified, now what Course shall we
 ‘ take? Why does Christianity forbid me to pre-
 ‘ vent your Ruin and my own by a noble Death?
 ‘ Where shall we fly to? Oh! now deny me
 ‘ not one last Request; this Night, this Hour,
 ‘ prevent my Dishonour, and let us marry. Stay
 ‘ not for a foolish Modesty till you are ravished
 ‘ from me; then we may with Honour go to-
 ‘ gether, wherever cruel Fate shall drive us.’
 Here he embraced her tenderly, and she replied,
 ‘ My dear Lord, I am at my Father’s and your
 ‘ Dispose, I will no longer deny you any thing.
 ‘ May Heaven prosper our vertuous Union, and
 ‘ preserve my Person always yours.’ At these
 Words the old Lord entered the Room, to in-
 form them what the Consul was come about:
 ‘ He tells me, *said he*, that he is secretly ad-
 ‘ vertised, that there is some Design of seizing
 ‘ our Ship as it lyes in the Harbour, by Means
 ‘ of some *Turkish* *Bassa*, but he can’t yet dis-
 ‘ cover

‘ cover who; and counsels me to send you, my
 ‘ Son, immediately aboard, with what Goods we
 ‘ have proper for the *Spanish* Trade, and that you
 ‘ sail for the first Port there, or in *Italy*, which
 ‘ you may reach in few Days, and stay there till
 ‘ I and my Daughter can secretly get off with
 ‘ the Remainder of our Effects, which he will
 ‘ dispose of for us as his own. Now therefore,
 ‘ my dear Children, let us resolve what to do;
 ‘ too late I see my Rashness, for which I know
 ‘ you must condemn me: But forgive me, and
 ‘ reproach me not, say what is best to be done.’
 The young Lord answered, ‘ My honoured Father,
 ‘ first make *Ardelisa* mine, send for the Consul’s
 ‘ Priest, and marry us, that I may not be so
 ‘ wretched to lose her unenjoyed. Next let us
 ‘ go aboard in the dead of the Night, and leave
 ‘ this fatal Place.’ ‘ Alas! answered the Count,
 ‘ my Son, that is impossible, your first Request
 ‘ is just, and shall be instantly complied with;
 ‘ but what you last advise is impracticable. You
 ‘ know no ship can go into this Port, or out,
 ‘ but must first pass Examination; they will not
 ‘ stop you, but rather will be pleased with your
 ‘ Absence. You therefore can with Safety carry
 ‘ off what is most valuable of our Effects, and
 ‘ stay at some Port, to which we will follow
 ‘ you; from thence we will return to *France*.’
 ‘ No, my Father, said the young Lord, I cannot
 ‘ consent to leave you; the Consequence of that
 ‘ must be her Ruin and your Death; but this I
 ‘ will do, I will this Night go on board the Ship
 ‘ with our best Effects, under Pretence of going
 ‘ to trade; thus I shall pass safely out of the
 ‘ Port, at some Distance from which I will lye
 ‘ at Anchor till you and *Ardelisa* come to me,
 ‘ which

‘ which you shall do in this Manner : To-morrow
‘ in the Afternoon you shall borrow the Consul’s
‘ Boat, pretending you are going to take the Air
‘ on the Water for Pleasure, so you may get an
‘ Opportunity of escaping to me.’ This the
old Count agreed to, and the same Evening the
Priest made the lovely *Ardelisa* Wife to the ge-
nerous *Longueville*, the Time and Circumstances
requiring Haste and Secrecy. After Supper the
Servants packed up what was least cumbersome
and most valuable ; the Consul accompanied the
young Lord to the Bassa of the Port’s House,
who easily granted them the Passports proper for
Longueville’s Departure with the Ship and Goods.
In the Night he took leave of his Bride and
Father, with much Concern and Disorder : ‘ Now,
‘ *said he*, my charming *Ardelisa*, whom Heaven
‘ has this happy Day made mine, I am going from
‘ you for some tedious Hours, which I shall pass
‘ with an Impatience and Concern which Words
‘ cannot express : May Angels guard you and
‘ conduct you to my longing Arms again ; but
‘ if some dreadful Chance prevents our meeting,
‘ remember both your Duty to yourself and me.
‘ Permit not a vile Infidel to dishonour you, re-
‘ sist to Death, and let me not be so completely
‘ cursed, to hear you live and are debauched. My
‘ Soul is filled with unaccustomed Fears ; forgive
‘ me, *Ardelisa*, I know your Virtue is strong,
‘ though you are weak, but Force does oft pre-
‘ vail. We are now on the Crisis of our Fate,
‘ it is a bold Venture that I run to leave you
‘ here ; but if I stay, we are sure of Ruin. To
‘ keep you I must leave you ; in Providence is
‘ all my Hope. If we do meet no more to God
‘ I’ll dedicate the wretched Hours I shall survive
‘ you,

‘ you, and never know a second Choice.’ At these Words he took her in his Arms, whilst she, all drowned in Tears, said, ‘ Why, my dear Lord, do you anticipate Misfortunes? Why doubt that Providence which has preserved us coming hither, and will, I hope, prevent our Ruin? Fear not my Virtue, I am resolved never to yield whilst Life shall last. I applaud your Resolution, and shall prove I am worthy you. Go, since there is no other Way to save us, and by these fond Delays waste not the Time Fate points out for our Escape, before the vicious Infidel gets Knowledge of our Design.’ At this he loosed her from his Arms, and, turning from her, wiped the falling Drops from his Eyes, whilst the old Count embraced him with all the Tenderness of Friendship, and such Affection as Fathers have for only Sons, saying, ‘ A thousand Blessings follow you, my Son, and prosper what we do.’ At these Words the young Lord bowed, and went to the Boat, followed by the Boatswain only, the Captain and part of the Men being gone before on board. He arrived safe into the Ship, and fell down at break of Day, passing the Castles, into the Road, where he cast Anchor.

C H A P. II.

AND now the Sun rising, the young Lord began to count each Minute, still looking out to see if the wish’d-for Boat appeared; but Providence, that was resolved to try his Faith and Virtue, determined to separate him and *Ardelisa*. A dreadful Storm arose at Noon so violent that Cables could no longer hold the labouring Vessel,

fel, the Anchors broke their Hold, the Ship was drove into the open Seas, and in few Hours lost Sight of all the *Turkish* Coast. Eighteen Days they sailed, and then got Sight of *Leghorne*, into which they gladly put, to get Refreshments, and repair the shattered Vessel, which had lost all her Masts and Rigging.

Here they were constrained to stay to refit fourteen Days more ; and then, contrary to the Captain's Advice, *Longueville*, whose uneasy State of Mind it is impossible for Words to describe, commanded them to return to *Constantinople* ; leaving here with the *French* Consul the Money and Goods they had brought from *Turkey*, for which Place they again set Sail ; where we shall leave them pursuing their Voyage, and return to the old Count and *Ardelisa*.

No sooner was the young Lord gone aboard, but the Count *de Vinevil*, reflecting upon their Danger, told *Ardelisa*, he did not think it advisable for her to stay that Night in the House : So he called *Nannetta* and *Joseph*, and bid them go with her to the Consul's, whither he would come in the Morning, to consult how to accomplish what they designed. She much intreated her Father to go with her ; but he answered, ' No, ' my dear Child, it is no ways safe for me to ' leave the House ; for should the Bassa of the ' Port send Spies, my Presence would prevent ' their suspecting our Design of going away ; if ' you are asked for, I can plead your being in ' Bed, as a just Excuse for your not appearing ; ' me they have no Reason to hate.' These Reasons made her (though with great Reluctance) consent to go without him ; shedding a Flood of Tears, she embraced him, saying, ' Adieu, my ' dear

' dear Lord and Father, may the attending Angels keep us, and blast our Enemies bad Designs against us.' He blessed her, and they parted, never, alas! to meet again, for Fate had so decreed. The Count and Servants busied in packing up what yet remained in the House, *Ardelisa* having carried only the small Cabinet of Jewels, with about a thousand Pistoles in her's and the Maid's Pockets, they shut all the Doors and Windows fast, to avoid Discovery; but it was not long before somebody knocked with such Fury at the Gate, that they all stood looking with Amazement on one another. At last the Count bid them go see what was the Matter: The Servant, who went to the Gate, demanded civilly, who was there? thinking it might be the young Lord returned, or *Ardelisa*; but he was soon answered by the enraged *Mahomet*, who having been informed by his Slave of what had passed betwixt *Longueville* and him, was resolved to gratify his Love and Revenge together: In order to which, he designed the seizing the Ship to prevent their Escape, and then caused this Rumour to be spread, in Hopes it would drive *Longueville* to fly with her, that so he might have a just Pretence to seize them; but finding he went alone, and that the Lady and her Father staid behind, he resolved to give them this Visit in the dead of the Night, not doubting to find them defenseless: And besides, whatever Violence he should then commit, would be better concealed, being not willing to occasion a Quarrel betwixt his Emperor and *France*; or what was more certain, lose his own Life by the Bow-string, if Justice were required by the *French* Ambassador. To prevent all which fatal Consequences,

Consequences, he determined to kill the old Lord and Servants, carry off the Lady, and leave none in the House to betray him. With this villainous Intent he came, attended with his bloody Vassals, whom the Fear of Death had so possessed, that they dared not fail to act whatever Villainy he commanded. *Mahomet* bid the Servant open the Gate that Moment, or he would force his Way in with Fire and Sword.

At these Words the poor Boy fled into the House, to give his Lord Notice; but the fatal Message had scarce past his trembling Lips, when they heard the Gate broke open, and saw the merciless *Turks* enter the House; *Mahomet* crying, 'Secure the Christian Dogs; by *Mahomet*! if one escape alive, besides the Lady, your forfeit Lives shall answer it.' At these Words they laid Hands on the amazed Servants, with their drawn Scimiters in Hand. The old Lord, whose noble Soul disdained to shrink, stepp'd boldly to him, saying, 'Insolent Lord! what have we done to injure thee? Why are we treated thus? Natives of *France*, and Friends to your great Emperor and you; if I or mine have injured you, you have a Right, as well as we, to procure Justice on us: Speak, what is our Crime?' *Mahomet*, clapping his Dagger to his Breast, replied, 'Do you ask Questions, Fool? Shew me to your Daughter's Bed, and with her Honour buy that Life which I, on any other Terms, will not spare. Make me happy in her Arms, and silently conceal all that shall pass this Night, or I will plunge this Dagger in your Heart, leave nothing here but speechless Ghosts and murdered Carcases, then with *Ardelisa* I'll return to my own Palace, and there

'there force her to give all her Treasures up to
 'me, and glut myself in her Embraces.' The
 Count *de Vineuil*, with a Look that spoke Dis-
 dain and Rage, replied, 'No, Villain! *Ardelisa*
 'never shall be thine; not Empires, or the
 'Dread of any Death thy cursed Fury could in-
 'vent, should make me but in Thought con-
 'sent to such a Deed; Life is a Trifle weighed
 'with Infamy; the God I serve shall both pre-
 'serve her Vertue, and revenge my Death:
 'My Daughter is not educated so, and will, I
 'know, prefer a noble Death to such Disho-
 'nour.' *Mahomet*, enraged, cried, 'Slaves!
 'go search the Chambers, and bring her naked
 'from her Bed, that I may ravish her before
 'the Dotard's Face, and then send his Soul to
 'Hell.' At this the old Lord smiled, and lifting
 up his Hands to Heaven, cried, 'It is just, my
 'God, that I, who have thus exposed my Child,
 'should first feel the Misery my Rashness me-
 'rits, but do not let her perish here: Preserve
 'her, Great Creator, from the Lust and Rage
 'of these vile Infidels, and let thy Angels guide
 'her home again; let my Blood expiate all my
 'Sins, and give me Courage in this great Ex-
 'tremity.' At these Words the *Turks*, who had
 in vain searched all the House, assured their Lord,
 that *Ardelisa* was not there: 'Die then,' (said he
 to the old Count) 'here I'll begin my Venge-
 'ance.' At these Words the cruel *Mahometan*
 plunged his Dagger into his Breast; at which
 the old Lord fell, crying, *Mercy, my Saviour!*
 The Slaves soon dispatched the innocent Ser-
 vants, who in vain implored their Pity; then they
 proceeded to plunder the House, after which they
 shut the Doors after them, and departed: *Maho-*

met swearing he would find *Ardelisa*, or destroy all the *Frenchmen* in *Constantinople*.

C H A P. III.

WHILST this tragick Scene was acting, the innocent *Ardelisa*, having recommended herself to Heaven, was sleeping in her Bed, and dreamt her Father called her, in a distant Room, to come to him. She fancied she ran thither, and saw him all over Blood and Wounds, at which he vanished from her; then found herself with Strangers in a wild desolate Place, where they were in great Distress for Food, and knew not where to go; she starting waked, and in much Disorder, finding it was Day, she rose, calling *Nannetta*, who was up already: ‘ Oh! *Nannon*, ‘ said she, I have had a dismal Dream, make ‘ Haste, and send *Joseph* to see if my dear Father ‘ is stirring yet.’ The Maid was going when ‘ the Consul’s Lady, entering the Chamber all ‘ in Tears, said, ‘ Dear *Ardelisa*, I have News ‘ to tell you that a Virtue less than yours could ‘ not support. Now summon all your Reason ‘ and Religion to your Aid, and to that God ‘ submit, who has this dreadful Night preserved ‘ you.’ ‘ Alas! Madam, I too well understand ‘ you, *she replied*, my Father is murdered.’ She at these Words fell into a swoon, out of which with Difficulty they recovered her; returning to Life, she fell into such moving Lamentations, such extreme, though modest Sorrow, that would have made even the cruel Infidels, could they have seen her, melt and feel Remorse. The Lady comforted her all she could, telling her, she must

now think of her own Preservation; in order to
 which, the Boy and Maid must not be seen to
 stir abroad: Says she, 'Monsieur de Joyeux, who
 ' living near your Father, first heard the dreadful
 ' News, just now sent a Servant to acquaint us,
 ' that your Father and you were murdered, with
 ' all the Servants, and the House plundered; but
 ' that no body could tell by whom. Those that
 ' have done this hellish Deed will doubtless lye
 ' in wait for you. Let us permit this Report of
 ' your Death to spread, that we may get you
 ' secretly conveyed to some distant Port, from
 ' whence you may get off safely.' 'Alas! Ma-
 ' dam, *said she*, your Goodness will expose you
 ' and your Family to Ruin; were I so ungrateful
 ' as to accept it, my staying in your House
 ' would undo you. No, Madam, God forbid
 ' I should involve you in my unhappy Fate, it
 ' is my Ruin the fierce Villain seeks, my fatal
 ' Face has been our Destruction. Had I not
 ' left my Father, we had nobly died together;
 ' the only Favour I can ask of you with Honour
 ' is, to let me depart e'er I am discovered:
 ' Procure me but the Habit of a Man, the Boy
 ' and I will venture to feign ourselves belonging
 ' to some Ship that now lyes in the Road; if we
 ' are taken, we can only die; if we escape,
 ' Money shall bribe the Captain where we get
 ' aboard, to put us safe into my dear Lord's
 ' Ship.' 'No, Madam, *replied the Lady*, your
 ' Life's too precious to be risqued in such a
 ' manner. We have a Country House within
 ' thirty Miles of this City, at a Village called
 ' *Domez-Dure*, thither I will this Night send
 ' you and your Servants; you and *Nannetta*
 ' shall be dressed like Men, and *Joseph* shall black
 ' his

his Face and Hands like *Domingo* our Slave: So you shall feign yourself very sick, and in our Horse-Litter shall be conveyed thither; there you may continue in Safety till a fit Opportunity presents to get you off: Our Boat shall about Noon go off, and acquaint your Lord with all that has happened, and bid him put off to Sea, and make away for some other Port, where he may some Days hence drop in with his Boat, and receive you. Perhaps by that time he whom we suspect to have done this Villainy, the Bassa *Ibrahim's* Son, who, it seems, was seen last Night attended with his Slaves late in the Streets, may be commanded hence to the Army, and then you may go away safely.'

This offer *Ardelisa* accepted of, with many Acknowledgments, and the Consul's Lady left the Room to acquaint the Consul what they had determined to do, leaving *Ardelisa* on her Bed, overwhelmed with Grief. The Maid soon packed up the Things, Men's Habits were brought, and she and her Lady, who seemed half dead, dressed and put into the Litter, with *Joseph* walking by the Side so black that he appeared a perfect *Moor*. They arrived safe at the Country-House, where *Ardelisa* fell sick, and remained much longer than she expected. The same Day she went from *Constantinople* the Storm prevented the Consul's Boat from giving the Lord *Longueville* Notice of what was past, and he was drove out to Sea, as is before recited.

C H A P. IV.

MANY Spies were employed by *Mahomet* to get Intelligence of *Ardelisa*; and the same Evening of the Day she went away the Consul's House was searched, under Pretence of his Servants having concealed a *Turkish* Slave, whom the Bassa of the Port pretended his Son had lost; so that it was a great Providence for her and the Family she was not there. Whilst she lay sick at *Domez-Dure*, *Joseph*, the fictitious Black, used frequently to go about the Town for Provisions, and became well acquainted with all the Country thereabouts. It chanced one Day, that as he was going to a Village near the Sea, he saw some Troops of *Turks* going along the Road; and fearing to be questioned, he retired into a thick Wood; which, viewing well, he thought he perceived something like a House; but so covered with Trees and Bushes, that he could scarce discern it. Curiosity made him venture to go farther, and coming into the midst of the Wood, he saw a small Cottage, into which he entered by a Door that stood ajar. He stopped a while to hear if any Creature moved in it; but finding all things in Silence, he entered, and there found two little but convenient Rooms, with a little Table, three low Stools, a Fire-Place, some earthen Dishes, a Knife, Fork and Spoon of Silver, and a little Pot; and in the inner Room a Mattress, laid on some Rushes, with a Quilt and Sheets; a Box, in which he found some Linen and some Books of Devotion in the Latin Tongue, with a Crucifix: But no Person being there, he concluded

concluded some Christian Slave had escaped, and lived there concealed. The Soldiers, as he supposed, being now gone, he returned to the Road, pursued his Journey, and went home, relating to his Lady and *Nannetta* what he had seen in the Wood; adding, 'My honoured Lady, should we be pursued hither, it were a most safe Retreat for you to fly to.'

Some Days they continued undisturbed, *Joseph* frequently going to the Consul's to learn News of his Lord but in vain. Sometimes *Ardelisa* tormented herself, with thinking he perished in the dreadful Storm; but on Reflection thought again, some Token of the Wreck would sure have appeared, being so near the Shore. Then she concluded he was drove to Sea. But at length *Joseph* going to the Consul's, chanced to overtake a Slave, who was going the same Way; with whom falling in Talk, he asked him, whither he was going, and from whence he came? 'From *Domez-Dure*, said he, where I have been to view a *Frenchman's* Country-house, and have found what I wanted, for which my Lord will pay me nobly.'

I don't doubt these Words struck *Joseph* like a Thunderbolt; he, recollecting himself, said, 'Friend, will you drink a Dram with me; here, said he, pulling a little Bottle full of good Wine out of his Pocket) 'come let us sit down under this Tree, and rest awhile.' The *Turk*, suspecting nothing, and tempted with the Opportunity of drinking Wine, consented; and *Joseph*, as he lifted the Bottle to his Head, stabbed him to the Heart with his Knife: 'Go, Dog, said he, go bear thy Message to the Prince of Hell, there look Reward.' The *Turk* cried, 'Tis just,

‘just, Great Prophet! Youth, I envy thee the Deed; so should the Fool be served that tells his Master’s Secret: Much Christian Blood I’ve spilt, and thou hast punished me. Tell *Ardelisa*, if you do, as I suppose, belong to her, she is not safe at *Domex-Dure*; I can no more.’ He in few minutes died; whilst *Joseph*, turning back, fled, to forewarn his Lady to be gone.

He had no sooner told the Story, but a death-like Paleness overspread her Face, and poor *Nannetta* could not speak: ‘Dear God, (cried *Ardelisa*, where shall I fly? what must I do?’ ‘Madam, cried the faithful Boy, this Night fly to the Cottage in the Wood; the Slave, prevented from delivering his Message, gains us Time.’ But, alas! said she, whom may we find in that sad Place?’ ‘None but a Christian, he replied, for such I am sure he must be, by what I saw, if any body lives there now. I will go hide myself in the Wood, and wait to see if any one come in or out, and speak to the Person; and if I see any, then return to let you know what is best to be done. Here we must not stay much longer, the dead Slave will be found, and some other sent; it is enough that this Place is suspected, and God, by my Hand, has given us this Time to think and escape.’

Having eat something he departed, leaving *Ardelisa* much distracted in her Thoughts. He had not waited long in the Wood, before he saw a Man come forth of the Cottage, in the Habit of a *Santoine*, or religious *Turk*, with Sandals on his Feet, his Face pale and meagre; he had in his Hand a Piece of Bread, he lift up his Eyes to Heaven, sighed deeply, crossed his Breast, and began to eat. *Joseph*, who at first feared he had been a

Mahometan,

Mahometan, was now overjoyed; and stepping from behind the Tree, where he had stood concealed, threw himself at his Feet, saying, 'Christian and Friend, fear me not, but let us go in and talk, and I will shew you a way to preserve Lives that may be of great Use to you.' At these Words the Hermit viewed him with much Attention; and though greatly surprized to hear him speak, yet as a Man, to whom Death itself would not be terrible, answered, 'Speak on.' 'Father, *said the Boy*, 'tis dangerous for us to talk here.' At this they entered the House, where he told the Hermit, 'That a Christian Lady, a Maid-Servant and himself begged to be sheltered there, till they might find Means to get off at a Sea-Port, to return to *France*.' 'To *France*, (*said the Hermit*) *Moor*, for why?' 'Because we are all Natives of that Place, *replied the Boy*.' 'Your Lady's Name, *said the Hermit*?' 'My dear Lord was *de Vinevil*, the Youth *replied*, and I a luckless Lad, who here have lost him.' At these Words he wept. 'Alas! sweet Boy, *said he*, I knew him well; all that are his I love, and will refuse no Kindness to.'

The Boy, at these Words, looking earnestly on him, knew him to be a Priest born in *Picardy*, who went a Missionary to *Japan* about ten Years before: 'Father *Francis*, *said he*, how blessed am I to see you, though in this sad Place? How came you here? and by what Providence preserved?' The joyful Priest embracing him, perceived he was no Black, and said thus: 'A cruel Storm, in our Return to *France*, drove our Vessel on this Coast, where a few of us were preserved from Death, but not from cruel

Usage: We were but five, and soon were separated; three died, I and my Brother *James* a Turk brought to *Constantinople*, under Pretence of Kindness; then demanded a Ransom most exorbitant, which we protesting that we could not pay, he loaded us with Chains, threw us into a nasty Vault, where we remained, sustained with Bread and Water, till he feared our Deaths. Then he removed us to his Gardens in the Country, where he made us work as Slaves; till, weary of our Lives, we resolutely leaped the Wall and fled; meeting with this Wood in our Way, staid here to rest, not being able to go farther. My Brother, stripping off his Coat, even naked, entered the Village begging, to prevent our perishing for want of Food, pretending Sanctity and Vows to *Mahomet*. The charitable Villagers supplying his Wants with Food and Raiment, he returned loaded to me. Thus were we encouraged to erect this homely Cell with Boughs and Boards we begged, to shield us from the Winter Rains and Cold. Thus we lived three Months together, when he fell sick and died; for six Months since I've lived by begging as before, but never discovered where I dwell: I go each Morning forth, and roam about, or sometimes sit down under some Tree to rest, but don't return hither 'till Night.

The Boy, thus satisfied, told all that related to his Lady; telling him withal, 'They had much Treasure, and that he might, with less Suspicion than they, visit the next Port, and find a Way both to deliver himself and them; and that he expected his Lord in a Ship belonging to them, of which he should have Intelligence

‘ gence from *Constantinople*.’ He answered,
 ‘ Child, you need not urge these Reasons, since
 ‘ God, who has preserved me here so long, re-
 ‘ quires that I should assist others in Distress.
 ‘ Go, bring your Lady hither, and may the An-
 ‘ gels guide and keep us whilst we stay, and give
 ‘ us Opportunity to escape from hence. Be
 ‘ gone; I must, as usual, go my Round, and
 ‘ I shall be back at Night.’ He gave his Blessing
 to the Youth, and so they parted.

C H A P. V.

JOSEPH returning home, gave his Lady
 an Account of the surprizing Things he had
 met with in the Wood; and she, lifting her
 Hands to Heaven, said, ‘ Now, my great De-
 ‘ liverer, whose Providence has provided me this
 ‘ Retreat, keep me and mine; guided by thee
 ‘ I cannot be unfortunate.’ At Night they left
 the House, taking their Money and Jewels; and
 getting safely to the Wood, found the good Fa-
 ther waiting at his Cottage Door, who received
 them with a Joy and Civility suiting the polite
 Education he had received. He embraced *Ar-
 delisa* with a Concern that called the Blood into
 his pale Cheeks, and shewed how dear her Fa-
 ther was to him: ‘ Welcome, *said he*, Daughter
 ‘ of my dearest Friend; this Place and the poor
 ‘ Master of it is devoted to your Service.’
 Leading her in, he seated her, having a poor
 Lamp burning: He had decked his little Cell as
 well as he could, having in one Corner of the
 Out-Room laid a Bed of Rushes for the Boy
 and him to lye on; and made a Door to the

Inner-Room of plaited Rushes, to render it more private, that she and her Maid, who wore their Men's Clothes, might undress and rise without being seen. He then reached a Bottle of Wine, which he kept there, with some Bread, for fear he should fall sick and not be able to go out some Days; with a Cup they drank, and after some Discourse the Lady retired to Rest.

The next Morning the Boy and Priest went forth early; at Noon the Lad returned, bringing Provisions for three Days. They buried their Gold in a Hole under their Bed in the Inner-Room, and their Jewels behind the Cottage in a hollow Tree, covering the Box so carefully with Leaves and Earth, which they filled up the Hollow with, that it was almost impossible for others to find them; and in the Evening the Boy set out for *Constantinople*, to see if there was any News of his Lord and the Ship, as also to inform the Consul of their Departure from his Country-house, and new Habitation.

The Lady and her Maid thus left alone, passed the Time in Prayer and Discourse, wherein they conversed so piously, and expressed themselves so excellently, that it is Pity the World is not favoured with a Recital of all they said; for *Nannetta* was a Maid whose Education had been noble, her Birth not mean, and indeed *Ardelisa* owed to her, in great part, the exalted Principles and Sentiments she possessed, she having had the Care of her in her Infancy; they eat together, and *Ardelisa* forgot all Distinctions, only *Nannetta's* Respect increased with her Mistress's Favour. At Night they were glad to see the good Father return home; he told them he had learned what ought to fill their Souls with fresh Acknowledgments

ledgments to God, who had that Day miraculously preserved them: ' So soon, *says he*, as I entered the Village, I found the People all in an Up-roar and their Eyes and Steps were all directed to the House you left, where a Band of *Turkish* Soldiers were rising and searching all the Rooms and Gardens, headed by a Man, who, by the Respect they shewed him, seemed of no small Quality. I staid at some Distance to observe what passed, and after some time, saw them depart in much Disorder, and he in the utmost Rage swearing by *Mahomet*, he would destroy the Village if he found you not soon. The People stared upon one another, and separated. I asked no Questions, but as usual walked forward, seeming to mumble my Orisons, and receiving the Alms of those who called me. I would advise you, Madam, *continued he*, not to stir forth of the House some days; I will go to the next Sea-Port, to see if any Ship be there belonging to *Spain, France, Holland, or England*, in either of which we may escape after *Joseph* is returned.' *Ardelisa* then besought him to take five Pieces of Gold to serve his Necessities: ' No, my Child, *said he*, the Providence of God shall provide for me, Money would render me suspected, this Habit is my Passport here, I pray God to keep you in my Absence and prosper my Journey.' They supped, prayed, and went to Repose, and before Day the Hermit departed.

C H. A P. VI.

AT the end of three Days *Joseph* returned to his Lady, and related the unhappy News he brought after this manner: ‘ My dear Lady, *said* *he*, the Consul and his Lady are in Health, are much transported at your Safety, and send you Word my Lord was well some days ago, and is so still, they hope.’ ‘ Is he then alive, and here? *she cried*; then I am happy.’ ‘ He was well, *replied the Boy*, and was here, but is departed, Madam: His Ship was drove so far out to Sea in the Storm, that he was obliged to make the first Port, which proved *Leghorn*, where the Ship was repaired and victualled again. Thence he returned to *Constantinople*, but entered not the Port, fearing Discovery. At Evening he sent his Boat ashore, ordering the Crew to report, when asked, that he was dead, and that the Captain of the Ship came there only to trade. The Coxswain was ordered to go to Monsieur *de Joyeux*’s House, to enquire for my old Lord and you. They there informed him, that he, you, and all the Family were murdered the same fatal Night he left you, and that he counselled my Lord to get off the Coast immediately, and return to *France*, where Monsieur *de Joyeux* and his Family hoped e’re long to see him, designing to return thither next Year. The Coxswain returned to the Ship with this Message, upon which they set Sail, and are doubtless gone home to *France*. The Consul heard nothing of the Ship’s Arrival, till Monsieur *de Joyeux* sent him
‘ this

‘ this Account. The Consul has sent a Letter
 ‘ by the Ambassador’s Packet, which he hopes
 ‘ will meet him in *Picardy*, to inform him, that
 ‘ you are living, and the Consul will take care
 ‘ to inform you of the first Opportunity to get
 ‘ off for *France*: Mean Time he is ready
 ‘ to serve you in all Things, and hopes it will
 ‘ not be long before he shall be able to send you
 ‘ Word, that your Enemy is gone to the Army,
 ‘ and that you may safely return to *Constanti-*
 ‘ *nople*.’

‘ Alas! my God, answered *Ardelisa*, when will
 ‘ my Sorrows end? Thankful I am that my dear
 ‘ Lord still lives, but why did he depart without
 ‘ me? That he lives, said I! Alas! Grief has
 ‘ perhaps e’re this finished his Life and Sorrows,
 ‘ and I have little or no Hopes of ever seeing him
 ‘ again.’ Here Tears stopped her from proceed-
 ‘ ing, and poor *Joseph* and *Nannetta* strove to
 ‘ comfort her all they were able.

The same Night the good Priest returned, but
 brought no News of any Ship; to him they re-
 lated what the Boy had learned at the City. He
 counselled *Ardelisa* to trust in Providence, and
 rest satisfied: ‘ My dear Children, said he, this
 ‘ Life is attended with nothing but Uncertain-
 ‘ ties, and full of Sorrows; the Enjoyments of
 ‘ it are short and transitory. In all our Affecti-
 ‘ ons and Friendships here with one another, we
 ‘ should have a future View, and manifest that
 ‘ Love, by being instrumental to one another’s
 ‘ eternal Welfare. Our wise Creator inclined us
 ‘ to love one another so tenderly, with a more
 ‘ glorious Design than that of only propagating
 ‘ Mankind; it was to render us useful to each
 ‘ other in the greatest Concern of Life, that

' of obtaining eternal Happiness; whilst this is
 ' our Aim, no Separation can be grievous, nor
 ' the Death of what we love cast us down.
 ' He that leads the Person he pretends to love
 ' into Sin acts the Devil's Part, and is his greatest
 ' Enemy. I remember my dead Friends as my
 ' greatest Treasures, which I hope to enjoy when
 ' we wake together; so you, *Ardelisa*, must do,
 ' and if Heaven denies you the Sight of a loved
 ' Husband here, consider, in a little while, he
 ' will be restored to you so improved, that your
 ' Joy and Friendship shall be eternal: This those
 ' who live as, and are Christians, are certain of.'
 ' What Heavenly Sounds are these? (said *Ardelisa*)
 ' Your Words convey a Balm into my sickly
 ' wounded Soul, have stilled my Passions and
 ' cured my Frailty; yes, Father, I submit, and
 ' Death itself will, I hope, find me well pre-
 ' pared.' These heavenly Conversations they
 continued daily, and betwixt the pious Father and
 the Boy were well supplied with necessary Food.
Ardelisa and the Maid ventured not out at any
 Distance from the House. One Evening they
 were surprized with hearing a hollowing in the
 Wood; they looked upon one another as Persons
 apprehensive of some great Misfortune; but the
 Noise coming nearer, the good Father being not
 returned home, the Boy went boldly out, and
 saw something like a Man on Horseback. He
 went up to him, saying, ' In the Name of God,
 ' what would you have?' This he spoke in the
Turkish Language; but the Man replied in *French*,
 ' Are you not *Joseph*? if so, bring me to your
 ' Lady.' The Boy said, ' Who do you belong
 ' to?' ' The Consul,' said he. At these Words
 he knew him, and said, ' *Domingo*, you're wel-
 ' come.'

come.' The Horseman, taking his Hand, said, How fares your Lady? *Mahomet*, her Enemy, is gone for the Army, a *French Ship* is in the Harbour, and I have brought the Horse-Litter to our Country House, with Horses for the good Father, you, and I. Bring your Lady thither presently, and To-morrow we'll return to *Constantinople*.' By this Time they came to the House, from whence the Servant returned to the Village; and the little Family packing up what they had brought, designing to leave one of the Consul's Servants to wait the Father's Return, and bring him to them at *Constantinople*; departed soon after, leaving the lucky mournful Cottage destitute of Inhabitants, where they had lived three Months without Disturbance.

C H A P. VII.

FULL of Joy and Hopes, they chearfully walked towards *Domez-Dure*; but nothing is to be depended on in this World. A great *Turkish General*, named *Osmin*, who was going to *Constantinople*, with many Attendants, chose the Coolness of the Night to travel, as is very customary in the Heat of Summer, met these poor Travellers, ordered them to be stopped; and seized. They told him, they were two poor *French Lads*, and the Black, who were cast ashore in a Boat coming from a Ship for Provisions, and were making their Way to *Constantinople*, where their Ship was failed for, to go in Search of her, or apply to the *French Consul* to be sent home; if the Ship was lost, or failed thence. This *Ardelisa*, who was Orator for the rest, said; but

the Charms of her Face and the Eloquence of her Tongue so enchanted *Osmin*, that he resolv'd to secure her for himself. He told them, they were Slaves, run away from their Owners, he suppos'd; however, he would carry them to *Constantinople*, and there see the Truth of what they said. So order'd they should be chained together, and walk in the middle of his Troop, commanding that no Violence should be offer'd to them, or any thing they had about them taken away.

They had not gone far before *Ardelisa* fainted, being unable to support her inward Grief and the Fatigue of the March: At which the General was alarm'd; and seeing the Concern her Companions were in, guess'd her to be the most noble of the three: He therefore order'd her to be put in a Horse-Litter that attend'd him; so before Day they arriv'd at his Palace, which was at the entering into the City; she and the Boy and Maid were brought in, and lock'd into a Room, where they could only sigh and look upon one another, but dar'd not talk for fear of being overheard and discover'd.

In few Moments after they were thus left, the General enter'd, and address'd himself to *Ardelisa*, said, 'Lovely Boy, or Maid, I know not
' which as yet to call you, fear not the Treat-
' ment I shall give you; my Heart is made a
' Captive to your Eyes, I will enjoy and keep
' you here, where nothing shall be wanting to
' make you happy. If you are a Man, renounce
' your Faith, adore our Prophet and my Great
' Emperor, and I will give you Honours and
' Wealth exceeding your Imagination; if you're
' a Woman, here are Apartments where Paint-
' ing,

'ing, Downy Beds, and Habits fit for to cover that
 'soft Frame, Gardens to walk in, and Food de-
 'licious, with faithful Slaves to wait upon you,
 'invite your Stay; where I will feast each Sense,
 'and make you happy as Mortality can be.' At
 these Words he clasped her in his Arms, and rude-
 ly opening her Breast, discovered that she was
 of the soft Sex. She, trembling, strove, and,
 falling at his Feet, begged him to kill, or let
 her go. 'You doubtless are, *said he*, the beauti-
 'ous Maid, who fled my Friend *Mahomet's* Pur-
 'suit, for whom he killed your Slaves and Father;
 'how blessed am I to find you? Your Maid,
 'whose Tears and Blushes has discovered her
 'to me, shall bear you Company a-while. I
 'must this Moment to the Emperor, and shall
 'soon return to sleep within these lovely Arms.'

At these Words he left the Room, and two
 Eunuchs entered, who did lead her and her Maid
 into the Garden; and there opening the Doors
 of a beautiful Apartment, conducted them in;
 then leaving them in a lovely Room, departed,
 and soon returned with Sherbets of delicate Taste,
 preserved and cold Meats, telling them, they
 should refresh themselves; and shewing a rich
 Bed-chamber, with Closets full of Women's
 Clothes, bid them shift, and dress in any of those
 rich *Turkish* Habits they liked best, none should
 disturb them. At these words the Eunuchs with-
 drew. Now the distracted Maid and her Lady,
 looking upon one another, wept, unable to ex-
 press their Thoughts in Words. At length *Ar-
 delisa* broke Silence in this manner: 'Just God!
 'what wilt thou do with us? Direct me now,
 'and help me in this great Distress. Oh *Nan-
 'non!* advise me: Shall this bold Hand destroy
 'the

' the Villain when he enters? Sure it can be no
 ' Sin to save my Virtue with his Blood? Yes; I
 ' am resolved to do it, though I perish. Let
 ' his Slaves revenge his Death on me, and torture
 ' me with all their Fury can invent, Death's but
 ' a Trifle in Comparifon of Infamy. Yes; my
 ' dear Lord commanded me to fuffer Death, ra-
 ' ther than yield to luftful Infidels, and Christia-
 ' nity enjoins it: Come, let us eat, and, thus
 ' resolved, fear nothing. You, my faithful Friend,
 ' they'll doubtless spare, as being neither young
 ' nor beautiful. Pray for me; and if ever you
 ' are fo happy to fee *France*, and my dear Lord
 ' again, tell him I have obeyed him, and be-
 ' haved myfelf as does become a Christian and
 ' his Wife.' She then fat down, looking with
 fuch Serenity and Calmnefs, as one prepared
 for all Events. They eat and prayed together,
 and paffed the Night in pious Talk, where we
 fhall leave them.

C H A P. VIII.

WE now return to *Osmin*, to fhew what
 Care Almighty Goodnefs takes of thofe
 who truft in him. The *Turk* had brought a
 Packet from the Grand Vifier to the Sultan,
 the Contents of which did fo difpleafe him,
 that, according to the barbarous Customs of that
 Nation, he wracked his Rage upon the lucklefs
Osmin, commanding him a Prifoner to the *Seven*
Towers; where, chained, we leave him to curfe
 his falfe Prophet, and his Deftiny.

The News of his Difgrace foon reached his
 Home; and now the Slaves no longer were fo
 careful.

careful to watch the Doors of his Seraglio, but, in the Morning, left them open; telling the Lady, she might have the Liberty of the Gardens to walk. This was pleasing News to *Ardelisa*, because she and *Nannetta* hoped by this Means to find some Way to escape. They thanked the Eunuchs who had brought in Chocolate for their Breakfast; and when they were gone, *Ardelisa* and *Nannetta* ventured into the Garden; which was such, as shewed that Art and Nature had there done their utmost, and made it one of the most delightful Places Eyes ever saw: Fountains, and Groves, and Grottoes, where the Sun could never enter; long Walks of Orange and Myrtles, with Banks, where Flowers of the most lovely Kinds, and fragrant Scents stood crowded, with Pleasure-Houses built of *Parian* Marble, and within so wrought and painted, that it appeared an earthly Paradise. Nor did there want large Terrass-Walks, from whence the Eye might be entertained with the full View of that great City, and the noble Port, which is one of the most lovely Prospects in the World.

They had not walked long here, before they perceived *Joseph* running towards them; he made a Sign to them to retire into one of the Grottoes, whither he followed; and so soon as he could recover his Breath, he embraced his Lady's Knees, saying, ' My Soul is transported, ' my dear Lady, to see you safe; I have News ' will overjoy you: Last Night the Villain ' *Osmin* was sent by the Sultan to the *Black-Tower*; amongst the Servants I have learned ' all, and this Night will deliver you. I find the ' Servants are very careful of the Out-Doors ' and Gates, therefore in the Night I will set ' Fire

‘ Fire to the House, which will put them all
 ‘ into Confusion; be you ready to follow me,
 ‘ and I doubt not to conduct you safe to the
 ‘ Consul’s.’ *Ardelisa* admired the Boy’s Zeal
 and Love, and said, ‘ My God, I thank thee;
 ‘ and if I live to see *France* again, *Joseph*, you
 ‘ shall know how much I esteem your Fidelity.’
 They thought it not convenient to talk longer;
 so *Joseph* hastened back to the House, being taken
 little or no Notice of by the Servants, who
 were in the greatest Concern, expecting their
 Lord’s Ruin, and consequently a new Master,
 who might perhaps prove more cruel than their
 old; for it is customary for the Sultan, when he
 puts one Favourite to Death, to give his Estate,
 House, and Slaves to another.

The Day growing hot, *Ardelisa* and her Maid
 thought of returning to their Apartment to pass
 the Day; when they perceived a Lady in *Turkish*
 Habit, tall, delicately shaped, and a Face perfectly
 beautiful, yet looked melancholly. She started
 at the Sight of them, being in Men’s Clothes,
 and dressed like *Europeans*, yet she stood still.
 At which *Ardelisa* hastened towards her, and, bow-
 ing, spoke to her in *French*, supposing her some
 Christian Lady, who had, like her, been forced
 thither: ‘ Madam, said she, fear not to speak to
 ‘ me, I am, like you, a Woman; and if you
 ‘ are a Christian, tell me of what Nation, and
 ‘ how brought here?’ At these Words, the La-
 dy, looking on her attentively, answered, ‘ Yes,
 ‘ Stranger, I am a Christian, and by Birth a
 ‘ *Venetian*, made Captive with many others of
 ‘ our wretched Nation, noble Virgins, who,
 ‘ like me, have lived too long, being now made
 ‘ Slaves to the wild Lusts of cruel Infidels; from
 ‘ which

‘ which nothing but Death can deliver us.’ At these Words *Ardelisa*, embracing her, said, ‘ Yes; God by me will, I doubt not, this Night free us; come with me into that Apartment, where I will tell you News, that will not be unwelcome to you.’ They went together, followed by *Nannetta*, and being seated, *Ardelisa* told her of *Osmin*’s Disgrace, bid her stay with her that Day, and at Night she hoped they should be shewed a Way to escape. ‘ And now, said she, to make the Day seem less tedious, oblige me with the Recital of your Misfortunes.’ To which the Lady willingly condescended, and thus began her Story.

C H A P. IX.

‘ MY Name is *Violetta*, I was born in *Venice*, of a Family antient and noble; my Father’s Name was Don *Manuel*, who did then, and I hope does still, command a Man of War for the Republick, being honoured with the Order of St. *Mark* for his great Services. My Mother is a Lady of great Goodness and Beauty, and descended of one of the most illustrious Families of the *Venetian* Senators. It pleased God to give them no other Children but myself, and one Son, who lost his Life in that unfortunate Day when I was taken. He commanded the Forces on the Coast, and the *Turks* landing, after a bloody Dispute, getting the better by Numbers, ravaged the Coast; and entering the Churches and Convents, in one of which my Father had placed me to secure me, as most of our Nobility had their Daughters;

‘ Daughters; they carried us all aboard their Ships;
 ‘ with all the Treasure their sacrilegious Hands
 ‘ had pillaged; and here divided the Spoils, pre-
 ‘ sented those of us whom they liked best, or
 ‘ believed most noble, to the Grand Seignior and
 ‘ his Favourites: It was my Lot to be given to
 ‘ *Osmin*, and here I have had the Misfortune to
 ‘ be kept these two Years, being too much
 ‘ esteemed by him.’ *Ardelisa*, interrupting her,
 cried, ‘ Alas! Madam, are there no more Ladies
 ‘ here?’ ‘ No,’ replied *Violetta*, not at present;
 ‘ there are here sometimes at least ten more of
 ‘ different Nations, some of which are noble
 ‘ as myself, and, in my Opinion, more worthy
 ‘ to be loved; but they are all now gone into
 ‘ the Country, to a House of Pleasure, during
 ‘ *Osmin*’s Absence: But as for my Part, whe-
 ‘ ther it be that he loves me, as he pretends,
 ‘ more than the rest, or that he fears to trust
 ‘ me hence, I know not; but I was never re-
 ‘ moved from this Place. I have had one Son
 ‘ by him, which I secretly baptised, and which
 ‘ it pleased God to take to himself since *Osmin*
 ‘ went to the Army, which is about three
 ‘ Months. This is my unfortunate History, I
 ‘ pray Heaven it may end more happily.’ The
 Ladies passed the Day with much Satisfaction to
 each other, longing for the approaching Night.

C H A P. X.

LET us now make Enquiry after the good
 Priest, who returned not to his Cottage
 till the Day after *Ardelisa* and her Servants had
 left it; being prevented from returning home by
 the

the following Accident. As he was passing by a Wood, in his way home from the Sea-side, which he frequently visited, to look out for a Ship, he saw a Troop of *Turks*, at the Head of which was the treacherous *Turk*, who had used him so cruelly, when he made him and the other good Priest his Gardiners. He stepped out of the Road to avoid being seen, which immediately gave some Suspicion to the Eagle-eyed *Turks*, who presently made up to him. This occasioned him to fly from them into the Wood, where, looking out for a Place to hide himself, he perceived, in the Side of a small rising of the Ground, a Hole big enough for a Man to go in at; and, looking curiously into it, saw Steps cut in the Earth to go down. His Fears inclined him to venture into this Place; descending, he came to a Door, which was put to, but not fastened; opening it, he entered into a Cave, where Nature seemed to have played the Part of Art; it was spacious and clean, a Lamp was burning on a Table; there stood a large Trunk locked, and on a Bed of Rushes lay a Man in a rude Habit of Beasts Skins, and by him stood an Earthen Pitcher full of Water; he appeared very sick and weak. The good Father drew near to him; at which the Man, turning his Head, said, with a weak Voice, in the *Turkish* Language, 'Stranger, disturb me not, leave me to die in Peace.' The good Father, moved with Compassion, answered, 'God forbid I should injure you, I would much rather assist you in all I am able.'

At these Words the dying Man replied, 'Alas! *Turk*, thou can'st give me no Assistance, my Saviour must assist me.' 'Are you then a Christian,

‘ Christian, said the Priest? I myself am so ;
‘ and what is more, a Priest: God has doubtless
‘ sent me here to you.’ ‘ Then I am happy,’
said the Penitent; and strait besought him, saying,
‘ Father, there is Bread in that Trunk; take
‘ it, hear my Confession, and make me blessed;
‘ let my Lord but visit my Soul, and I shall die
‘ joyfully.’

The good Priest willingly consented, and prepared him for Death, as well as the Time and Place would permit, giving him Wine out of a Bottle he carried in his Pocket; after which he seemed much revived. Then he desired the Penitent to relate to him, if he was able, how he came there, and who he was? He answered, ‘ Father, my Strength and Life are deficient, in
‘ that Trunk you’ll find a Paper, which contains
‘ what you desire to know; take that and what
‘ else you will find with it, I thank my God a
‘ Christian has it.’ Here he returned to Prayer, his Agonies growing strong, in which he continued till six in the morning, when he died. The good Father finished his good Work, with saying the Burial Service over him, and covering him up in his rude Habit, and some of the Rushes of his Bed, went to the Trunk, which opening with a Key he had given him, he found some very rich Linen, and choice Books, and a Cabinet of great Value; which opening, there was a great Quantity of Gold and Jewels, with a Crucifix, all Diamonds, and, in a Corner of the Trunk, some Church-Plate. In the same Cabinet a large Paper, which, with the help of the Lamp, he read, though by his Confession he had been partly informed of his Life past. The Paper contained these Words.

C H A P. XI.

MY Name was Don *Fernando de Cardole*, I was by Birth a noble *Spaniard*, and was Commander of a Galleon; I fell in Love with a Lady, whose Name was *Donna Corina*, a Maid of Honour to the Queen. She seemed to favour me above all the other Pretenders, of whom she had many, being a Lady of great Fortune and Beauty; till a young Nobleman, who came to Court, just returned from his Travels, whose Name was Don *Pedro de Mendoza*, made Love to her. She grew cold to me, and he rude and insolent; at which, incensed, I watched an Opportunity, and had him assassinated: Then putting out to Sea with my Vessel, and not daring to return, steered my Course for *Turkey*; telling the Slaves, if they would consent to set me and my Treasure, which I had brought on board, safe on the Coast of *Turkey*, I would deliver the Ship into their Hands, to go where they pleased, which they willingly consented to.

So soon as I came ashore at *Gallipoli*, I went to the Bassa of that Place, declaring myself a *Turk*, and offering to discover great Secrets to the Grand Visier of the Designs of the Christian Princes. I was circumcised, and treated splendidly, sent with great Attendance to *Constantinople*, and there so ingratiated myself with the Grand Visier, that I was soon entrusted with the Command of a Ship against the *Venetians*. There, with the Fleet, I did all the Mischief I was able, entered and plundered the Churches, deflowered noble Virgins, and returned much commended,

and highly pleased; neither did I fail of Reward, being permitted to take what I pleased of the Plunder.

I had now a Palace of my own, a Pension, and Seraglio of Women, and lived in the Enjoyment of all earthly Delights; but God, who had till now suffered me to go on and continue insensible, awaked my Conscience, and I felt such bitter Remorse in my Soul, that I could take no Rest or Pleasure. All these things that I before took Delight in were now hateful to me; after long Debates in my own Thoughts, I resolved upon what to do: To *Spain* I could not return, Justice would meet me there; Shame and Guilt forbad me to fly to any Christian Country, here my Conscience would not let me stay: I determined therefore to leave all my Fortune, House, and Family, and to retire to some lonely Place, where I might spend my Days and Nights in Solitude and Prayer; where I might with Penitence, Tears, Fasting and Prayers, reconcile myself to my offended God. I had a trusty Slave, named *Ibrahim*, who I acquainted with my Design of retiring; he found this Wood, and contrived the Cave you here do find me in; and one Evening he brought me hither, with what Wealth you here will find, which I reserved to provide for me, if I should live to weak Old Age. Once in five Days he comes to me, for I have given him his Freedom, and enough to live at Ease; my Fortune and Command a Favourite *Turk* enjoys. This Servant brings me Food, such as will keep; Bread, Cordials, and dried Fruits, for Flesh I never taste, nor Wine. 'Tis now a Month since he was here, by which I guess him sick or dead. It is now ten days since I was seized

feized with a Fever and Ague; I find myself so weak, that I am apprehensive I shall die: I therefore write this, that if any Christian finds me here, he may be warned of sinning, as I have done, and may be enabled, by the Wealth herewith to procure a happier Condition for himself, than I can ever hope for in this World.

*Christian, remember you must one Day die,
And unto Judgment come as well as I.*

C H A P. XII.

FATHER Francis read this Paper with great Concern, and, taking the Cabinet, left the dismal Place, not doubting but his Pursuers were gone, and the Coast clear; in which he was not deceived; for they having sought for him some time in vain, desisted, and pursued their Journey to *Constantinople*. He got safe to the Cottage, but was much surprized to find *Ardelisa* and her Servants gone: One while he imagined they were discovered and seized; but, upon second Thoughts, that seemed very improbable. Then he began to think they were gone for *Constantinople*; he passed that Day in much Anxiety, and sat musing all Night. At last he resolved to go for *Constantinople*, to the Consul's, where he thought, if any where, he should hear of them.

Accordingly, early in the Morning, he set out, carrying with him the Cabinet he found in the *Spaniard's* Cave, and arrived safely at the Consul's House; where, having related the Cause of his Coming, and Name, he was kindly received: But neither the Consul nor his Servants could tell
what

what was become of *Ardelisa*, *Nannetta*, or the Boy. *Domingo* and the Servants, with the Horf-litter, were returned from *Domez-Dure*, having waited there till they were weary; *Domingo* having first gone back to the Cottage, and not found them, 'We conclude, *said he*, that some Misfortune has befallen them going from the Wood; but what, we cannot yet learn.'

The Priest entertained the Consul and his Lady with an Account of all the tragical Passages of his Life: They spent the Evening much pleased with his Conversation; but remembering how fatigued he must needs be with his Journey, they broke off the Conversation, and the Consul waited on him to his Chamber, begging him to accept of some Linen and Habit suiting his Birth, and more commodious, which he modestly received, with the most handsome Acknowledgments: After which the Consul retired, leaving him to his Devotions.

And now, left alone, he sat down and reflected on the Goodness of God, which had at last delivered him from a Life of Misery, attended with continual Fears from Cold and Hunger, and had brought him safe to Christian Conversation, Plenty, and a Retreat, where he might sleep securely. After returning the due Thanks, he shifted, and entered a Bed easy and sweet, a Comfort his tired Limbs had long been Strangers to; he wished for nothing now so much as for *Ardelisa*, and the faithful Maid and Boy: 'Now my God, *said he*, shew yet more the Wonders of thy Mercy, in preserving them, if living.' After that he fell into a profound Sleep, sweet as the Peace of his good Conscience.

About

About Midnight he and all the Family were waked by some Persons knocking at the Gate, in a Manner that spoke the utmost Haste or Fury; they all left their Beds, and one of the Servants called to know who was there. *Joseph* answered, 'It is I, open the Gate quickly, I am *Joseph*.' At these Words the Servant unbarred the Gate, and saw *Ardelisa*, *Violetta*, *Nannetta*, and *Joseph*: Shutting the Gate, they went in, where they were received with a Joy Words cannot express. *Ardelisa* said, 'Ask no Questions, but put out the Lights, for we have left the Place we were confined in all in Flames; and should any Noise be heard in this House, when the City is alarmed, it might render us suspected; whereas now they will conclude us burned, and that will prevent all Reports of our escaping.'

The Consul consented, and *Violetta* was, with *Ardelisa*, conducted to the Chamber; and the Consul, his Lady, and Father *Francis* denied themselves the Pleasure of knowing their Adventures till the Morning. All the Family went to Bed, but not to sleep; that was impossible for the great Noise in the Streets, which was occasioned by the Fire: For the City of *Constantinople* has been so many times almost destroyed by that merciless Element, that the People are very much alarmed with any thing of that Nature. *Osmin's* Palace was large and noble, and flamed dreadfully in the Garden; and the Seraglio being fired at the same Time by *Ardelisa*, who left it burning, their Departure put the Servants in such Distraction, that they ran through the Streets, crying, *Fire! Fire!* It raised almost all the City, the Consul and his Family were early up, and then *Ardelisa* gave them a full Relation of all

that had befallen her since her Departure from the Wood, with an Account of all her Friend *Violetta's* Misfortunes, whose Beauty and Wisdom charmed all the Company.

A general Joy now spread itself through all the Family, and Providence seemed to smile; the Ladies, Priest, *Nannetta*, and *Joseph*, stirred not forth; and in a few Days a French Ship being freighted was ready to sail for *France*. The Consul waited on the French Ambassador, to inform him of all, and obtained of him to assist him, in procuring for them a safe Passage home. In the Consul's Boat, accompanied with the Consul and his Lady, the two Ladies, in Men's Habits, with the Priest, Maid, and Boy, got safe to the Ship, with the Jewels, Gold, and Habits they carried with them; and there the Consul and his Lady took Leave of them, with all Demonstrations of Love and Respect on both Sides. This Ship was called the *St. Francis*, the Captain's Name was *Monsieur de Feuillade*, a fine accomplished Gentleman, young, brave, and of a noble sweet Disposition. The Ladies, so soon as the Ship was under Sail, laid aside their Men's Habits, and put on such as became their Sex and Quality; in which they appeared so charming, that the unfortunate Captain soon gazed away his Liberty, becoming passionately in Love with *Violetta*. He entertained them with such Civility and Respect, as shewed the Esteem he had for them, and spoke the Gentleman and the Lover.

They set Sail the 20th of *August*, 1705. it being more than three Years since *Ardelisa* came to *Turkey*, six Months of which Time she spent in the melancholy Cottage in the Wood, and near
a whole

a whole Year since she saw her Lord; and now she doubted not of soon seeing again her dear native Country, Friends, and Relations; but, above all Things, him whom she preferred to all Things. They passed the Time the most agreeably that was possible, in which the good Father shared, who was so pious, useful, and modest, that not only they, but all the Sailors thought themselves happy in having such a Man with them: He was Physician to the Sick, having great Skill in Physick and Surgery, and could apply fit Remedies to both Soul and Body. *Violetta* only seemed melancholy: The Loss of her Honour, and the dismal Impression the Way of Life she had led with *Osmin* had made in her Soul, no Change of Condition could perfectly efface; she thought only of retiring to a religious House, to weep for a Sin, of which she was in Reality altogether innocent. The good Priest observed her Sadness, and one Day took an Opportunity, when *Ardelisa* was gone with the Captain and *Nannetta*, to take the Air upon the Deck, to speak to her, in this Manner: ‘Madam, why do you abandon yourself thus to Grief, at a Time when you are returning to Christians, and your own Country; to your noble Father, Mother and Friends? Your Soul should now be ravished in Admiration of that Providence that has so unexpectedly delivered you from the most unhappy Condition a Lady could be in.’

She lifted up her Eyes at these Words, and wiping the falling Tears away, said, ‘Father, till I saw *Ardelisa*, I found my Conscience undisturbed, I submitted to the fatal Necessity of my Circumstances; and Christianity forbidding

‘ me to finish Life by my own Hand, I thought
 ‘ I had done all that was required ; but that noble Lady’s heroick Conduct has convinced me,
 ‘ I did not what I ought : She never would have
 ‘ permitted a lustful *Turk* to possess her, but
 ‘ by his Death would have preserved her Honour ;
 ‘ or, resisting to Death, not have survived it. I
 ‘ am no longer Friends with myself, and long to
 ‘ hide my Face in a Convent, where Tears shall
 ‘ wash away the Stains of his Embraces : Nay,
 ‘ Father, to you I confess, I even loved him,
 ‘ saw him with a Wife’s Eyes, and thought myself
 ‘ obliged to do so.’

The Priest answered, ‘ Madam, you are deceived ; in *Ardelisa*, who was married to another, it would have been a horrid Crime to suffer another Man for to possess her ; but as you were single, a Virgin, and made his by the Chance of War, it was no Sin in you to yield to him, and it would have been wilful Murder to have killed him, or but conspired his Death ; nay, a Sin not to have been faithful to his Bed, whilst he is living you ought not to marry, you might have been a Means of his Conversion ; you ought to pray for him, and consider he acted according to his Knowledge and Education.’ *Violetta* thanked him, and seemed much revived.

C H A P. XIII.

THEY had now sailed six Days, when the seventh Night it grew dark and tempestuous ; the Wind changed, and about Midnight a Storm arose so dreadful, the Pilot could no longer steer

steer the Ship; so that she drove they knew not whither. At break of Day they found themselves amongst the *Ægean Isles*; the Ship had lost all her Masts, they had but thirteen Hands aboard, when the Carpenter going down into the Hold, came back with a Face that expressed the Terrors of his Mind; he cried, 'Hoist out the Boats ' quickly, there is five Foot Water in the Hold.' At these Words a Death-like Paleness spread over every Face; the Captain, Ladies, Priest, *Nannetta*, *Joseph*, and five Sailors entered the first Boat, taking with them their Gold, Jewels, some Trunks of Clothes, Biscuit, a Vessel of Wine, and some Quilts, Bedding, and Salt-Meat, what they could possibly put in without endangering the Boat's sinking; and then they made away for the Island which was nearest, on which they landed safely; but had the Misfortune to see the other Boat sink, which the greedy Sailors had too deeply loaded. The Ship floated a little while, and then disappeared, being swallowed up by the merciless Waves. And now, being on Shore, they were desirous to know where they were; which they soon discovered to be on the Island *Delos*, which lyes in the *Archipelago*, the largest of the *Cyclades*, once famous for the Temple of *Apollo*, but now entirely abandoned by the *Turks*, and desolate of all Inhabitants. Here they must remain till some Discovery could be made of a better Place to remove to, which they proposed to do by Means of their Boat; in which, next to Providence, they placed all their Hopes. They hastened to bring all ashore, the Tempest continuing, and drew the Boat on Land. And now Necessity taught them what to do in a Place where there was neither House nor Market.

Going up a little way from the Shore, they found two or three ruinous Huts, which they entered as joyfully as if they had been Palaces. In one of these the two Ladies went, with *Nannetta*, the Captain ordering a Quilt and some Coverlids, the best they had saved, to be put into it; as likewise *Ardelisa's* Trunk, in which was the Clothes and Treasure belonging to the Ladies. Into another Hut the Priest, *Joseph*, and he entered; there he placed the Wine, Biscuit, and Meat, knowing he must now husband that, lest they should want before they could be supplied with more.

And now having ordered all things the best that was possible in so unhappy a Place and Circumstance, the Captain and Priest went to the Ladies, whom they found much dejected, and out of Order. They said all they could to comfort them, desiring them to eat something; *Joseph* brought them Meat and Wine, and the Sailors gathered Leaves and Sticks, and made Fires in the Huts, being handy, and used to shift. The Captain ordered them also some Meat and Wine, which they eat as chearfully as if nothing had happened. And now the good Father, seeing the Ladies sad, addressed himself thus to *Ardelisa*:

‘ Madam, ever since I have had the Honour to
‘ know you, I have observed something so noble
‘ and Christian in all your Deportment, that I
‘ believed you incapable of Fear or Ingratitude
‘ to God, who this Day has given you a signal
‘ Deliverance from Death. It is not many Hours
‘ ago since we expected to be swallowed up in the
‘ Deep, and thought Death stared us in the
‘ Face; but now the Divine Power has brought
‘ us to firm Land, and to a Place where, if we
‘ are

‘are alone, and have no Inhabitants to comfort or relieve us, we have no Enemies to fear, no inhuman *Turks* to murder or enslave us; we may here sleep in Security. And as for Food, Providence, that provides for the wild Beasts and Birds, will doubtless provide for us; in us, who have had such uncommon and extraordinary Proofs of his Favour, it would be an unpardonable Sin to distrust him now. Summon up then your Faith and Reason to aid you, and be not cast down.’ These Words seemed as Cordials to them all; they eat thankfully what was set before them, and the Captain, Priest, and Boy returning to their Hut, the Sailors to their’s, they slept as sweetly as if they had lain in Palaces on Beds of Down.

C H A P. XIV.

THE next Morning, the Sky being cleared up, and the Winds ceased, the chearful Sun began to shine; the Captain, Priest, and Sailors walked out of their Huts, to view the Shore and Country: they saw many Sea-Birds upon it, and Plenty of Ruins, with some Goats and Swine, which they supposed cast there by some Shipwreck; but so wild, that they fled away as soon as any body came in sight of them. At last the Captain thought it best to send three of the Sailors out in the Boat, to discover if any Place could be found near that more convenient to remove to, or buy Provisions at, till some Christian Ship arrived to take them in; which, it was probable, would not be long, because this Island affords Plenty of good Water, and is safe for

Christians to air Goods on, or mend their Vessels. The Boat was accordingly got out, and the Sailors entered it, the Captain charging them not to venture far from that Island; but they were either taken, or drowned, for they never returned again with the Boat. For some Days they lived on what Provisions they had brought with them, and the two Sailors and *Joseph* walking daily up and down the Island, which is many miles in Circumference, gathered up Plenty of Eggs, which the Sea-Fowl laid there, and now and then some small Fishes, which they caught in some little Brooks, which are in the Island.

But now the Biscuit was spent, and Bread wanting, they began to despair of the Boat's Return, which they had every Day expected till now. The Ladies, unused to such Hardships, fell both sick. The good Father searched every where for Herbs medicinal to relieve them; but, alas! so many things were wanting, that they were ineffectual. How could Cordials and Restoratives be had, when neither Wine nor Spirits could be made? The Captain, whose Concern for *Violetta* equalled the Passion he had for her, denied himself what was requisite to support his own Life, for fear of her wanting; whilst the poor Ladies, whom Sicknefs and Want had rendered unable to walk, were watched by *Nannetta*, who was almost as feeble as they. The Priest, Captain and Sailors did nothing but wander about in search of Food: They had brought two Musquets and some Powder ashore with them; but that being spent, the Guns were useless. They now contrived Pitfalls and Snares, which they made with Twigs plucked from small Trees and Bushes, which were very plenty by the
the

the Sea side ; and with these they had pretty good Success, catching Sea-Fowls, and sometimes Rabbits. These they brought home, dressed, and divided, giving first to the Ladies : But, alas ! what could this do to sustain the Lives of eight Persons ; Water was all they had to drink.

One Evening the Boy caught a young Goat, and, unable to carry it, tied a String about its Neck, and led it home. The Dam, with another Twin-Kid, followed, hearing it bleat. This young Goat being brought to the Hut belonging to the Captain, and tied there, drew the other two to follow her in, and so they were taken. One of the young ones they immediately killed, and feasted upon ; the Dam they preserved for her Milk, and the other Kid as a Treasure, when they could get no other Food. With the Milk of this Goat the Ladies Lives were in a manner wholly preserved, the Boy feeding her and the Kid with what he could get of Greens, of which there was no Want. And now they all grew so weak for want of Food, that they were scarce able so much as to seek for it ; Silence seemed almost to reign amongst them, every one being unwilling to speak his Despair to his Friend ; their hollow Eyes were continually directed to the Sea, from whence they only hoped Relief ; nothing but the Arrival of some Christian Ship could save them from perishing.

The Priest, on this Occasion, shewed himself more than Man ; he encouraged every body else, and seemed chearful himself ; and though he eat less than they, yet seemed always satisfied ; tho' his meagre Face and Leanness shewed his Decay, yet his Tongue uttered no Complaint : ' Come, my Children, *says he*, Mortality is sub-

‘ ject to Misfortunes, the Way to Heaven is
 ‘ difficult, but the End glorious ; there we shall
 ‘ want nothing : The Almighty’s Ears are always
 ‘ open to our Complaints ; trust him, in his own
 ‘ Time he will deliver us, or take us to eternal
 ‘ Rest.’ With these, and such like Discourses he
 comforted them daily.

C H A P. XV.

ONE Night, as they were retired to Rest,
 (for indeed sleep they could not, or at least
 but little, want of Food having made them almost
 Strangers to those sweet Slumbers which are pro-
 duced by good Meat, or wholesom Nourishment)
 they heard a mighty Storm, the Winds blew, as
 if Nature were in Convulsions, and the Elements
 at Strife ; then Guns went off, by which they
 guessed some Ship was near, and in Distress. So
 soon as the Day-break the Boy and Sailors ventured
 out to see what they could discover ; and there
 saw the dismal Remains of a Shipwreck upon
 the Shore, by the Carcases of several drowned
 Men, huge Coffers floated on the Waters, and
 some lay upon the Shore. The Seamen and Boy
 got what they were able, and found some Casks
 of Salt-Beef, Biscuit, Rum, and Bails of *India*
 Goods, which shewed it was some *East-India*
 Ship that was lost ; they hoped to find some of
 the Sailors, but none were saved alive on that
 Place ; by those that lay dead, they guessed them
Venetians.

By this time Father *Francis* and the Captain
 came to them, and gave them their Assistance ;
 and now getting home to their Huts what they
 had

had got, a new Life seemed to appear in them. Thus the Ruin of others procured their Preservation, as is frequent in this World; and one of the Vessels of Rum being broached, and each taking a Dram, with a Biscuit, they resolved to return to work, and search all the Shore, the Sea now ebbing, to see if they could get more, especially Food, for Treasure was to them useless. That Gold, that causes so much Mischief in the World, for which Men sell their Souls, and change their Faiths, was here less valuable than a Crust of Bread. They succeeded so well, that in five hours they had five Barrels of Beef and Pork, seven of Biscuit, three of Rum, one of Brandy, five of Wine, and many rich Goods and Chests of Clothes. Thus Providence, to preserve them, caused the Winds and Seas to bring them Food and Raiment. They likewise gathered up many Pieces of the Ship, Planks, Ropes, broken Masts, Sail-Cloth, &c. and now they began to think of making a Habitation for all the Family to dwell together, and nothing but a Boat was wanting to make them happy. They in few Days accomplished their Design of a House; for they made a large Tent, with the Sail Cloth on Poles, with Partitions, so that it reached from one Hut to the other. Here the Ladies could be brought, and seated, to take a little Air, and to eat: They had likewise saved some Barrels of Powder and Shot, which was of great use to them; for the Men soon got Strength enough to walk again about the Island, and shot Wild-Hogs and Fowl frequently. Thus they lived for two Months.

C P A P. XVI.

ONE Evening *Joseph* returned from Shooting, and told them, at the farther end of the Island he saw a Ship lye at Anchor, at some distance from a Creek, into which he saw a Boat put. The Men came ashore, and about six of them left the Boat, and walked up the Land towards a Brook, as he supposed, for Water; and on the Ship's Stern he could discern a Red Cross, and thence concluded they were Christians. This News made them long for the next Morning, when the Captain, Priest, and Boy set out by Day-break, and went to the Place, which they reached in three Hours time, so much had Hope strengthened them; and there found the Shore full of Seamen, and a Tent set up, in which they supposed the Captain and Passengers were. The Priest went up to the first Man he found near enough to speak to, and asked him, whence they were? The Man answered, 'From *Venice*.' 'What is your Captain's Name,' said the Father; 'Don *Manuel*,' answered the Seaman, and the Ship is a Man of War called the '*St. Mark*.' 'Now, Friend,' said the Priest, 'where are you bound?' 'Home, Sir,' he replied. 'Pray bring me and my Friend to the Captain,' said the Priest; 'we are Christians cast on this Island, and beg to speak to him.' 'Speak and welcome, Gentlemen,' said the Man, 'My Captain's a noble *Venetian*, and will treat you generously; a worthier Man ne'er sailed the Seas.'

They

They followed him to the Tent, and were received with such Humanity as surprized them; but discourging the Captain, to whom they related part of their Misfortunes, they discovered it was *Violetta's* Father they were talking with. Then the *French* Captain, looking on the good Father, said to the Captain, 'Sir, did you not lose a Daughter in the last dreadful War with the *Turks*? a Lady the most lovely of her Sex, called *Violetta*.' 'Yes, answered *Don Manuel*, 'I did; but why do you mention that?' 'She's here, my Lord, said he, and in my Care.'

Then the good Father and he related all the manner of her Escape: what Joy and Satisfaction this News was to *Don Manuel*, the Mind can much better conceive, than Words express; they dined with him, and after a noble Treat, he agreed to go along with them, ordering the Ship to be brought round. In walking with them, he told them, that as he was at Sea with his Ship, with three other Men of War in Company, going to meet some *Venetian* Merchant-Ships, that they expected from the *East-Indies*, which they were ordered to convoy home, the Storm happened, which had shipwrecked one of those Ships, as he was since informed. This Tempest parted the Men of War, and drove him out to Sea, so that he was in great want of fresh Water; for which reason he put in here.

They entertained him with *Ardelisa's* whole History, and so they passed the time, till they reached their Tarpaulin Palace; into which being entered, they found the two Ladies: But when *Violetta* saw herself embraced by her Father, Joy so overcame her, that she fainted in his Arms; and, recovering, was congratulated by the

the whole Company. And now the Ladies and Servants seemed so revived, that all Sorrow was forgotten; Supper was brought in, and nothing spared of the Provisions that yet remained, which before they used to divide with care, for fear of wanting. As they were at Supper, the first Lieutenant of the Ship was brought in, to inform Don Manuel, that the Ship was come to an Anchor near that Place. Soon after him came several young Gentlemen to compliment their Commander, on Account of *Violetta*: This Company past some Hours very agreeably, admiring the strange Accidents that had befallen them, and particularly their meeting in this Place. Don Manuel, and those belonging to him, returned to the Ship; and next Morning, returning to Shore, passed the Day with his Daughter and Friends, bringing rich Wines and Sweetmeats to regale them. The Seamen hastened to water the Ship, and to get all things on board belonging to *Ardelisa*, and her Family, which they performed in five Days; and then the Ladies, French Captain, Father Francis, *Nannetta*, *Joseph*, and the two Sailors went aboard the Venetian Ship, leaving the desolate Island, and their Huts, with many things which they thought not worth taking away, which might nevertheless be of great Use to any others, who should have the same Occasion for them. *Ardelisa* desired the Goat and Kid might be brought aboard, which she loved much, because its Milk had preserved her's and *Violetta*'s Life; and therefore she resolved to carry it to France with her: So it was brought in the Boat, being grown so tame, it would follow *Joseph* like a Dog.

They

They set Sail for *Venice* the 2d of *February*, 1705, having lived on the Island from the 29th of *August* to that time, which was five Months and four Days; and they arrived safe at *Venice* in fourteen Days, where the Ladies were conducted to Don *Manuel's* House, accompanied by the *French* Captain, the Priest, and their Servants; and there Donna *Catherina* received her Daughter with the greatest Transports imaginable, weeping for Joy, the young Lady doing the same; a Sight so moving, it touched all the Company. Here *Ardelisa* and the rest were entertained magnificently, and not only invited, but even constrained, to continue till a *French* Ship arrived to carry them to *France*.

C H A P. XVII.

*A**Rdelisa* was treated by all Don *Manuel's* Relations, and shewed all that was worthy Observation in that noble City, whose Situation alone renders it a Wonder. The *French* Captain, *Monf. de Feuillade*, was the only Person who was not here diverted: He thought only of the approaching Separation that was to be made between him and *Violetta*, to whom he had given a thousand Testimonies of his Passion, but never made any plain Declaration of Love, which he was withheld from doing, by these Considerations: First, he was not the eldest Son of that noble Family to which he belonged, being second Brother to the Count *de Feuillade*, who now enjoyed the Title and Estate. He had indeed great Expectations from the Marquis *de Rochmount* his Uncle, who was his Godfather, and had no Heir, and was very antient; but then he reflected that *Violetta* was a Lady of the

nicest

nicest Virtue, and would, perhaps, scruple to marry, whilst the Infidel, who had been happy in the enjoying of her, lived. These Thoughts had till now kept him silent; but his Passion was too great to suffer him to part from her, without declaring his Love: He resolved therefore to take the first Opportunity to reveal it to her, which was difficult, by reason of the abundance of Company that visited at Don *Manuel's*, and frequent Diversions, to which the Ladies were invited abroad.

One Morning he rose very early, and went into the Gardens to walk, being melancholy. After some time he entered a Banqueting-House, where he sat down, and was in a profound Meditation, when he heard a Rustling behind the Quickset-Hedges; and, lifting up his Eyes, saw *Violetta* alone, very pensive. She passed by, and went up a small Mount, upon which there stood a Summer-House, which for Prospect, and the Painting it was embellished withal, equalled, if not excelled, any in *Venice*. Into this she entered, and sat down; he immediately followed her thither, and there threw himself upon his Knees before her, saying, ‘Charming divine *Violetta*! see here a Man who adores you, who has loved you from the first moment he saw you; and yet, through Respect, continued silent, and would not importune you whilst you were unfortunate. You are now returned home, and secured from all future Mischiefs; and I, the most unhappy of all Men, must, e’re long, leave you; the Thoughts of this Separation are insupportable. Tell me, divine Creature! may I hope that you are not wholly insensible of my Services? and that you will

‘ will sometimes remember me with Compassion?
‘ I am going to my native Country, to a Place
‘ where my Friends and Fortune are; but I
‘ would much rather stay here and die at your
‘ Feet, and could wish I had not one Moment
‘ survived our Deliverance from the desolate
‘ Island, since it is the Means of depriving me
‘ of your Sight. Oh! speak! Is your Soul insensible to Love? May I not hope?’

Violetta, much disordered, seemed to ruminate before she spake; and at length replied, ‘ Sir,
‘ I am neither insensible, nor ungrateful; your
‘ Affection has been so easy to be discovered in
‘ all the kind and generous things you did for me
‘ in my Distress, that it would be base in me not
‘ to acknowledge, that I believe your Passion
‘ sincere and noble; and the grateful Sense I
‘ have of it is such, that I will not dissemble
‘ with you: Were not my Circumstances what
‘ they are, I would sooner consent to be your’s,
‘ than any Man’s living.’

At these Words he kissed her Hand with the greatest Transport, saying, ‘ Madam, proceed no
‘ farther, let this charming Sentence live for ever
‘ in my Thoughts, no Circumstance remains to
‘ bar me from being happy; do you but bid
‘ me live, I shall surmount all Obstacles: Your
‘ noble Father will find nothing in my Birth, or
‘ Fortune to render me unworthy such an Honour.
‘ You are not pre-engaged, the Villain who possessed that lovely Person, had no Title to
‘ it but lawless Force; he neither was a Christian
‘ nor a Husband; he used you as his Slave, and,
‘ doubtless, would, whene’er his brutish Lust inclined him to a Change, have bestowed you
‘ on some Favourite Slave, to use or poison you.’

Violetta

Violetta answered, with a Flood of Tears, ‘ Yet while this Villain lives, Honour forbids me to be your’s : ’Tis true, he forced me to his Bed, but ’twas the Custom of his Nation, and what he thought no Crime, yet he was tender of me; and whilst he lives, my Modesty cannot permit me to receive another in my Bed.’ ‘ But if he’s dead, Madam, *the Lover cried*, then will you give Consent to make me blessed; for doubtless he is long since so, the *Turkish* Emperors never failing to send the Bowstring to the Man with whom they are once displeased. ’Twill not be many days before some Vessel will arrive from *Turkey*, and then you’ll be informed of all that’s happened, since we left it; till then permit me to declare my self to your Father, and to hope.’

Violetta rising, to put an End to the Discourse, answered only, ‘ Importune me no farther.’ He said no more, but taking her Hand, conducted her to the House, and returned to the Summer-house, where, for some moments, he reflected, with much Pleasure, on what had passed between them. By this time Don *Manuel* rose, and came into the Garden, with Father *Francis*, who was the Favourite of the whole Family. The Captain joined them, and, after some other Discourse, thinking it a lucky Opportunity, discovered to Don *Manuel*, in a Manner the most respectful and gallant that was possible, the Passion he had for *Violetta*; in which the good Priest seconded him, giving him and his Family (whom he perfectly knew) such a Character, that Don *Manuel* received the Offer very obligingly; telling the Captain, if his Daughter was consenting, he should not contradict her Inclinations. After
this

this Monsieur *la Feuillade* took the Freedom of a Lover, often to dance, walk, and accompany *Violetta* abroad, and all her Relations treated him as a Person they esteemed Don *Manuel's* Son.

C H A P. XVIII.

IT was not long before a *Venetian* Ship arrived; the Captain of which brought an Account of many extraordinary Events that had happened at *Constantinople* since their Departure. He said, 'That three Days after *Osmin's* Palace was burnt, he, having received the News of it, fell sick, and refused to eat, continuing silent. He fasted three Days, and the fourth was found dead in his Chains, as he lay on the Floor. His Body, *said he*, I saw dragged, by the Sultan's Order, about the Streets, which his Servants afterwards were suffered to take and bury. Some days after the Grand Visier returning from the Army, and being received coldly by the Sultan, grew incensed against him; and, fearing *Osmin's* Fate, formed a Conspiracy, and deposed the Sultan, setting up *Mahomet*, his younger Brother, on the Throne.' Then he told them, 'That Monsieur *Joyeux*, and his Family were returned to *France*.'

The News of *Osmin's* Death gave Monsieur *la Feuillade* much Satisfaction; but *Violetta* would not be prevailed upon to marry him soon. At length she promised, if he would consent to let her retire for six Months into a Convent, after that she would comply with his Desires. These were hard Terms, but he was forced to yield to them, on Condition he might visit her there. She

She however yielded to stay at her Father's till *Ardelisa* went away; and the Lover vowed the six Months should begin from the Day she received the News of *Osmin's* Death.

As for *Ardelisa*, though entertained and diverted so highly, she thought each Day a Year till she saw her dear Lord again; and, according to her Wish, a *French* Ship arrived; which News being brought to her, Monsieur *la Feuillade* and the Priest went aboard; and there seeing the Captain, knew him to be Monsieur *de Fountain*, Monsieur *Feuillade's* Cousin, who was as much, or more, surprized at the Sight of them. He embraced them, saying, 'Heavens! did I ever think to see either of you again? Father *Francis*! what Angel has preserved you alive till this joyful Day? You, Cousin, are thought dead, your Ship was reported to be cast away; I have good News to tell you, your Uncle the Marquis is dead, and has left you all his Estate and Title; you are now Marquiss of *Rochmount*.'

They went into the great Cabin, where they drank a Bottle of Wine with the Captain, and then took him ashore; telling him, they would bring him to a Lady, at the Sight of whom he would be yet much more surprized. They soon arrived at Don *Manuel's*, where they found *Ardelisa* waiting their Return with Impatience; but when she saw Captain *de Fountain*, she was overjoyed, knowing he came from the Place where her Lord (if living) was. He thought himself in a Dream; never was a more agreeable Meeting of Friends; when he assured her, The Lord *Longueville* was in Health, *Ardelisa* shed Tears for Joy; but he told her withal, that he

was

was retired into a Convent of *Franciscan* Friers, where, notwithstanding his Friends Intreaties, he was determined to stay the rest of his Life, if no News of her being yet alive arrived, by a Messenger whom he had sent to *Turkey*, on purpose to get a particular Account of that unfortunate Accident, in which your Father, you, and all the Family, were supposed to be murdered.

Here *Ardelisa* gave him an Account of all that had happened to her since that time: as likewise that the Consul had sent him Letters long since of her escaping in that dreadful Night. Monsieur *Fountain* answered, 'They questionless are come to his Hands by this Time, but it is six Months since I have been in *Picardy*.' Then Father *Francis* looking on *Violetta*, who spoke not all this while, said, 'Madam, we have News for you too, which will not be disagreeable; Monsieur *de Feuillade* is this Day able to make you Marchioness of *Rochmount*.' So Monsieur *de Fountain* informed her, that the Title and Estate of the old Marquis his Uncle was given to him. Upon which *Violetta*, looking gravely on her Lover, said, 'My Lord, *Violetta* is not a Match for a Marquis, you will doubtless repent of a Love so ill placed.' 'Madam, said he, were it possible for me to be angry with you, it would be now; no, had I the Empire of the World, I should dedicate myself and that to your Service, and would refuse it, if you were not to share it with me.' *Ardelisa* smiled, saying, 'What you refuse the Marquis, you must grant to me; deny me not the Pleasure of seeing you married before I leave *Venice*; the Friendship is such between us, that, methinks, you should not let me go to *France* alone;

‘ alone ; let us continue to share one Fate, and
‘ end our Lives together; *France* is a Country
‘ charming as your own.’ *Violetta* replied,
‘ Charming *Ardelisa* ! to whom I owe my De-
‘ liverance from a Life worse than Death, Hea-
‘ ven knows how dear I prize your Friendship
‘ and your Conversation; but can I leave my
‘ Parents? Did not Duty forbid me to consent,
‘ my Heart is so much your’s, I should not be
‘ able to part with you.’

At these Words *Don Manuel* entered the Room, to whom Father *Francis* told all the News. The Ship staid here two Months to unlade, and take in Goods; at the End of which Time, Captain *de Fountain* gave *Ardelisa* Notice to prepare for her Departure to *France*: And then she so pressed *Violetta* to marry, that she yielded; and, in fine, *Don Manuel* and his Lady consented that she should accompany her Lord to *France*, where they promised to give them a Visit the next Spring.

Don Manuel gave her a noble Fortune in Jewels and Bills, and was extremely satisfied with his Son-in-Law; who was now possessed of a Lady, whose Temper and Person was such as made her a Portion of herself, and whose Fortune, being *Don Manuel’s* only Child, was so great, as might have deserved as noble a Husband, if she had wanted Part of the Excellencies she possessed. This Wedding was splendid as their Quality, and when they went aboard the Ship for *France*, they were accompanied by all *Don Manuel’s* Relations, by whom an Entertainment was provided suiting the Magnificence of his Temper.

We will omit the tender Expressions of Donna *Catherina* at parting with her Daughter, with all the Acknowledgments *Ardelisa* made for the noble Entertainment she had received, as likewise the good Priest, who was much esteemed by all. They all took Leave of one another, and the Ship set Sail with a fair Wind, and arrived safe at *Galais*, July 1. 1706.

With what Transport did *Ardelisa* see her native Land again! The good Father prostrating himself upon the Shore, gave Thanks to God for his and their Safety. And now they consulted how to go to their Homes: *Ardelisa* resolved, that her Arrival should not be made publick presently, having a Desire first to make a Trial of her Lord's Affection: So they determined to go first to the Marquis's Seat, which was about five miles short of the Count de *Beauclair's*, *Ardelisa's* Cousin, in whose hands the Count de *Vinevil* had entrusted his Estate: They therefore hiring a Post-Chaise for the Ladies, and Horses for themselves, *Nannetta* and *Joseph* took the Road for *Rochmount*, where they soon arrived, with all the Treasure, as Jewels, &c. the Ladies had saved, and *Violetta's* Father and Mother had given her, taking the Goat with them. They found the old Steward and Servants in the House; the Count de *Feuillade*, the Marquis's elder Brother, having delayed to take Possession, or alter any thing, till he was satisfied his Brother was dead, to whom he was left Successor in the Title and Fortune. But when the Servants saw their young Lord enter the Gate, they received him with such Joy as cannot be expressed. He thanked them with much Tenderness, and, shewing *Violetta*, said, ' Here I
' have

‘ have brought you a Lady, who you will find
 ‘ yourselves happy in serving.’ All this while
Ardelisa kept her Hood over her Face, *Violetta*
 saying, ‘ Sister, you are not well, you shall have
 ‘ a Bed got ready for you immediately.’ The
 Servants flew to get all in Order ; the Marquis
 conducted his Lady and *Ardelisa* to a noble
 Chamber, where he left *Nannetta* to undress
 them, being much tired with the Journey ; and,
 leaving Order for Supper, went in a Coach, with
 Father *Francis*, to the Count his Brother.

C H A P. XIX.

THE News of the Marquis’s Arrival spread
 so fast, that, returning home, accompanied
 with his Brother, he found the Court-Hall and
 Parlours full of Relations, Friends, and Tenants ;
 and having carested them all, he took only his
 Brother up Stairs to *Violetta*. Entering the Room,
 the Count knew *Ardelisa*. It is easy to imagine
 how entertaining this Conversation must be ;
 she gave him the Reason why she would be pri-
 vate for that Night ; which he was so well
 pleased with, that he agreed to take Father
Francis home with him in the Coach that Night,
 and to go along with him to the Convent to the
 Lord *Longueville* the next Morning, as she de-
 sired : He much admired *Violetta*, his new Sister.
 The Marquis was obliged to return to the Com-
 pany below, and in some time most of the Vi-
 sitors took Leave, good Manners obliging them
 to withdraw, because it was near Night, and the
 Marquis come off a Journey. Some of his
 nearest Relations stay’d Supper, and so impor-
 tuned

toned him for a Sight of his Lady, that he was forced to bring her down to Table.

This Opportunity *Ardelisa* took, to send *Nannetta* for Father *Francis*, who, entering the Chamber, she spake to after this manner: 'Father, the great Confidence I place in you, makes me desire the Favour of you to go to my dear Lord; after you have given him an Account of my Deliverance, of which perhaps the Letters have already informed him, proceed to relate to him all that happened to me since, to the Time of my being taken into Don *Manuel's* Ship, and there finish; telling him, that I there fell sick, and died, requesting you to go to him, if ever you saw *France* again. And here say all that's moving, as my dying Message to him; and well observe his Looks and Words; and if you find his Passion is decay'd, cease to importune him farther.' And here she wept. 'I would not break his Peace, said she, or force him to the World again, to be looked coldly on, and loved for Duty only; I'll sooner enter a Convent, and die silent and unknown.'

'Madam, said he, your Doubts are criminal; but you would, I suppose, render him more sensible of his good Fortune, by first giving him a Glimpse of the most unhappy State Fate could reduce him to: I'll, to oblige you, try his Constancy, and doubt not to bring him with me to you.' He returned to the Company, who soon took Leave; and then the happy Marquis with his Lady, wishing *Ardelisa* good Repose, retired to an Apartment, where the rich Furniture surprized and convinced her,

by what little she had already seen, that *France* was the most noble Country in the World. Here they returned Heaven Thanks; and now, freed from all anxious Thoughts, being arrived where nothing was wanting to make them happy, they committed themselves to sleep: But *Ardelisa* could not rest, she talked with *Nannetta* all the Night.

CHAP. XX.

NEXT Morning the Count *de Feuillade*, with whom the good Father went, as was agreed, called him, and hasted to the Convent; where they found the Lord *Longueville* much altered, to whom the Count spake, after this manner: ‘My dear Friend, you will wonder doubtless at this early Visit; but I bring a Person with me, who has News of Consequence to impart to you; he has been in *Turkey*.’ At these Words the Lord *Longueville* fixed his Eyes upon him; ‘Father *Francis*,’ said he, my God! what do I see? Is my dear *Ardelisa* safe and alive? No News but that can comfort me.’ ‘That I am Father *Francis*,’ my Lord, he replied, is certain, and I wish I could give you News, suiting your Wishes, of your Lady; all that relates to her I shall acquaint you with.’ Here they sat down, and he rehearsed all her Adventures, and his own; in which the Lord *Longueville* did not once interrupt him with one Question: But when he told the manner of her dying in her Voyage to *Venice*, he turned pale. The good Father hasted to

to a Conclusion, and finished in these Words:
 ' The last Words, my Lord, she spoke, were
 ' relating to you, which I omit, because they
 ' were so tender, I cannot repeat them with
 ' dry Eyes, and therefore would doubtless wound
 ' your Soul: Now you must resolve to submit
 ' to Providence, and be content.' ' Yes, an-
 ' swered he, I am; my God, I submit.'

Here the Drops ran from his swol'n Eyes, and
 he could say no more. At length he pursued his
 Discourse, saying, ' Father and Friend! I thank
 ' you both, and beg you'll witness how resigned
 ' I bear the greatest Loss that ever Mortality
 ' sustained: Be Witness, Heaven! how dear I
 ' loved her, and since she can be mine no more
 ' on Earth, this Day I'll quit the World; To-
 ' morrow's Sun shall see me in the humble Ha-
 ' bit of a Frier, these Walks shall bound my
 ' Wishes, and I will know no Pleasure but the
 ' Hopes of seeing her again. Farewel World,
 ' and sensual Joys, in Death I place my Hope.'
 Here he crossed his Arms, a Death-like Paleness
 overspread his Face, and he fainted.

The Count and Father, much surprized, called
 for Help; at which the Prior, and some Friars
 came; and, fetching Wine and Spirits, brought
 him back to Life. Then they, repenting of the
 Trial they had made, looked confusedly upon one
 another. At length the Priest said, ' Pardon me,
 ' Heaven! and you, my Lord! this Sin; you
 ' are imposed upon, fair *Ardelisa* lives, at her
 ' Request I made this Trial of your Constancy:
 ' Come with me, I will bring you to her.' At
 these Words he lifted up his Eyes, ' Ah! do
 ' not flatter me, he cried, 'tis cruel. By all that

'is good, replied the Count, it is true, the lives.'

Then they brought him to the Coach, and told him, as they went along, all that had passed in her Abode at *Venice*, and Return to *France*; and being come to the Marquis's, who was just up, they were received with the greatest Demonstrations of Friendship. He immediately sent to know if *Ardelisa* was stirring; *Nannetta* took the Message, and said, her Lady was not dressed. 'The Lord *Longueville* is below,' said the Servant. Ere the Words were spoke, he came to the Door, conducted by *Joseph*, who had seen him enter the Hall; and, throwing himself at his Feet, told him, his Lady was there. He entered the Chamber, and seeing *Ardelisa* on the Bed-side, caught her in his Arms so suddenly, that she scarce knew him: Excess of Joy did for some time lock up their Tongues, so that they continued silent; but at length they both recovered, and brake forth in Words so tender and so passionate, that none but Lovers can conceive. The Servants all withdrew, and now God had rewarded their long Sufferings, by making them happy in one another. An universal Joy appeared in all this Family, and the Count *de Beauclair* being sent for, saw this happy Couple, and honourably restored his Uncle, the Lord *de Vinevil's* Estate, to *Ardelisa*. Thus these two Lords and Ladies lived in perpetual Felicity and Friendship; and Father *Francis*, with much Intreaty, consented to be Chaplain to Lord *Longueville*: *Nannetta* and *Joseph* married, and were nobly provided for.

The next Spring the Marquis and his Lady had a Visit from Don *Manuel* and Donna *Catherina*, whom they entertained as became their Quality and Affection. The same Year *Violetta* blessed her Lord with a Son, and *Ardelisa* her's with a Daughter, who bear their Names.

Thus Divine Providence, whom they confided in, tried their Faith and Virtue with many Afflictions, and various Misfortunes; and, in the End, rewarded them according to their Merit, making them most happy and fortunate.



The next Spring the Virginians and my Lady had a Visitation Don Alvarez and Donna Catherine whom they afterwards became their Quins and Augustin. The same Year Ximenes died and I left with a Don and a daughter with a



THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Lady *LUCY*.

THE
LIFE
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE
LADY LUCK.

T O T H E
Right Honourable
T H E
Lord COLERAINE.

My Lord,

IT has hitherto been my Study to endeavour to discourage Vice, and inculcate Virtue, in the Minds of those, who, either out of Curiosity, or good Nature, read my Novels, the Amusements of some melancholy Hours; and I always dedicate them to such Persons, as both by their Quality and Virtues are an Awe to the Vicious, and bright Examples for the Virtuous to imitate. For these Reasons, I first presumed to make Choice of my Lady to patronize my *Noble Slaves*, and now of your Lordship for the injured Lady *Lucy*; for you are not only descended of an antient and truly noble Family, but are in your Life and Manners just and sober, neither addicted to be a Votary to *Venus* or *Bacchus*. You wisely avoid all kinds of Folly and Excess, which undo the Mind and Body, and in a sweet Retirement pass those Hours in Conversation with the Learned Dead, which

DEDICATION.

others pass in Folly and Debauchery. You are without Flattery, a just and impartial Magistrate, a kind Friend, and a sincere Christian: These Qualities have made you Providence's Care, during your Travels abroad, where you have viewed the glorious Remains of Antiquity; and all your Friends are pleased and joyed to see you safe returned to *England*. For my own Part, I could think of no better Way of manifesting my Satisfaction and Respect, than by offering this little Present to your Lordship: The Adventures of the unfortunate Lady which it contains, will move your Compassion; and her Deliverance from Death, and Reconciliation with her Husband, your Admiration, and I doubt not but you will be agreeably diverted for some Hours; and your Name being placed at the Entrance of the Book, will be a sufficient Recommendation of it to the good and virtuous Part of this Nation. I hope your Lordship will accept it kindly, and do me the Honour to believe, that the Friendship my Lady and You have been pleased to shew for my Husband and me, shall always be remembred with the most grateful Sense imaginable, by

Your Lordship's sincerest Friend,

and obliged humble Servant,

Penelope Aubin.

P R E F A C E.

THIS is the fifth Attempt that I have made of this Nature, to entertain the Publick, and not with ill Success; which has encouraged me to proceed. The Story I here present to the World is very extraordinary, and I fear my own Sex will now be displeased with me, for Henrietta's Story; but I was obliged to follow Truth, and I hope that one ill Woman, amongst a great many others of singular Virtue, will be no Injury to the good Opinion which I would fain persuade all my own Sex to deserve, and Mankind to have of us, who are the sole Authors of our being wicked, whenever we are so. But let me give this Word of Advice to the vicious Woman; let her Station be ever so great and high in the World, nay, let her Crimes be ever so well concealed from human Eyes; yet, like Henrietta, she will be unfortunate in the End, and her Death, like her's, will be accompanied with Terrors, and a bitter Repentance shall attend her to the Grave: Whilst the virtuous shall look Dangers in the Face unmoved, and putting their whole trust in the Divine Providence, shall be delivered, even by miraculous Means; or dying with Comfort, be freed from the Miseries of this Life, and go to taste eternal Repose.

I hope that my own Nation can furnish a great many Women of all Degrees, whose Characters and Virtues are unquestionable: And I intreat all married Men to consider, from Albertus's Story, the dangerous Effects of Jealousy, and not to give Credit to Appearances, but to examine well into the Truth of Things, before they treat a Wife un-

P R E F A C E.

kindly, or abandon her; for we are very often deceived, and condemn the innocent, whilst we love and caress the guilty. Let us be always tender of other People's Characters, and not only slow to condemn, but apt to forgive Oversight in both Sexes, that we may both live and die like Christians; and let him who has done any thing revengeful like Albertus, like him repent and make Atonement for his Crimes, and not sleep supinely in a Mistress's Arms, and pass the Time in Luxury and Folly, till Death overtakes and snatches him away, to render an Account of his Deeds at the great Tribunal above, from whence no Appeal can be made. We English are neither revengeful nor cruel, and therefore need not fear such Treatment from our Husbands; as the poor Lady Lucy met withal from her's; yet we ought not to be less cautious than the Ladies of other Nations, of giving just Occasion of Jealousy, for fear of ruining our selves and Families; and it is a poor Excuse to say we have unkind Husbands, when we prove false our selves, though I own a Husband's Cruelty often occasions a Wife's Inconstancy. I wish both Sexes would amend their Lives, which would be the greatest Satisfaction of their devoted Servant,

Penelope Aubin.

THE
L I F E
A N D
A D V E N T U R E S
O F T H E
Lady L U C Y.

IN the Reign of King *Charles II.* there lived in the most fertile Kingdom of *Hibernia*, and in the Province of *Ulster*, a noble Lord, the last of a truly antient and illustrious Family. This Lord had only one fair darling Daughter by his Lady, who was a Woman endowed with every Virtue Man could wish for, but of a very tender Constitution, so that she seldom went from home; but there she managed all things with such Care and Discretion, as made her Family entirely happy. Her Friends were all received with such good Nature and Civility, were still so treated and caressed, that every Visit which they paid her and her Lord rendered them still more dear to them, and none went thence without admiring and loving them; nor were their Gates ever shut against
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the Poor, or Relief denied to the hungry Traveller. Their Vassals and Domesticks so loved and respected them, that they performed their Duties with Alacrity and Pleasure.

The little Lady *Lucy* was looked on by her fond Parents as their greatest Treasure, and so indeed she was; for she had both a Soul and Body formed to please. She was born in the Year 1670. and for her Education nothing was spared: At the Age of thirteen she could do every thing that became her Sex and Quality. She was tall, and exquisitely shaped; her Hair was black as Jet, and her sparkling Eyes were full of Fire and Majesty; her Skin was fair, and white as new fallen Snow; and every Feature of her fine oval Face was full of Sweetness: She was in fine a perfect Beauty. She spoke *French*, *Latin*, and her native Language perfectly; she danced and sung exceeding well, played on the Lute and Harpsicord, and used her Needle with as great Dexterity as if she had been *Minerva's* favourite Scholar. Virtue and Prudence governed all her Words and Actions; for she had solid Sense.

Thus her indulgent Parents thought themselves doubly blessed in such a Child, and hoped that she would make them truly happy: But alas! all earthly Blessings are deceitful, and true Happiness is never found but in the Grave. After the Revolution this peaceful Kingdom was turned to a bloody Theatre; a cruel War, and unexpected Change in Church and State, altered the Face of things; and this unhappy Lord, taking the late Monarch's Part, was killed, and the victorious Party entered his Castle, and there committed such Hostilities as are customary on the like Occasions.

casions. But it so happened, that the Party of Soldiers who performed this Deed were commanded by a German Captain, who was at that time in King *William's* Service, a very fine Gentleman, a Man nobly born, and a *Roman* Catholick; as the Lady *Lucy* and her Mother also were. The name of this fine Officer was *Lewis Augustus Albertus*; he was not quite thirty Years of Age, his Person was every way agreeable, his Face was handsome, and had an Air of Majesty; he wanted no Accomplishment to make him a complete Gentleman. He entered the Castle at the Head of his Company, and coming into the Chamber where the affrighted young Lady and her afflicted Mother were retired, he beheld them with much Surprize and Compassion; they both threw themselves at his Feet, and the old Lady, whose whole Concern was now for her Daughter, her Lord being killed, thus address'd herself to him: ' See here, brave Stranger, the most
' wretched Woman breathing, and a Virgin by
' my Side the most innocent and helpless of her
' Sex; Death would now be most welcome to
' us both, but we are forbid to seek it by un-
' lawful Means. Oh! injure not her Virtue, nor
' suffer the outrageous Soldiers to commit any
' Violences on our Persons; spare her tender
' Years, and pity my declining Age; you doubt-
' less had a Mother, noble as myself, your Face,
' your Mein speak your Descent: If you are
' such as you appear to be, protect us from those
' Ills which we dread ten times more than Death;
' if we must be stripped of all that we possess,
' and turned out naked to the World, deprived
' of all the Necessaries of this Life, yet at least
' do not permit our Persons to be abused, and

'let not my darling Child be ruined'; give me
 'your Word to secure us from their brutal Lust
 'and Fury, or generously plunge your Sword
 'into our offered Bosoms, and put an end to
 'all our Miseries.' Here a Flood of Tears put
 a Stop to her Discourse, and Excess of Grief
 bereft her of all Speech: And here the charm-
 ing *Lucy*, seizing his Hand, made him turn his
 admiring Eyes upon her lovely Face, where Fear
 and Modesty seemed to dispute, where every
 Charm was found that could engage a Heart,
 a Face that was able to melt the most obdurate
 Tyrant into Mercy and Compassion; the Tears
 dropped from her shining Eyes, which had till
 then been bent upon the Floor, and with a
 trembling Voice she uttered these soft Words to
 him: 'Yes, noble Stranger, I am prepared to
 'meet even Death itself, rather than yield to
 'Infamy; but spare my noble virtuous Mo-
 'ther's Life, which doubtless Grief will soon
 'put a Period to; and though we are a ruined
 'Prince's Friends, and of a Religion different
 'from yours, (as sure we are) since you are en-
 'gaged in such a Cause, yet let our tender Sex,
 'and deplorable Condition, move your Pity.'
 Our generous Soldier was so ravished with her
 Face and Tongue, he could scarce recollect him-
 self enough to take her up from the Ground;
 Love seized his Soul, and he forgot how necessa-
 ry his Presence was to put a Stop to the merciless
 Soldier's Fury: But, recovering himself, he took
 her in his Arms and bid her not fear, he would
 protect her with his Life and Fortune, and run
 all Hazards to secure her and her virtuous Mother.
 'I am, *said he*, a Christian and a Gentleman,
 'an Enemy to Violence and Cruelty, to which
 'the

‘ the inhuman Custom of War enures the hardened Soldier; I would conquer, but not destroy or abuse my Enemies; follow me and none shall harm you.’ He took her by the Hand, her Mother following, and calling for his Lieutenant, gave Orders that the Soldiers should give over all Hostilities, and leave the Castle. But alas! they had already done all the Mischief that was possible, gutted the Apartments, beat the Servants, killed some and wounded others; so that nothing was left worth their carrying away, and none but an old Steward, who had lived above forty Years in the Family, and a Servant Maid, who waited on the young Lady, remained able to follow their poor Ladies to the Captain’s Quarters; to which he brought them, with their Hoods pulled down over their Faces. He gave them his own Chamber, and left them for some Minutes to go and give Orders to his Company. In his Absence, the poor old Steward proposed to his Ladies his Son’s House, in a Sea-Port some Miles distant, to retreat to, if the Officer would consent to it: He was a rich Farmer, and had married a Maid who had waited on the old Lady in her Childhood, a faithful Servant to the Family. Here they hoped they might be concealed for some time, till an Opportunity could be found for them to get off into *France* or *Holland*, where they might live with Security of their Lives and Liberties; and they had wisely secured such a Quantity of Plate, Jewels and Money, (which they had, by the Advice of their prudent Lord, buried in a Field near the Castle before he went out to the Army, to which none were privy but this old Steward and his Lady) as would provide sufficiently for them in any Country,
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in case they could find Means to carry it off; which they doubted not they should do, if they could be concealed till the Troubles were a little over.

The Ladies approved of the good old Man's Offer; and the Captain returning, they acquainted him with their Design; he readily agreed to it, and promised to assist them with Horses and a covered Waggon, to convey them thither, with whatever could be found remaining in the Castle for their Use: But they did not at this Time let him into the Secret of the Treasure that was hid. He gave them a handsom Supper; but alas, Grief had so seized their Spirits, that they could not eat; he did all he was able to comfort them, and failed not to make his Passion known to the young Lady, by a thousand amorous Sighs and tender Expressions, giving her to understand, that he was of the same Religion as herself, and could make her both great and happy, if she would yield to be his, and go with him into *Germany*. To all this the young Lady gave little Answer, yet shewed no Dislike; and the old Lady prudently received his Offers with much Civility; for alas! to Persons who were in such a Circumstance, it was the greatest good Fortune to meet with such a Man, and such an Offer; yet she doubted much of his Sincerity, considering he thought them ruined. Beds were provided for them and their two Servants by his Order. And now being retired, the old Lady and her Daughter passed the Night without Sleep, reflecting on their Misfortunes, and consulting together on what was next to be done.

At break of Day the brave Captain knocked at their Chamber Door, and desired they would
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make haste to rise, for he had provided all things proper for their Departure, and feared lest a Part of the Army should come up, and so render their going thence difficult and more dangerous: They immediately got their Clothes on, and opened the Door to him, returning him a thousand Thanks for his Care of them: He embraced and assured them nothing should be wanting on his Part, to shew the Love and Respect he had for them; and he promised that he would come to them as soon as ever he could get Leave from his Colonel to put his Company into Quarters, and leave them. He had early this Morning sent two of his Soldiers to the Castle, to bring thence whatever Clothes and Linen they could find remaining fit for their Use; and he had also received many Things of that Kind from some of his Company, who had plundered, and now brought them to him, for which he gratified them with some Money out of his own Pockets: All he had got together was put up into a Waggon he had provided: And now they were at a loss for nothing, but only how to get the Treasure out of the Field, and that they dared not to attempt whilst the Soldiers were ranging about the Place; so they took Leave with much Civility on both Sides, and set out for the good Farmer's House, at which they arrived the next Morning, having travelled all that Day and Night, being guarded by four Soldiers within five Miles of the Place, to whom the old Lady gave two Guineas, when she dismissed them. The good Farmer received them with such Respect, and in such a Manner, as spake his Honesty and Gratitude; he remembered that he had been brought up in that noble Lady's Family, that he owed
all

all to his dead Lord's and her Bounty, had been educated and nourished by them; and that the Lands and House he now possessed, were gain'd in their Service: His honest Wife waited on and served them as became her: And here they remained for some Time in Quiet, and had Time to digest their Sorrows and Change of Fortune.

Three Nights after their Arrival there, the old Steward and his Son returned with a covered Waggon to the Castle, and brought thence some Furniture that was left there, and the rich Treasure, which they took up out of the Place in which it was buried in the dead of the Night, and placed in a Bag of Hay in the Waggon. They carried Letters of Thanks to the Captain from the Ladies, by whose Means they passed unmolested, and returned in Safety with his Answers in two Epistles, the most respectful and amorous that Man could write.

During the Ladies Abode in this Place, there happened some very extraordinary Accidents, which 'tis necessary we should relate, for the better understanding of the Sequel of this History.

The Farmer's House, which they were in, was near a Wood, and about two Miles distant from the Sea; along the Shore and in the Wood there were only a few Cottages, and no Inhabitants of Note; the House was very melancholy and lonely, as to its Situation; and the poor Ladies, who were not used to live in such a Place, nor with so few Attendants, startled at every Noise, and could not get one sound Sleep. One Evening, just at the close of the Day, a young Gentleman in a Peasant's Habit, booted and spurr'd, came into the Court-yard bleeding, and wounded in the Body and Arm in three Places; his Looks shewed that

that he had been extremely frightened, and that he was fled from some Place, where he had been so ill treated, with the utmost Speed, for the Sweat trickled down his Face: He met the good Farmer, who was passing the Yard, and catching him by the Arm, fainted before he could utter one Word; the good natured Man called to one of his Men, who helped to bring him into the House, where they placed him in a Chair, and brought him to himself with some Pains. Then they asked him who he was, and how he came in that Condition? He desired them to hasten to get a Surgeon for his Wounds, and be satisfied that he was a Gentleman able to reward them for their Trouble, and ask no farther as to his Name and Quality. They bowed, and one of the Farmer's Men immediately took a Horse and went for a Surgeon, who lived seven Miles off, there being none that lived nearer. Mean time the Farmer and his Wife put the Gentleman into a warm Bed, and did what they could to hinder his Wounds from bleeding; and the old Lady having some Skill, the Farmer's Wife ran to acquaint her with the Matter, and begged her Assistance; she readily went along with her to the Chamber, and was in the greatest Surprise imaginable to find that it was the young Lord —, her own Nephew, who was reported to have been killed at the fatal Battel of the *Boyne*: ‘ Good Heavens, *said she*, by what Miracle were you preserved alive, and how came you here, and in this Condition?’ ‘ I am, *said he*, overjoyed, my dear Aunt, to see you, but am so faint I cannot satisfy your Desires at this Time.’ The good Lady got what she could to dress his Wounds, and did it so well, that the Surgeon at his

his Arrival approved of what she had done; and on searching his Wounds thought them not dangerous. The next Morning both the Ladies came to breakfast with him in his Chamber, and then he related his Adventures in this Manner.

CH A P. II.

I Need not tell you, Madam, said he, who I am, since I have the Honour to be so nearly related to you; but as to what is of the greatest Concern to me, you are yet a Stranger; which is my Love to a young Lady to whom I have been engaged ever since I was a Student in the College at *Dublin*. Her Name you are well acquainted with, she was the Daughter of Sir *William* —; I used to visit at her Father's, and her Brother and I contracted so great a Friendship, that we were scarce ever asunder, till the fatal Day when we were parted in the Battle, where I saw him fall wounded from his Horse, and by a glorious Death crown the Actions of a well-spent Life, whose Loss I shall ever mourn. I courted the fair *Henrietta* by his Consent, and was so happy as to gain her Love: My elder Brother was then living, as you know; and her Father, who could give her a great Fortune, at that Time was kept a Stranger to our Love, for fear he should not approve of it. We had all the Opportunities of seeing each other that we could desire, by my generous Friend's Means; and at last made the most sacred Promises to be only one another's. But the dreadful Hour of our Separation was at hand, when we least expected it. I was sent to travel, and she was carried over to *England*, to see

see the Splendor of the *English* Court and Nation. She went thither before I went to *France*, but I want Words and Strength to express what we felt at parting, and in what a moving manner we took Leave of one another: We made a thousand Vows and Protestations to be constant. In less than two Years after I was recalled by the Death of my elder Brother; the Letters found me in *Italy*, where I had received several Letters from my dear Mistress, who was returned from *England*. I posted home, big with Expectation of possessing both her, and a great Estate: But alas! I came too late; the unfortunate *Henrietta* had broken all her Vows, and been prevailed on by her Father to marry an old wealthy Knight, who was turned of threescore: His vast Estate prevailed, and he consented to take her with half the Portion that her Father proposed to give her with another; so that her younger Sister obtained a more noble Match by this Augmentation of her Fortune. The jealous Knight soon left *Dublin* with this rich Prize, and carried her down to his Castle in this Province, where he kept her immured from almost all Company, suffering her to take no Diversions, but what his own Gardens, and his wretched self could afford her. They soon became very miserable, for she grew to hate and loath him, and beheld him rather as her Goaler than her Husband; and she treated him so coldly, that he became jealous of every Man that approached her, even of his own Domesticks; and grew so enraged, because she did not prove with Child, that he would not suffer her out of his Sight. Grief and Vexation threw her into a languishing Distemper, which made it feared that a Consumption would follow, and put an End to this

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this

this Tragedy,. As soon as I came ashore at *Dublin*, I asked after my dear *Henrietta*, and was informed of all these Particulars: I need not tell you each Word wounded my Soul, and was like a Poniard to my Heart. I could neither sleep by Night, or taste of any Pleasures by Day: Sometimes I detested her Falshood, and resolved to forget her; but alas! in vain I strove to conquer a Passion that had mingled with my Soul, and reigned in every Vein: I loved her as much as ever, and Pity blew the raging Flame: I could not live without a Sight of her, yet knew not how to get an Opportunity to send or speak to her. I dispatched my Affairs with all the Speed imaginable, and after having taken Possession of my Estate, I pretended to make a Voyage to *England*; and having taken Leave of my Friends, I left *Dublin*, and my Home, with only two Servants; and having sent Disguises for us to an Inn about twenty Miles onward of the Way towards my fair one's Castle, I mounted on Horseback with my Servants, and went to the Inn, where we lay that Night; and the next Morning, having put on our Disguises, which were the Habits of Peasants, we were so dressed, that no Person could have guessed us to be any other: Our clouted Shoes, coarse Coats, Leather Doublets and Breeches, old Hats, false Hair, and coarse Linen, made us look like the veriest Country Louts that ever Man beheld. Thus accoutred, having in the Portmanteaus behind my Servants put what Habits I should have Occasion for, and Money, being all well armed, we proceeded on our Journey, and reached *Dundalk*, without any Accident; there I left our Horses and Portmanteaus, and thence we went and lodged

lodged at a Village within a Mile of the Castle. It was dusk when we entered this Place, and I writ a Letter to this Effect to my dear *Henrietta*, and sent one of my Servants with it : I told her that I was come on purpose thither to seek an Opportunity to die at her Feet ; that I forgave her Falshood, and loved her more than ever ; and that I would run all Hazards to take her out of that Slavery to which her Father's Avarice, and her own Imprudence had subjected her, in case she was willing ; that I could not live without a Sight of her ; and in fine, that I conjured her by all our past Vows and mutual Endearments, to find some Means to let me see her ; in order to which I informed her of the Place and Disguise I was in. I sent my Servant away with this Letter so soon as it was finished ; he was acquainted with a Maid-Servant in the Family, and by that Means got Admittance into the Castle, where he lay all Night with one of the Men Servants, at the Maid's Desire ; and by the Help of some Gold which I gave him for that Purpose, he so managed her, that she conveyed the Letter into her Lady's own Hand, as she waited on her at Supper in her Chamber, where she supped because she was indisposed, and the old Knight had the Gout, so that she could not leave him. She took an Opportunity to read it in her Closet, where, as she afterwards told me, she bathed it with her Tears : Her Conscience reproached her, and her Love revived, nay it was heightened by her Aversion to her Husband. She could not close her Eyes all Night, but passed the tedious Hours in debating with herself what to do ; Love and Honour had a sharp Contest, but at last Love got the Victory,

and she rose, and going to her Closet writ the following Lines, which I have ever since kept as a Treasure. Here he pulled the Letter out of his Bosom.

‘ I Read your Letter with such a Concern as no
 ‘ Pen can express: Alas! why did you not
 ‘ let me die in Peace? Why have you awaked
 ‘ the wretched *Henrietta* from her Lethargy, and
 ‘ called to my Remembrance the pleasing Hours
 ‘ when we loved, and when my Virgin Soul
 ‘ was conscious of no Crime? I have wronged
 ‘ you, *Lycidas*, greatly wronged you, and undone
 ‘ myself: What can we hope for now? Nothing
 ‘ remains but to support our Sorrows as we ought:
 ‘ You ask to see me; I tremble at the Thought:
 ‘ The Consequence may prove fatal to us both. I
 ‘ know your Virtue, you know mine: I know
 ‘ you love, and I fear I still love you more than
 ‘ I ought, considering I am now another’s. You
 ‘ say you cannot live if I refuse this last, this only
 ‘ Favour: Take care lest we are both made
 ‘ more wretched by this Interview: If it be dis-
 ‘ covered, I am lost for ever; yet I’ll venture all
 ‘ rather than seem unkind. Come in the Dusk
 ‘ to-morrow Night in your Disguise; pretend
 ‘ to be the Maid’s Brother, who is now our Con-
 ‘ fident, she shall conceal you where I’ll en-
 ‘ deavour to come to you: Take this as the last
 ‘ and only Proof that can with Honour be given
 ‘ you of the Affection the miserable *Henrietta*
 ‘ has still for you. *Adieu.*’

She gave this Letter to the Maid, when she came into her Chamber with her Chocolate, and she delivered it to my Servant, who made

all the Haste imaginable to me with it; I opened it, and read the dear Lines with Transport: You may conclude I failed not to obey her Orders. I was at the Castle so soon as the Sun was set; my Servant introduced me to the Maid, who took an Opportunity to steal me into her own Chamber, which was next her Lady's, and there I laid down upon her Bed, and was covered over Head and Ears with the Quilt. I heard my Charmer's Voice with her old Tormentor: They did nothing but jar, and I remained till almost Midnight before the Maid entered the Room with a Candle, and told me the glad Tidings, that she was going to lye down in her Lady's Place, and send her to me: I gave her Gold for this good News, and my Soul leaped in my Breast for Joy. She went, and I soon heard the soft Tread of my trembling Charmer: She came in her Night-Gown, and Under-Petticoat; I clasped her in my Arms, we both wept; in fine, our Confusion was equal, and I believe our Love and Joy was also mutual. We passed one short Hour together, and no more, in which we whispered a thousand tender moving things, such as Lovers use on such Occasions; and I found her more charming than ever, and myself more amorous: At last the fatal Sound of the Bell alarmed us, and her cruel Husband, waked by his ill-natured Pains, forced her from my Arms. I parted with her with such Pangs and such Reluctancy as dying Misers feel, when they behold their shining Heaps of hoarded Gold dividing betwixt their greedy Heirs; nor could I let her go till she had sworn to repeat the Favour. I lay concealed a whole Week in this Chamber, the Maid keeping the Key in her Pocket, and bringing me Provisions

from Time to Time; and had every Night the Pleasure of my dear *Henrietta's* Company, whilst her *Argus* slept. Her Virtue long opposed my rash Desires; but at last my Passion made me take the favourable Opportunity, and a gentle Force compelled her to grant my Desires, for she dared not make a Noise for fear of a Discovery: And now nothing was wanting to make me entirely happy, but her Consent to fly with me, and that I could not obtain. The old Dragon recovered, and I was obliged to decamp, for fear of being discovered; besides, he changed his Apartment, and took my Charmer to lye with him, on the other Side the Castle, next the Gardens. I could not support a long Absence from her, so I ventured to lye in the next Town in my Disguise, and every Night I went into the Gardens, by Means of one of the Gardiners, of whom I had procured a false Key; and so placing a Ladder he left on purpose against a Balcony that went into that Apartment, which she every Night left unlocked for me, I went into a Closet next the Bed-Chamber, and she stole out to me. At last the Troubles forced me to leave her, and her Brother and I (he knowing nothing of what had passed between his Sister and me) took Arms, and were both, as you know, in that fatal Battle, where he lost his Life, and I narrowly escaped: And now my old Disguise was more necessary than before. I had some Thoughts of flying to *France*, but could not go without my dear *Henrietta*; so I lay concealed till I got what Money and Bills I could secure, and then set out with one Servant, and that was he who was privy to my Secret, and went to the same Inn as before. I had received News from her that she

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was with Child, and that her Husband was very proud of it, but more jealous than ever: I soon gave her Notice of my Arrival, and the next Night had the Pleasure of her Company in the Closet as before; there I acquainted her with my Design of going for *France*, and she consented to go along with me. Accordingly I brought her a Suit of Man's Clothes some few Nights after, and she dressed, and went with me out of the Balcony, and through the Garden. I had placed the Horses for her and myself, about a Quarter of a Mile off, where my Man, who was also well mounted, took care of them. We mounted, and got by break of Day to a Village ten Miles off; but she being big with Child, and not well, we went no farther, but stopped there at an Inn, where we resolved to pass a Day or two, till the Search after us was over. We had no Reason to fear any thing, because we were all in Men's Habits, dressed like Country Fellows, and pretended to belong to an Officer of the King's Army, who had ordered us to stay there with the Horses till he came to us. We paid well for what we had, and the Country People were very kind to us: Besides, it being almost impossible that the old Knight, who was wholly ignorant of all that had passed, should devise where she was gone, or who had taken her away, I fancied myself safe and happy, and little dreamt of what was to follow. Having rested our selves four Days, we left this Place in our Disguises, and met nothing to molest us, till we were passing by the Wood on the other Side this House; just as we were entring it, the old Knight, at the Head of six Soldiers, all armed with Swords and Musquets, bolted out upon us: They did not fire

upon us, but they seized on her, stopping her Horse; and I who had no Sword, but only Pistols and a Bayonet under my Coat, resisting, they unhorsed, and wounded me in three Places, as you see: My Servant was killed defending me, and I was left bleeding on the Ground. I saw my lovely Prize torn from me, and heard her cry for Help in vain. And now I wish to live only to be revenged; for if I recover I will go to the Castle, and drive him out with Fire and Sword, and release her, who is mine by a prior Right. This is my melancholy Story, my dear Aunt, said he, and though you may blame, yet, I am sure, you will at the same time pity us.

The old Lady answered him thus; How can I choose but condemn you, my dear Nephew, since your Imprudence has occasioned both your own and this poor Lady's Misfortunes? She was guilty of a Crime in breaking the Vows she had made you, and you have made her guilty of a much greater; and thus you had both like to have perished in your own Follies; but the Almighty has in his Mercy spared you to repent, and will I hope do the same by her; and spare the innocent Infant she goes withal. If you had waited patiently perhaps God might have taken away her unkind Husband, and then you might have been happy together, and had a Right to Heaven's Favour. He would have replied, but the Surgeon entering put an End to this good Lady's Exhortation; and the Ladies withdrew.

At Dinner a Valet of the brave Captain *Albertus* brought Letters from his Master to the Ladies, with a Present of some Wine and Money, which he had sent them, not knowing but they were in want of it: His Letters were full of Respect

spect to the old Lady, and Passion for the young; he promised to visit them in few Days, and always to protect and assist them all the Days of his Life. They sent their Thanks and Acknowledgments in their Answers by the same Valet. And two Nights after, as they were both, and all the Family in Bed, they heard sad Groans near the Gate, as they imagined, which awoke them; and at last somebody knocked at it, and in a faint Voice begged to be let in: The good Farmer rose, and lighting a Candle, went to the Gate, and demanded who was there; the Person answered, a Wretch that has great Need of Comfort; hungry, cold, and sorely bruised; for God's sake give me Shelter: I am a Man of Birth, and much advanced in Years. The good Country Man opened the Gate, and was surprized to see a Man of a venerable Aspect, with a Beard down to his Waist, and a coarse gray Coat tied with a Cord about him; he had no Stockings on, his Face was meagre and pale, he was bloody, and seemed very faint: He brought him into the House, and gave him something to eat and drink, asking how he came in that Condition, and who he was? He answered, that he was born a Gentleman, and that he had lived the Life of a Hermit for forty Years past, in a Cottage in the adjacent Wood; that he had been sick of a Fever and Ague for three Months past; and for the last fourteen Days had been so weak, that he could not get to the next Town for Food; that certain Persons, disguised in Vizards and strange Habits, had that Night entered his Cottage, as he lay sleeping on some Straw, as was his Custom, and dragg'd him out thence by the Heels, giving him many Kicks and Blows, till

they thought he was dead; so they drew him out of the Wood, and left him on that Side which was next this House: 'Recovering myself a little, (said he) and finding I must perish without Help, I presumed to knock at this Hospitable Gate, and have found what I wanted and desired: I hope Heaven will ever hear you in your Need, and reward all the charitable Deeds you do.' The Farmer gave him Water to wash his Face and Hands, and put him into a clean Bed, and leaving him a lighted Candle, and some Cordial by his Bed-side, at his Request went to his own Chamber: but the old Lady, who was rose out of Bed, and had got on her Clothes, stop'd him as he past by her Chamber-door, to know what had past; and he gave her an Account; so she returned to Bed, longing for the Morning, that she might know who this Stranger was. So soon as she was up she asked after him, and was by the Farmer's Wife conducted to his Chamber, with the young Lady *Lucy*: He was so ill he was not able to rise; and seemed as much surprized at the Sight of such Persons in such a Place, as they were to see him in so poor a Condition; for his Countenance spake a Man of Quality. After some Discourse between them they became acquainted, and he grew more free, and promised to declare some Part of his Life and Adventures, which were very extraordinary, to them; yet he still concealed his Name and Family, as also the Place of his Birth: The young Lord was also present. And after Dinner they again repaired to this Hermit's Chamber, as it had been agreed; and being all seated near his Bed-side, he related his Story in these Words.

C H A P. III.

I WAS born to a great Estate, and had all the Education bestowed upon me that is usual for young Gentlemen to have. When I was come of Age, I fell in Love with a young Widow Lady, who had a Fortune equal to my own: We married, but were never blest with a Child; we lived for some Years very happily; she had a Sister thirteen Years younger than herself, who had a considerable Fortune, and lived with us: I insensibly grew very fond of this Child; she was beautiful as an Angel, and for her Years as witty; she had a thousand infant Charms about her; I loved her like a fond Father: But when she was grown up to thirteen Years, I doated, and became, alas! a jealous raging Lover. I beheld every Man who approached her as a hated Rival: I watched all her Looks and Actions, could not support her Absence, forgive me, Heaven! and under the Pretence of a Brother and a Guardian, concealed my Crime, and was thanked by my Wife, and respected by her Family. And thus I found Means to break off every Match that was proposed to her; till at last, a young Gentleman of a Family superior to her's, and of an equal Fortune, every way accomplished, both as to his Person and Understanding, made his Addresses to her, and I too plainly saw that she was much inclined to grant his Suit. And now I was on the Rack, Reason and Religion pleaded in vain, my headstrong Passion overcame all Considerations, and I thought of nothing but how to gain her to my own wicked

Desires, and to prevent her being another's; and I, who had all my Life long before lived a good and virtuous Life, and had the most awful Sense of God and Religion that a Christian ought to have, was in an Instant converted into one of the vilest Wretches on Earth, and grew capable of forming, and at length of acting, the most villainous Designs. Thus when we once suffer unlawful Desires and loose Thoughts to vitiate our Minds, and make one false Step contrary to our Duty, we insensibly fall into greater Crimes, and soon become Vassals to the Devil, and grow the most audacious of Sinners. Take Care, young Gentleman, (said he, addressing himself to the young Lord,) 'tis to you I chiefly direct this Discourse, swerve not from your Duty, nor suffer that unhappy Passion which has ruined my Peace for ever in this Life, to lead you into the like Crimes and Misfortunes, as it has done me. At these Words the young Lord changed Colour, and his Aunt looked seriously upon him, and the Hermit proceeded in this Discourse. But now, (said he,) I could neither sleep nor eat, my Countenance was changed, and my Wife, who dearly loved me, was very inquisitive to know what I ailed; I pretended that I was not well: But my Rival paid his Visits daily to *Emilia*, and I found it in vain to oppose the Marriage longer, there being no Pretence for it. This drove me to Despair, and put me upon making use of the most desperate Means to prevent it, and I resolved to ruin her, and get rid of him at any rate. I long deliberated which of those wicked Designs I should first put in Execution: I considered that if I should first debauch her, she might make it known to him, and that would be my utter Ruin,

Ruin, and might perhaps occasion the Death of him and me; but he being out of the way, I might, by Threats and Entreaties together, gain her to do whatever I would. This being at last resolved, I rode out one Morning to a Village twenty Miles off; and leaving my Servant at an Inn with the Horses, I walked out into the Town; there I found an Apothecary's Shop, and bought as much Opium as would do the fatal Deed, and went back to the Inn and dined, and so returned home well pleased with my Journey. I passed the Night with much Anxiety, my Conscience being greatly troubled; but having put the stupifying Drug into some Water to infuse over Night in my Closet, I put it into a Vial, and put it up in my Pocket the next Morning; and my Rival coming to Breakfast with us, I took an Opportunity to convey it into a Cup of Coffee, which I put into his Hand as he was fooling with *Emilia*; he drank it off, and suspected nothing. I invited him to stay Dinner, for I was always very civil to him, and he accepted the Offer; they walked out into the Gardens, where he began to feel a Dizziness in his Head, and before Noon the Poison so operated, that he went home in his Coach, hastened to bed, and never rose again: The Physician who was called (for there was but one near the Place) found him dead, and inquired no farther. My Sister-in-Law grieved extremely, but hid it as much as she could; I comforted and laughed her out of it as much as I was able, and did all that was possible to oblige her, and made her every Day little Presents. And in fine, about a Month after my Rival's Death, my Wife being sent for to a rich Uncle's, ten Miles off, who lay a dying; and being not to

return that Night, or perhaps in two or three, I resolved to execute my wicked Design upon *Emilia*; it was Winter, the Winds blew, and the Stars gave no Light; it was a Night dark as the Deed I went to execute; all the Domesticks were gone to rest, and the lovely innocent *Emilia* lay locked in Slumbers, sweet as those of new-born Infants, and none but my wretched self, whom Lust and an unlawful Passion racked, was waking. I rose, and throwing only my Nightgown over me, with my Slippers on, and my drawn Sword in my Hand, and a Dark-lanthorn, I went softly to her Chamber, and entered it without any Noise: I approached the Bed with trembling Steps, and found her sleeping: I gazed upon her with the utmost Transport, and putting my Lanthorn into the Chimney, having locked the Door within side, I stole into Bed to her, having laid my Sword on the Bed; I clasped her so fast in my Arms that she could not stir, and stopping her Mouth with Kisses, prevented her making any Noise: She struggled in vain; I effected my Design, and betwixt Threats and Entreaties so governed her, that she permitted my Stay till almost Day-light, when I retired to my Chamber with the utmost Satisfaction; and now I thought of nothing but repeating my Joys. I had some Stings of Conscience, but I stifled them with a Bottle; and my Wife staying out three Nights, we passed them, as we thought, very agreeably: She returning home, brought the pleasing News that her Uncle was dead, and had left her three thousand Pounds. The criminal Converse betwixt *Emilia* and me continued for six Months, and I found frequent Opportunities of enjoying her; but at last we were alarmed

alarmed with the fatal Signs of her being pregnant; I purchased and gave her such Drugs as could cause Abortion, but in vain, and she grew big: My Wife, who dearly loved her, was extremely concerned at her being indisposed. And now *Emilia* began to make me a thousand Reproaches, and grew to almost hate me. I several times resolved to poison her, and so prevent our mutual Infamy; but the Affection I still had for her made me desist from it. One Night, my Wife being gone from Home to a Lady's who was in Labour, I stole to *Emilia's* Bed, and as we slept in one another's Arms, she wakened me with her Shrieks; I asked her what ailed her, but in vain, the cold Sweat trickled down her Face, and she seemed quite bereft of her Senses; See there, there he stands, she cried, Villain, Monster, what Poison! did he give thee Poison? barbarous Wretch; and shall I fall a Victim to his Cruelty also. She continued to rave thus for some time; at last she fainted in my Arms, and then recovering, threw her Head into my Bosom, and let fall a Shower of Tears: I embraced her, and cried, my Dear, what ails you: Oh! says she, I have had a Dream that has filled my Soul with Horror, my Limbs shake, and Fear seizes every Joint; methought I saw the dead *Leander* standing by my Bed-side in his Shroud, his Face was pale as Death, he had a China Cup in his Hand, he looked stedfastly upon me, and then pointing to you, gave three such dismal Groans as would have each even pierced a stubborn Heart: Methought I saw his Bosom heave, labouring as if some dire Secret struggled in his Breast to be disclosed, then thrice he shook his Head and frowned on you, at last he spoke, and
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in a hollow Voice cried, There, there, in thy Arms, ruined *Emilia*, sleeps my cruel Murderer: Curst is thy Fate; thy harmless Infant shall not see the Light, nor e'er be freed from thy unhappy Womb. I would disclose something of mighty Consequence to thee, but han't Permission for to do it; prepare for Death; as I am now, so shall you shortly be, and let the Murderer beware; he poisoned me the fatal Morning we saw one another last; this fatal Cup of Coffee received the poisonous Dose, he put it in my Hand, farewell, remember Death; my Blood cries out for just Revenge, Revenge, Revenge. At these most direful Words he vanished, and I—— O Heavens! he's here again, she cried, Oh hide me, hide me, or I die with Fear. She clung about me, and I was filled with so much Horror, that I fled the Chamber; my guilty Conscience stared me in the Face: She quickly followed to my Chamber, I took her into Bed, and did all I could to persuade her it was nothing but a Dream, but in vain: She asked me an hundred times over, if I knew nothing of *Leander's* Death. The Day-break forced her from my Chamber: In fine, she was nightly tormented with such Visions, and I began to be so distracted with the Terrors of my Conscience, and Fear of Discovery, and her approaching Lying-in, that I at length resolved to get rid of her the same Way as I had done of my Rival, and I gave her such another Dose; but my Wife sending for an able Physician, upon viewing her Body, and examining into the Circumstances of her Death, he discovered that she was both big with Child and poisoned; he used all Means to recover her, but in vain. And now pretending a mighty Concern

Concern for her's and our own Reputation, I advised my Wife to smother the Discourse as much as possible, and told her, doubtless she had been debauched by some of our own Domesticks, whose mean Birth made her ashamed to marry him; and so she had at last fallen into such Despair, reflecting on her own Folly, that she had poisoned herself. This passed current with my Wife, and every Body else; we interred her handsomely, as became her Quality and Fortune, which fell to my Wife. And thus I concealed my Crimes from the World, and got rid of my Fears; but the all-searching Eyes of the Almighty could not be blinded. I sought all Kinds of Diversion to prevent thinking; I went a hunting every Day, and drank my Bottle or two every Night, to get some Rest, and prevent Thought; and thus I was, I fancied, tolerably easy; yet I could not hear a Passing-Bell without trembling, and Death was never mentioned, or a Funeral passed in my Sight, but my Soul shivered. My Wife grew sickly, and I was forced at last to lye alone: This was insupportable, and I resolved to make a Journey to *Dublin*, with Hopes to find better Company, and to be diverted with seeing Plays frequently: In fine, I set out with no other Attendants but two Servants, with my Wife's Approbation, who was to follow me if she grew better. I went twenty Miles the first Day; and lay at a very good Inn at Night: I had a Candle left burning in my Chamber, as was my Custom, and being something tired I soon fell asleep; but, just Heavens! I was presently waked by a Person's opening the Door, who had the Form of a Woman; she was in an Undress, and her white Sarsnet Hood was pulled down over her Face;

Face: She took up the Candle, and came to my Bed-side. I was before surprized, but judge what I felt when I discovered the Face, and saw it was my dear murdered *Emilia*: Villain, said she, you think to fly the Place where you committed the black Deeds you have done, to get more Ease elsewhere; Remorse shall still pursue you. She struck me on the Face, and the Blood streaming from my Nose, she clapp'd a Handkerchief she had in her Hand to it, and cried, When you see me and this again, remember you are called to Judgment, and your Dissolution is at Hand. She vanished, and left me in an inexpressible Agony; all the Horror of my Guilt was now before my Eyes, and I began to have a true Sense of my Condition: I rose, and threw myself on my Knees, imploring the Almighty's Pardon as I ought. The next Day I reached *Dublin*, there I locked myself up in my Chamber, almost all Day, and led a Life of true Penance, to the Surprise of all that heard of my Arrival, and came to see me. I soon returned home, and found my Wife dying; she lived but a few Days after my Arrival: I buried her nobly, as she deserved, and now put in Execution what I had before designed. I sent for my younger Brother, and delivered into his Hands all my Estate, making him enter into Obligations with me in Writing, to give one third Part of the Revenues of it yearly to the Poor of the Parishes round about where my Estate lyes, and to give me two thousand Pounds in ready Money. After this I took Leave, and returned the Money by Bills to *Armagh*, and taking only one faithful Servant with me, whom I could trust, a Lad that had been born and bred up in my House, I set out for that Place. Being arrived there,

there, I sought for a proper Place to retire to, resolving to live a Recluse the rest of my Life; and by the strictest Penance, and continual Prayer to endeavour to reconcile myself to the Almighty, and through my Saviour's Merits obtain Pardon of my great and heinous Sins. I found this neighbouring Wood very fit for my Design, and bought the poor mean Cottage I have ever since lived in, of a poor Peasant who dwelt there with his miserable Family: I gave him an hundred Pounds for it, to put them in the World, to them an immense Sum, and they left their Habitation to me, with a thousand Thanks and Blessings. I provided myself of such a poor Habit as you now see me in, and left my other Clothes with my Servant, whom I put into a Shop, to get his Living, at a Town hard by; he brings me a Loaf of Bread every three Days, with some Roots or such Herbs as I want, for I have eat nothing else these forty Years, except in Sickness. I go thrice a Year to do my Duty to God, by receiving the blessed Sacrament. And now the Son of my Servant comes to me, his Father being unable to come himself; though to my great Surprize he has neglected it for fifteen Days past, and I fear some Mischance has befallen the poor Lad these troublesom Times. I have thus lived without conversing with any human Creature these forty Years; and in continual Expectation of seeing that dreadful Handkerchief that must warn me away hence, to appear at the great Tribunal above, where I must expect my final Doom. I know, said he, that these kind of Relations of Apparitions are looked upon by a great Part of the World as Fictions, and the Product of weak Brains; nor shall I pretend

pretend to determine whether they be the real Spirits of the Persons who appear, or their good Angels who assume their Shapes by the divine Permission, to discover the Murders of such Persons as were in their care, or to awaken the Consciences of such wretched hardened Sinners as I was to Repentance; or whether the Almighty causes such Forms to appear to the Imaginations of such Persons: This is a Search too curious for our finite Understandings; but this is most certain from the Testimony of all Ages, that such things have been frequent in all Times; and that even at Mid-day, Apparitions have been seen by Persons of the greatest Courage and Integrity; and that such Secrets have by this Means been discovered, as could never have come to the Knowledge of those to whom they appeared, any other Way. What I relate to you at this Time I know to be Truth, and will aver it with my last Breath; and let us not flatter our selves that our Crimes can be concealed, tho' acted with ever so much secrecy, for the Almighty, who sees our Actions, can make Use even of the Tongues and Spirits of the Dead to reveal them, and melt the most obdurate Heart in a Moment into Repentance, even to confess and have a true Sense of his Faults. Here our Hermit grew very faint, and desired some Wine, which was given him. The rest of the Day was passed in pious Reflections, and good Discourse on this strange History. They concluded the disguised Persons, who had used the old Gentleman so inhumanly, must be Thieves who had fled to that Wood for Shelter. They left him at Night to his Repose.

At break of Day he called to the Farmer, and begged he would fetch a Priest, for he should die before Night; the Farmer was surprized, and left his good old Father to attend him whilst he went, there being none nearer than a Mile off, where a Catholick Gentleman kept a Chaplain. The Priest being come, the Hermit declared that he had that Night seen the Apparition, with the bloody Handkerchief; that she looked on him with a smiling Countenance, and said, 'Tis I, prepare for Death, your Prayers are heard, and so vanished; before Noon he fell into strong Convulsions, and felt the Approaches of Death: The Priest gave him the last Sacraments, and he expired before seven at Night, having ordered how the Money he had left at *Armagh* should be disposed of to such Uses as might benefit his Soul. He had discovered his Name and Quality to the Priest, who put his Body into a Horse, and went with it to his Estate, where he found the Deceased's Brother, who was much surprized, having never heard any News of him, since he went to *Armagh*: He buried him amongst his Ancestors, and on hearing the Particulars of his past Actions, was filled with Admiration, for his Brother had ever passed for a very good Man; he was sorry to hear that he had been guilty of such Crimes, but rejoiced that he had so greatly repented, and so well prepared himself for Death, concluding with himself how little we are able to make a true Judgment of Persons whilst they are living, and how incapable of distinguishing the good Christian from the Hypocrite. I need not tell you what an Impression this Hermit's Story and Death made upon the old Lady and her virtuous Daughter; but above all on the young Lord:

Lord: He reflected seriously on the Crime he and *Henrietta* had committed, and quite changed his Resolutions of taking her from her Husband by Force, resolving if she ever came to him to carry her to *Flanders*, and there place her in a Convent, and to enter himself into some religious Society.

C H A P. IV.

NOT many Days after the Death of the Hermit, the brave Captain *Albertus* arrived, to pay a Visit to the Ladies: He had quitted his Post, being a Man who had a good Fortune in *Germany*, and come to acquaint Lady *Lucy*, that if she was disposed to marry and go with him, he was ready to conduct her and her Mother to *Germany*, where she should find a plentiful Fortune, and noble Family to welcome her. He brought along with him a Youth, whom he met withal in the Way in the Manner following.

As he was riding by the adjacent Wood with three Servants, he saw this Youth come running towards him, quite out of Breath; he appeared as if he feared being pursued, and begg'd of him to let him attend him to the next Town, for he said that he had just escaped from the Hands of a Band of Robbers, with whom he had been kept fourteen Days a Prisoner: The Captain, taking Pity of his Youth, let him get up behind one of his Footmen, and so brought him hither, not knowing what or who he was. 'Tis needless to tell you how welcome the Captain was to the two Ladies: But the young Lord, who was in a sort of a profound Melancholy ever since the
Death

Death of the Hermit, was in an Extasy when he saw the Youth, who ran to him, and throwing his Arms about his Neck, cried out, Blest Heavens! my dear Lord, are you then alive? and do I hold you again in my Arms? praised be that God who has preserved us both to meet again. This was enough to discover to the Company that it was *Henrietta* in Man's Clothes. He received her with open Arms, and uttered so many passionate Expressions, that it was in vain for some time that the Ladies desired to know her Adventures: At last she told them, that as her Husband, the old Knight, was carrying her back to his Castle, attended only by two of the Soldiers, a Band of Thieves, well armed and well mounted, and Vizards on their Faces, met with them, and hearing my Lamentations, said she, cried, Stand, you old Villain; what are you going to do with that handsom Youth? He answering rudely, one of them discharged a Pistol in his Face, and killed him on the Spot: The two Soldiers ran away, and left me in their Hands, more than half dead with Grief and Fear: They plundered my Husband's Pockets, and took what Gold he had, as also his Watch and Rings, throwing his Papers about, which I gathered up; and there I found the fatal Letter you had sent to me, to acquaint me with your Return from the Army, mention was also made of my being big with Child: This Letter I had mist out of my Cabinet for some Time before, which doubtless he had a false Key to, by this Means he got Knowledge of our Intrigue, and so it was not hard for him to discover us; perhaps the Gardiner might also betray something to him of our Escape and your Habit: But now to return to

my own Story, what Treatment the Thieves gave me; I begg'd to be let go, but in vain, doubtless they suspected that I was a Woman; and the Leader or Captain of them had taken a Liking to me, for he commanded them not to stand prating, but to tie my Hands behind me and make off; they did so, and mounted me before one of them, and so they rid towards the Wood as fast as their Horses Legs could carry them: Being come thither they entered a poor Cottage, where I found they made their Abode, and lodged the Booty they got: Here I found a poor *Irish* Woman and her Daughter, who spake nothing but their native Tongue, which, though we are all born in the same Kingdom, except the Captain, yet we are not able perfectly to understand. These two Creatures dressed their Victuals, and fetched Provisions, and whatever they wanted, from the neighbouring Villages, their poor Habits rendering them unsuspected. They had doubtless committed many Robberies that Day, for they pulled out a great many Watches, Rings, and abundance of Money: They shut all the Doors, and sent their Horses to a Farmer's on the other Side the Wood, where I find they are kept for them; here they were very merry, eating and drinking plentifully. They were mighty civil to me in their Way, and told me no Injury should be offered to me. Their Captain told me he was a better Man than perhaps I thought him, for he was the Son of as good a Family as any in the Kingdom, though a Cadet; and had more Money now at his Command, than many that were in great Posts in the Government, and robb'd the Publick: And then addressing himself to his Companions, My Fellow-Adventurers, said he,
this

this delicate choice Morfel I prefer to the rest of the Booty we have this Day gotten; divide the Money of this Day amongst you, I will take this pretty Boy. My Concern was at this Time so excessive, and my Fears, together with the Fright I had suffered before, that I felt the Pains of Labour coming on, I fainted in the Chair as I sat at Table; he rose to help me, and poured some Usquebaugh down my Throat; this recovered me, but hastened my Pains: I was obliged to make known my Condition, on which they had so much Humanity, as to let the Women help me to Bed; and there, without any other Aid, I was that Night delivered of my Child, who lived not an Hour, in which Time, weak as I was, I forgot not to baptize it by my own Name, it being a Daughter. This fortunate Accident, which I look on as a Providence, prevented a greater Misfortune, which must doubtless have otherwise befallen me. About Midnight I heard some body knock gently at the House-Door, and give a Whistle, on which it was opened, and I heard a Man's Voice, who said, Let the Gentlemen be ready on the Road to *Armagh* by four o'Clock, for there is a Booty will pass by. Soon after I heard the Horses come to the Door, and all the Thieves ride away. I was so weak, though I wanted for nothing to eat and drink, that I could not go cross the poor Room I lay in for ten Days; but getting a little Strength to stand at the Window and creep down Stairs, I meditated how to get away. The Captain made me two or three Visits, and seemed to rejoice that I mended: And I believe they are all Gentlemen, but such as are ruined either by their own Imprudence and Vices, or by the Change of
Affairs

Affairs in this Kingdom; but I trembled at his Compliments, and could not bear the hateful Thoughts of yielding to my Husband's Murderer, though he was so unkind to me; and much more of being made for ever unworthy of you, my dear Lord, who are, and ever was, the only Object of my Affection. No, my beloved *Henrietta*, (said he) I am indeed the Murderer of your Husband, I am the sole Cause of his Death, and we must both do what we can to expiate our Crime; but of that we will talk hereafter; proceed. She looked upon him with some Concern, and went on with her Relation: This Morning, said she, the old Woman being gone out for Provisions, and the young one employed in making my Bed, I found Means, weak as I am, to make my Escape, not knowing one Step of the Way, nor which Path to take; but I fancied if I was once got out of the Wood, I should not fail to meet with some honest Passengers, who would go with, or direct me to a Town, from whence I might get Means to go to my Father's, or my own Home, and get some News of you, for whom I was an hundred times more in Pain than for myself, resolving if you were dead to live a Widow all the rest of my Days, retired from the World. The Resolution was good, my dear *Henrietta*, said the young Lord, and I thank you; but remember you broke your first Vows. The Ladies welcomed her; and these serious Discourses were laid aside. The young Lady lent her a decent Habit, in which they could not but admire her Beauty and Shape. The Captain was very importunate with the young Lady *Lucy* to grant his Suit; and in few Days all Things were agreed, and a Priest was sent for, who

who joined their Hands, as Heaven had done their Hearts, and made, in all Appearance, one happy Pair. The young Lord consulted this good Father about *Henrietta* and himself, who enjoined them both a Year's Penance, and then gave Leave that they should marry, in Consideration of their being contracted together before her former Marriage. And now the Ladies informed the Captain of the Treasure they had saved; and all Things were got ready in Order for the Captain and his Mother-in-Law, with the old Steward, who begg'd to attend his dear Ladies, to embark with the first Opportunity of a Vessel for to go to *Ostend*, and so from thence by Land to *Heidelberg*, near which the Captain's Estate lay; and the young Lord and *Henrietta*, who did not think it safe to remain in *Ireland*, agreed to go with them; So he writ to a near Relation in *Dublin*, to secretly remit him Moneys to *Armagh*, where he had lodged a considerable Sum, which he had brought thither in Bills, and let him know where he was going to settle, and with whom. One of the Captain's Servants carried the Letter, and soon returned with a satisfactory Answer.

During this Interval of Time, from the Captain's Arrival to their Departure, it was agreed that an Information should be given to one of the Magistrates of *Armagh*, to send some to apprehend the Nest of Highwaymen in the Wood; and the old Steward was accordingly sent, and returned with a sufficient Force to apprehend them, having a Troop of Horse; but too late, for they found none but the two Women; who on Examination confessed, that they were a Company of desperate Gentlemen, who were fled for Fear

of Discovery; the Estates of three of them being lost, of which their Captain was one; the rest were younger Brothers: All had been enaged for their Master King *James*: That they had taken up this Way of Life out of Despair, and were now all fled out of the Kingdom, in a small Vessel which they had hired at the next Port, to carry them and their Booty either to *France* or *Holland*, they knew not which: That they were ignorant of all their Names, they having never made use but of those they were christened by, as *Tom*, *Will*, *Harry*, &c. and what they knew they had been informed of only by their Discourse to one another. This was all that could be discovered; however, the Magistrates caused the Cottage to be pulled down, and sent the two Women to the House of Correction; and examined the Farmer where *Henrietta* had heard their Horses stood; but that was no Proof since he only heard it, and did not appear; so the Farmer denied it, and was let go.

And now a Ship was hired to carry our Heroine and the rest to *Ostend*; and they all embarked with their Treasure, and had a safe Passage; And passing through many fine Towns and strong Cities, in their Way to *Heidelberg*, they viewed all that was curious both in the Churches and Palaces, with which the Ladies were well pleased, having never travelled in foreign Countries before. Being at last arrived at the Captain's Estate, his Relations, who were People of great Quality, received them with much Civility and Magnificence: And now the old Lady and her virtuous Daughter blessed God, and thought themselves completely happy, after their Misfortunes. It was impossible that a Man could be fonder of
a Wife

a Wife than the brave *Albertus* was of his; he doated upon her, and nothing was wanting to complete their Felicity: She brought him three fine Children in three Years Time; two of which, being Daughters, lived. Nor was the young Lord less pleased with the charming *Henrietta*, whom he had married the Day after their Year of Penance was expired. These accomplished Persons lived all together, and the ingenious Lady *Lucy* grew every Day not only more charming, but more improved in her Understanding, and her Conversation was admired and coveted by every Body, who had the Honour to once enjoy it. She was prudent without being reserved, and gay without Folly: And though she was not yet twenty, she was as good a Manager of her self and Family, as if she had been forty. Yet so precarious is the Prosperity of this World, that an unforeseen Misfortune ruined and made her become one of the most wretched Creatures breathing. *Albertus* had a Cousin who was a Colonel in the Emperor's Army; a Lord, younger and as handsom and accomplished as himself. This Gentleman came to *Heidelberg*, and went soon after his Arrival to pay a Visit to his Kinsman *Albertus*; there he saw the charming Lady *Lucy*, his new Relation, and fell so passionately in Love with her, that he forgot all Ties of Religion and Blood. He stay'd at his Kinsman's three or four Days, too long for his Repose, and this unhappy Lady's; his Visits were very frequent for two Months after, during which Time he kept the fatal Secret to himself. He gave the Ladies a hundred Diversions, took them and their Husbands a hunting, made Balls and Masquerades to divert and surprize them; in fine, he was magnificent

nificant in all Things, both as to Habit and Expences, which is the most ready Way to engage the fair Sex. *Albertus* began to discern his Passion for his Lady, and Jealousy, the worst of Frenzies, entered his Breast; after which, 'tis needless to tell you, that he misconstrued every Look and Gesture of his innocent Wife, and began to grow cool in his Behaviour to her: She too soon perceived this cruel Change, and strove by her excessive Tendernefs of him to rekindle his Love, and discover the Occasion of this Alteration. This increased his Jealousy, and he imagined she did this to cloke her Falshood, and that it was all Dissimulation. She nightly pressed him to disclose to her the Reasons why he was sad and pensive; she wept upon his Bosom, but all in vain, he seemed not to regard her: In fine, he waited for an Opportunity to discover the Truth, resolving to have such a Revenge of both, as might satisfy his Rage, and recompense the Loss of his Honour.

The amorous *Frederick* was blind to all but his raging Passion; and now he could no longer keep the Secret, and fearing to trust a mean Person with a Message or Letter to her, not being able to get to the Speech of her alone, because she gave him no Opportunity, though not out of Design, but because it was not her Custom to be ever out of the Company of her Mother, Husband, or some other of her Family. She in Truth highly respected this young Lord, as being her Husband's Kinsman, and a Person who always strove to oblige both her and hers, but she never thought of Love. He at last pitched upon *Henrietta*, her dearest Friend, whom he perceived to be a Lady not altogether so reserved and prudent in her Conduct, as Lady
Lucy

Lucy was, for that *Lady* was freer, and less upon her Guard, and had indeed taken too great a Liking to him, for she secretly loved him. She was in her Nature more inconstant and less virtuous than the more perfect *Lucy*, as her former Conduct had shewn. After having engaged her to Secrecy, he gave her a Letter to deliver to her Cousin, making her swear the most sacred Oaths neither to open it, or deliver it into any other Hand: She received it with the utmost Perplexity, too well guessing the Contents; and retiring into her Chamber, viewed it for some Time with a Woman's Curiosity, long disputing whether she should break the solemn Promises she had made, and open it, or perform her Duty: But when the Passion of unlawful Love has once taken Possession of a Heart, no Promises can bind, and Religion itself is forgotten. She opened the fatal *Billet-deux*, and found these Words in it:

‘ Madam,

‘ I OWN so much Virtue appears in all your
 ‘ Conduct, that I have not the least Occasion
 ‘ to hope for any Pity from *Lucinda*, the best,
 ‘ and most beautiful of her Sex: Your Soul and
 ‘ Body are altogether divine, but ’tis that Virtue,
 ‘ and that Beauty that have captivated my Reason;
 ‘ I die to possess you, cannot live without you,
 ‘ grant me one Moment of your Company alone,
 ‘ perhaps such Advice may flow from your rosy
 ‘ Lips, as may cure my Lunacy: Fear nothing
 ‘ from a Man who is intirely devoted to your
 ‘ Service, a Man who would sacrifice a thousand
 ‘ Lives to serve you, and rather die a thousand

' Deaths than offend you. I am so distractedly
 ' in Love, that I know neither what I say or do,
 ' except that I am the most passionate of all
 ' Mankind, and the most wretched, if you do
 ' not condescend to give me a favourable Hear-
 ' ing: There is no Crime in this, and I will
 ' never ask more than your Bounty will bestow
 ' on

' The miserable FREDERICK.

When *Henrietta* read this amorous Epistle,
 Rage and Jealousy burnt in her Breast, and she
 was all on Fire to be revenged, but reflecting a little,
 Woman's Wit, which is very happy always at In-
 vention, opened her Eyes, and she found she
 had now the most favourable Opportunity in the
 World to enjoy the Man she loved, and throw
 the Infamy of the Deed upon another. Now
 she need only personate the innocent Lady *Lucy*,
 counterfeited her Hand, with which she was too
 well acquainted, and supply her Place. Transported
 with this Thought she writ the following Letter,
 and put it into the enamoured *Frederick's* Hand
 the next Day, as they were walking in the Gar-
 dens of the Castle after Dinner.

' I Received your Letter from the Hands of my
 ' dearest Friend, in whose Breast I am sure all
 ' Secrets are safe: I have too well guessed that
 ' you had some such Inclination for me; I ought
 ' not, 'tis true, to have returned an Answer to
 ' such a Proposal. Alas! my Lord, you forget
 ' that I am married: You believe me virtuous,
 ' Why do you tempt me to run the Risque of
 ' being otherwise? You promise you will ask
 ' nothing but what I may with Honour grant;
 ' for

' for so I would understand you: You beg a
 ' private Interview, because you hope for some
 ' salutary Advice from me to cure you, I pray
 ' Heaven, I may be able to do it. I would
 ' desire that we might contract such a Friendship,
 ' as may last as long as our Lives; but I trem-
 ' ble at the Thought of a criminal Affection:
 ' Yet I have so great Confidence in your Ho-
 ' nour, that I will trust myself with you alone;
 ' come to my Closet next the Gardens at nine
 ' this Evening, and stay till I come to you, my
 ' Husband will then be engaged at *Ombre*, and
 ' I can steal away: Neither ask or hope any
 ' Thing, but what I may grant with Honour.
 ' Burn this Letter, and make a right Use of this
 ' Indulgence I shew for you. *Adieu. Lucy.*

Our impatient Lover broke open and read these
 counterfeit Lines with the greatest Transport, and
 never doubted but that they came from the
 Mistress of his Heart. Mean Time the innocent
 Lady thought nothing of the Ills that were pre-
 paring for her. At the Hour appointed the amo-
 rous *Frederick* failed not to take Leave of the
 Company, pretending a Visit to a neighbouring
 Gentleman, leaving *Albertus* at Cards with some
 Gentlemen, and flew to the Closet, where he
 threw himself upon a Couch, and lay for near
 half an Hour on the Rack of Expectation before
 the Lady came; during which Time *Henrietta*,
 whose Lord was also engaged at Play, went into
 the Lady *Lucy's* Apartment, who was gone to
 her Mother's Chamber, the old Lady being in-
 disposed, and put on one of that unfortunate
 Lady's Night-gowns, and pulling her white Sarf-
 net Hood over her Face, stole to the Closet,

where the Lover received her with open Arms. They were obliged to whisper, so that no Discovery could be made from her Voice: Many passionate Expressions passed on his Side, with a hundred Vows and Promises of eternal Love and Fidelity. She seemed altogether so disordered, that she scarce knew what she did or said; so that he taking Advantage of that too commodious Opportunity, with a little Force gained his Ends, for Love betrayed the Fort within, while he assailed without. *Henrietta's* Virtue was but frail, and could not stand the Test before; she had not the brave *Lucy's* Virtue, nor her Conduct. Thus they passed a fatal Hour together, and then parted with mutual Promises of Love, and Repetitions of their short-lived Pleasures. He stayed behind some Time in the Closet as she ordered him, and she took off her Disguise, and went down to the Company: Lord *Frederick* quitting the Closet went round by the Back Stairs, and so went to make his Visit, greatly delighted and surprized at his good Fortune, and the easy Conquest he had made, when he expected a long Resistance, which Lady *Lucy's* known Virtue might with just Reason make him apprehend: He returned to Supper, and at Table cast his Eyes an hundred times upon the innocent Lady, wondering in himself that she seemed no way to regard, or return his amorous Glances; whilst *Henrietta* reddened, and changed Colour often, being vexed that his Inclinations were directed to another, and conscious of her own Crime, yet so blinded with her wicked Passion, that she thought not of Repentance. After this they had frequent Meetings in the same Place to which *Henrietta* procured him
a false

a false Key; yet she found it often very difficult to find Opportunities in such a manner as to prevent all Discovery: But the old Lady continuing to keep her Chamber, and Lady *Lucy* being continually attending her, she took the Opportunity to personate her in the Closet, so that Lord *Frederick* smiled when he heard the Lady say to her Husband, I will go to my Mother, and soon took some Opportunity to withdraw: And the poor young Lord, *Henrietta's* Husband, had no Notion of his Lady's Falshood. And now both Ladies proved with Child, and Lord *Frederick* having had a Promise of a Visit from *Henrietta* in the Night, and both Ladies being out of order, and lying for that Reason alone, he writ the following *Billet-doux*, and put it into *Henrietta's* Hand after Dinner, before he went out a Hunting with *Albertus*, and some other Gentlemen.

‘ I WILL live in Hope, my charming *Lucy*,
 ‘ and feast my Imagination with the pleasing
 ‘ Thoughts of what I am to possess this blessed
 ‘ Night: All our Enjoyments hitherto cannot
 ‘ equal what I now promise myself. I wish the
 ‘ Sun may not rise to-morrow, but that Dark-
 ‘ ness and heavy Slumbers may reign over all
 ‘ this Quarter of the World, that you may sleep
 ‘ whole Hours in my longing Arms. Sure no
 ‘ Man ever loved so much before, or ever Wo-
 ‘ man was so charming and so kind. Oh! how
 ‘ I am ravished, when I behold the Alteration of
 ‘ your Shape, and feel the sweet Infant leaping
 ‘ at my Approach? When your fond blinded
 ‘ Husband tells the Company, with a secret Plea-
 ‘ sure in his Face, you are with Child, how do

' I smile 'tis mine, and only mine? He must
 ' not have one Thought; think of me, my fairest,
 ' all the Day, and dream all Night, that we are
 ' sleeping on the happy Couch. So soon as all
 ' are gone to Bed, I'll fly to the Closet, there I
 ' shall count each tedious Hour till you come;
 ' haste to my Arms, or I shall die with Impati-
 ' ence. May everlasting Sleep seal up *Albertus's*
 ' Eyes, and give you all intirely to your
 ' Doating Lover, FREDERICK.

This fatal Letter *Henrietta* put into her Pocket, and sitting down to Cards with Lady *Lucy*, dropp'd out of it upon a *Turkey* work'd Carpet under the Table; and after Supper the Ladies retiring to their Apartments to go to Bed, Lord *Frederick* being withdrawn before, pretending he was much tired, and would go to rest, the brave unfortunate *Albertus* went into this Room to write some Letters, on the same Table the Ladies had played upon; and sealing of a Letter he let fall the Wax, on which calling his *Valet de Chambré* to take it up, he perceived the Letter, which was directed for the Lady *Lucy*: He snatched it up and soon read the dreadful Contents, but no Words can express what he felt at that Moment. He bad his Gentleman leave the Room, who retired immediately much surprized, perceiving by his Master's Face and Look, that dire Letter contained something of great Moment to him. *Albertus*, filled with Rage, snatched up a Dagger, and flew towards the Closet, and passing thro' a Gallery that led to it, he thought he perceived a Woman, by the Light of a Branch that hung in it, passing through a Room at the other End, which was the wretched *Henrietta* coming

coming to her Gallant, and seeing him, retired: This he concluded was his Wife, and he stopped a Moment to debate with himself, whether he should not take his Revenge on her first; but then reflected that would expose his Misfortune, and ruin his and his innocent Children's Reputation: So he resolved to kill the Ravisher of his Honour first, and punish her in a more secret manner. Accordingly he stole to the Closet, and entering in the Dark, whispered, Where are you, my Love? Here, my Angel, cried the amorous *Frederick*, why have you stay'd so long? At these Words he leaped from the Couch to embrace his Mistress, and *Albertus* aimed his Poniard so well, that he stabbed him to the Heart, and he fell down dead, without saying one Word more, but only, O God, I am killed, have Mercy on my Soul. *Albertus* shut the Door, and went for a Candle out of the Branch, with which he returned, and shutting the Door, searched the dead *Frederick's* Pockets, and found there several Letters, which he believed to be his Wife's, so well had the wicked *Henrietta* counterfeited her Hand. He next considered what to do with the Body, and resolved to drag it to a Balcony that was in the Gallery, and from thence throw it down into the Garden, that it might be believed he was killed and thrown there by some Thieves or Assassins, who had watched his going into the Closet from the Garden. This he performed, and the guilty *Henrietta*, who too well guessed the Cause of all this Mischief, having missed her Letter, saw all this tragick Scene from the Chamber, in which she had all this Time hid herself. After this *Albertus* retired to his Apartment, and she to her's, but certainly

full of the most dismal Thoughts, and bitterest Remorse of Conscience that ever Woman went to Bed withal. She had now received the just Reward such vile horrid Actions merit: And now she would, doubtless, have given Worlds, had she been Mistress of them, for one Moment's Peace of Mind. O if the vicious would but reflect one short Hour on the State of their own Souls, how much would they prefer that heavenly Peace of Mind which the virtuous enjoy, before all the lawless Pleasures of this Life. I beg you would all reflect, who shall read this melancholy History, on the Transactions of this dreadful Night: An innocent Lady and her unborn Infant ruined; a brave young Gentleman, who was dear to his Prince and Family, killed, and what is worse, without any Time for Repentance, snatched in a Moment, and sent unprepared to appear before the dreadful Tribunal, from whence none can pass to eternal Happiness without being pure and holy: And the truly wretched *Henrietta* dared not right her murdered Lover on the Murderer, for Fear all her vile Actions should be discovered. The enraged *Albertus*, far from repenting of the rash Deed he had done, passed the Night in meditating what he should do to his virtuous Wife, whom he had, indeed, too much Reason, as to all Appearance, to detest: But before he rose he had made up his Resolutions, so he appeared calm, and shewed no extraordinary Concern when the Servants alarmed the Family with the News of Lord *Frederick's* Body being found murdered in the Garden. The Lady *Lucy*, who was good and kind to every thing, and had really an honourable Affection and Respect for her

2

Husband's

Husband's Kinsman, who had indeed done all that was possible to gain her Esteem, and whose Love for her she never had any Knowledge of, was very much concerned, and shed Tears, lifting up her Hands, and begging of God that he would discover and bring his Murderers to Justice. This, doubtless, more enraged *Albertus*, who observed all her Actions; but he dissembled his Thoughts, and meditated on nothing but his Revenge on her, which in a short Time after he effected: For the brave Lord *Frederick's* Body, being attended by his Kinsman *Albertus*, was conveyed in a Hearse to his Father's, where he was nobly interred amongst his Ancestors; after which *Albertus* returning home, prepared to execute his cruel Design on his Lady, who was now near her Time. The old Lady her Mother was grown so weak with a Fever and Ague, that she could not walk about her Chamber, but as she was led; and *Henrietta* was so ill with the Fright she had suffered that fatal Night that had undone them all, that she was delivered of a dead Child, and kept her Bed: Thus all Things concurred to facilitate *Albertus's* Design. He pretended that he had made a Vow of Devotion to go to a Church twenty Miles distant, to visit the Shrine of a Saint, to procure the safe Delivery of his Lady, and the Life of the Child: He asked her to go along with him, to which she gladly consented, being overjoyed he would take her with him. And now he prepared for this Journey, a long one indeed, because they were neither of them to return home again for many Years. He had ordered all his Affairs secretly for his Flight into *England*, whither he designed to go, having re-

mitted

mitted considerable Sums of Money thither; and the fatal Day of their Departure from home being come, he took Leave of his Mother-in-Law, and two lovely Children, the little Ladies *Lucy* and *Henrietta*, but with such inward Concern as may be imagined. He had made his Will, appointing his two Uncles, the Brothers of his own Mother, Guardians of his Children, two Noblemen of known Integrity, and unspotted Character, and having sealed it up in a Paper, he, at taking Leave, gave it to the old Lady, saying, Madam, if any Misfortune should befall us in the Way, I leave this in your Hands, and recommend the Care of my Children and Family to you. His Lady tenderly embraced her Mother and Children, and as she was turning about to leave them, her Nose gushed out a bleeding, at which she was a little surprized, and said, Pray, my Dear, don't let us go, my Heart forebodes some Ill will befall us. He seemed not to regard what she said, but led her to the Coach: They set out in the Morning, and arrived at the Village they designed that Night, where they lay, and very early the next Morning he waked her, and desired she would rise and go with him to Church, that they might pass the Day in Devotion, in order to return home the next. She readily obeyed, being ever fond of obliging him: Being dressed, he would have her go on foot, it being not a Mile thither, and without Attendants. They were to pass through a little Wood, beyond which the Chapel stood: They were no sooner entered it, but two Men in Vizards came behind and seized her; they clapped a Gag in her Mouth, blindfolded her Eyes, and carried her into a Coach, into which her cruel
Husband

Husband also entered, and there being six Horses they drove swiftly, but whither, and with what Design, she knew not. But now *Albertus* began to reveal the fatal Secret, by the cruellest Reproaches, to all which she could give no Answer but her Tears; and after he had vented his Rage sufficiently, he freed her from the Gag in her Mouth, and unblinded her Eyes, and holding a Pistol charged in his Hand, told her, if she offered to make any Noise or Resistance he would kill her that Moment. And now it was that she began to vindicate her Innocence, in Terms so soft, so moving, as would have touched the most obdurate Soul, and gained Belief of any but a Man like *Albertus*: At last he shewed her the Letters which he had found in *Frederick's* Pocket, and the fatal one that he had taken up under the Table: At the Sight of these she was even Thunder-struck, which he imputed to her Guilt; but alas! who would not have been struck even dumb to see their Hand so counterfeited? Now what could she say or do, but cry for Help from Heaven, to prove and clear her Innocence? It was in vain that she made Vows and Protestations of it, he was deaf to all. They never stopp'd all Day to eat or rest, and travelled half the Night: And now it being Midnight, the Coach stopp'd; the fatal Moment was come when they were to part, for he dragg'd her out of the Coach, and having stabb'd her in three Places, and fired his Pistol at her Face, he left her for dead, and getting into the Coach, having stripped off her Gown and upper Petticoat, to prevent her being known when found, he made to the next Town, where the Coach inn'd, and set out early the next Day. He soon
reached

reached *Ostend*, and there leaving the Coach to be sent back to the Town where the Villains, who were two Soldiers he had procured for this execrable Deed, had hired it for him, he embarked with them, and arrived safely in *England*, where he dismiss'd his two Attendants with a good Sum of Money, with which they settled in the Sea-Port they landed at, which was *Harwich*, and never troubled themselves about him. He came strait to *London*, paid a Visit to Court, and got a new Commission from King *William*, with whom he went into *Flanders* the next Spring, but made use of another Name. And now it is fit we should return to the poor Lady, whom we left in so deplorable a Condition.

C H A P. V.

WHO can destroy him whom the divine Providence thinks fit to spare? He who is in the Almighty's Favour needs not fear the sharpest Poniard, or the most potent Enemy; Virtue and Innocence are Armour sufficient to secure us from all Harms, even Death itself. Our chaste Heroine, who had never swerved from her Duty either to God or Man, though left full of Wounds, at Midnight, in a desolate Forest, and great with Child, is the Care of Providence. Not far from this Place there was a Convent of Franciscan Friars, amongst whom there was one whose Life was more exemplary than the rest, so that he was justly esteemed a very holy Person; his Fastings and Works of Charity were so frequent and extraordinary, excelling his Brethren, that they had a secret Veneration for him: The sick

sick were often cured by his Prayers, and the perishing Prisoner freed at his Request; in short, he was an excellent Christian, and a Man much beloved of God. This pious Man, sleeping on his Mat, on the Pavement, in his Cloister, as was his Custom, locked up in sweet Slumbers, such as nothing but a good Conscience can procure, was doubtless visited by some good Angel, or divinely inspired, for he dreamed that a Voice called aloud, and repeated these Words three several Times, Father *Joseph*, arise, take a Light in your Hand, and haste to the neighbouring Forest, there near an Oak, rent by Lightning seven Years ago, and bowed down towards the North, you will find a Woman cruelly wounded, altogether innocent of the Crime for which she has been so inhumanly treated: Do your Endeavour to save her Life, and the Infant's with whom she is now pregnant, a Blessing shall attend your Endeavour, and the Child shall be a great Ornament to the Church; delay not one Moment to execute this Command. At the third Repetition of these Words he awoke, and without hesitating rose. Girding on his gray Frock and Sandals, he took a Candle and Lanthorn in one Hand, and his Staff in the other; he stay'd no longer than to put a Bottle of Cordial in his Pocket, and so set out, for he feared not the Darkeness of the Night, nor the Fury of wild Beasts or Thieves, for he had nothing but his Life to lose, and that he was ready to lay down with Pleasure: And tho' he was not assured that it was more than a Dream, yet he rather chose to endure the Midnight Cold, it being now Winter, which in these Parts is pretty severe, and run the greatest Dangers, than omit his Duty,
and

and lose an Opportunity of doing Good. O that such a Spirit of Goodness, such a Desire of good Works, reigned in the Hearts of all Mankind, what a Heaven would this Vale of Misery become! He hastened to the Place, with which he was well acquainted, for he had lopp'd many a Branch, and made and carried home to his Convent, upon his aged Back, many Loads of Faggots, out of this Forest; he soon reached the Oak, and found the poor Lady, whom Loss of Blood, and the Fright, had bereft of all Sense, so that at first he believed her quite dead; but lifting her up from the Ground, he poured some of the Cordial into her Mouth, and in a little Time perceived some Signs of Life in her; then tearing her Handkerchief to pieces, he bound up her right Arm which was wounded; for having no other Light but the Flambeau one of the Villains carried, *Albertus* had by the Providence of God, which doubtless interposed, given her no mortal Wound, but stabb'd her in the right Arm, the left Thigh, and a slight Wound in the left Side of her Neck, and his Pistol had missed her Face, only the Powder had flash'd in her Eyes, he having held the Cock of his Pistol so near them, that she had at this Instant lost the Use of Sight. The good Father putting Confidence in the last Words of the Voice he had heard, more than in any Judgment he could make of her present Condition, used his utmost Endeavours to help her; reviving, she still imagined that she was in the Hands of the cruel *Albertus*, and said with a weak Voice, It is enough, my unkind Lord, I die innocent, and I pray God to forgive you: At these Words she fainted again, and the good Father repeated a Dose of the Cordial,

dial, and perceived that her Eye-lids had been scorched with Gunpowder, and were extremely swollen. When she again revived he spoke to her, and told her who he was, and that he would run and call for Help to bring her to his Convent; so he left her, and ran as fast as his aged Legs would bear him back to his Convent, where he called two of his Brethren, who took a Blanket, and went along with him with Lights. They found her lying at the Foot of the Tree, where he had left her. This was a most miraculous Deliverance, for the wild Beasts, of which the Woods and Forests in *Germany* are full, had not approached her, whom doubtless Angels guarded. She was again fallen into a Swoon; they put her gently into the Blanket, and so brought her safe to the Convent, where they carried her into their little Infirmary, put her into Bed, dressed her Wounds with a Balsam of great Excellency and Virtue, put Ointment upon her Eye-lids and Face, proper to take out the Fire and assuage her Pain, gave her Cordials and did all that was necessary to save her Life; and then leaving two to watch with her, all the rest of the Society, which were twelve in Number, went with their Superiors to their Chapel, and passed the Remainder of the Night in Prayer. So soon as it was Day, Father *Joseph* went to a Convent of Nuns, which was in a Village a Mile distant from the Friars, and acquainted the Abbess with the Story, desiring she would receive and take into her Care this injured Lady: She readily consented, it being altogether improper, and against the Rules of that Order, for her to remain in the other Convent, because of her Sex and Condition. So he returned, and they carried her to
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the Monastery, in the same Manner as they had brought her to their Convent the precedent Night. Here she was carefully tended, perfectly cured, and safely delivered of a Son in six Weeks after her Arrival there: She had related all her Story to the Abbess, and by her Advice resolved to continue here, because that good Lady, and Father *Joseph*, persuaded her not to expose herself any more to her enraged Husband's Fury, but to wait patiently the Events Time might produce; not doubting but God would discover the Person who had so greatly injured her, and been the Cause of all this Mischief, by counterfeiting her Hand, whom she could not guess at; for alas! she did not believe the guilty *Henrietta* capable of so vile an Action. The Abbess promised that she would get her some News from Time to Time of her Children and Family; and Father *Joseph* undertook to go to *Heidelberg* every six Months, with the Father-Guardian's Permission, who was willing to it: They urged that nothing but Time and Remorse of Conscience could bring her Husband to a true Sense of his Fault, for which it was necessary that her Innocence should be justified by the Mouth of the Person who had wronged her, whom God would doubtless force by some Judgment in his good Time to make a Confession of her Crime. These Arguments prevailed with her to stay with her Deliverers, and wait upon God: And now 'tis necessary we return to this Lady's Home.

No News arriving of *Albertus* nor his Lady to their Home, her Mother and all the Family, by whom she was infinitely beloved, except *Henrietta*, were in the utmost Concern. At last *Albertus's* Servants and Coach returned empty, and
could

could give no Account, but that Orders were sent to them from their Master by a Peasant, who said he had seen him on the Road towards *Ostend*, that they should return home. This was all that could be learned; and though all possible Inquiry was made, yet all Things remained a Secret for some Years; during which *Albertus* served in *Flanders* under another Name; having pretended to King *William*, that he had unfortunately killed a Gentleman of Quality in a Duel, which had obliged him to fly his Country: And thus he strove to hide his Crime from the World, and to hush the Tortures of his troubled Mind with Company, Wine and Women; for now he had almost quite laid aside those good Principles, which he had always been governed by before. The Army besieging *Namur*, on the taking it, this Gentleman entered it with his Troop amongst the rest; and the Soldiers being eager on plundering, a beautiful young Lady came running and cast herself at his Feet, begging he would protect her from the Soldiers Insolence, who had just killed her Father and Brother, who were the richest Merchants in the Place, because they had resisted: She had very rich Jewels on, and much Treasure in her Lap; she was very young, not above fifteen; and so handsom, that she was a perfect Beauty. *Albertus* was a Man no ways Proof against such Charms; and though he had made a thousand Vows and Oaths never to marry again, yet he had made none against keeping a Mistress: He received her kindly, went with her to her Home, which was in the next Street, turned out the Soldiers, and set two of his own to stand Centinels at the Door; and there left her secured, whilst he pursued the Duties of his Command.

Command. And the Town being yielded, he went and took up his Quarters at the lovely *Gertrude's*, for that was this fair Creature's Name. And now he grew passionately fond of her; and though her Aunt, a Lady of great Virtue and Conduct, who had bred her up, and governed the Family ever since the Death of her Sister, *Gertrude's* Mother, who died when she was not three Years old, did all she was able to prevent it, and was as careful as was possible, yet he debauched her; and when his Company was ordered to march elsewhere, she went along with him, and took a great deal of Treasure with her. At the End of the Campaign she came with him into *England*. And thus they lived for five Years together; and she brought him three Children. It was his Nature to be jealous and revengeful, as his past Actions have convinced us. This poor Lady was much younger than himself, and exposed to a thousand Eyes, by travelling with him every Campaign into *Flanders*, for he never trusted her to stay behind. His Colonel, a young *English* Lord, cast his Eyes upon her; he was younger than *Albertus*, richer, and looked on this Foreigner as much below him: He treated *Albertus* very unkindly, sent him out upon the most dangerous Enterprizes, put him in the Places of most Danger in every Attack when they were before a Town, and made Presents to *Gertrude* wherever she came, visited her in every Town where she was lodged; and in fine did all he could to enrage and get rid of his Rival, who growing furiously jealous, and an *Argus* over his Mistress, made her very uneasy; and she began to press him to marry her, and pleaded how ungenerously he had ruined and brought

brought her from her Home and Country, and now refused to make her his Wife, and legitimate her unfortunate Children, for whom she saw no Provision made: Thus they were continually cavilling. At last being sent out to command a Party for Forage, he was met by a Party of the Enemy, who beat his, and took him Prisoner, with several other Officers; he had fought bravely, and was wounded in three Places: He was carried to *Lisle*, and there put into the Hospital. Whilst he lay here under Cure, God awakened his Conscience, and he began to reflect on the three Wounds he had given his Lady, and how he had murdered her, as he thought, quite unprepared for Death: These Thoughts brought him to a sincere Repentance, and he made a Vow, that if he recovered he would quit his Post, or ask Leave to dispose of it, make a Provision for the ruined *Gertrude* and her Children, and return in Disguise to *Heidelberg*, to once more behold his Children, without discovering himself, and then retire from the World into the Forest where he had done the fatal Murder, cause a Hermitage to be erected on the bloody Spot of Ground, and lead a Hermit's Life the rest of his Days. He was rich, and therefore wanted not the Means to do this, or any thing else that he could in Reason desire: He had the Comfort of all the Assistance the Chaplains of the Hospital could afford him; one of them heard his Confession, and greatly approved his Design; for since he could not raise his murdered Lady to Life again, nor Kinsman, all he could do to procure Pardon of his heinous Crimes, and make his Peace with Heaven, was to repent sincerely of it, and by continual

Prayer, Mortification, and Alms-deeds, endeavour to obtain the Almighty's Favour, and a happy Death: He at last recovered, was cured of his Wounds, and exchanged. At his Return to the Army he found his Mistress *Gertrude* had played him false with the Colonel; on which, having thrown up his Commission, and put all his Affairs in order, he paid one Visit to *Gertrude* to take Leave of her, and to demand his Children. He found her alone, it being after Dinner, and he thus addressed himself to her:

Gertrude, you see here before you a Man so changed from what he was when he left you, that you will scarce give Credit to him when he tells you how bitterly he has, and does repent of having ruined you: Yes, my unfortunate fair One, I have all the Sense of my Crime that is possible, and am come to make an Atonement for it, by providing for you. After the false Steps you have made in my Absence, you cannot expect that I should marry you; but for our dear innocent Children, 'tis just that I provide honourably for them, and I will do it. I am going now to quit the World, and take an eternal Leave of all its vicious Pleasures: I have lived too long in Folly, and am now going to prepare for Death, that I may be able to meet the dreadful Hour without Astonishment: Oh! my *Gertrude*, if you would but be prevailed upon to follow my Example, how thankful should I be to Heaven, how transported to quit your Conversation, in full Hopes of meeting you above, to be eternally happy together: Let me conduct you to a Monastery, where you may live secured from Temptations and new Misfortunes. You have now gotten a new Lover, but alas! when Age
or

or Sickneſs ſhall bring him to a Sight of his Folly, how he will deteſt and perhaps reproach you; nay, in the End leave you, and more helpleſs Infants, to be expoſed to Want, Scorn, and all kinds of Miſery: Let me perſuade you to prevent this, and your everlaſting Ruin, by quitting this vile way of Life, and embracing a nobler; I cannot ſhew my Affection to you in any thing ſo much as this. All ſenſual Affection muſt now ceaſe between us; and this is the laſt beſt Office I can ever do you; as for my three Sons, whom God has given me by you, their Sex exempts them from the Miſfortunes your's is ſubject to; and I will take the beſt Care I can to breed them virtuoſly, and if poſſible to ſerve at the Altar, that their pious Prayers may avail us and others: Send for them and give them to me. I have put a Sum of Money, ſufficient for your Support, into a Banker's Hands, who will take Care to pay you five and twenty Pounds every Quarter: Conſider of the Offer I now make you of retiring, which will be the greateſt Satisfaction I can receive in this Life.

The blooming *Gertrude* was ſo touched with this Diſcourſe, that a Flood of Tears run down her lovely Face, and ſhe fell at his Feet, begged pardon for her Fault, and yielded to go wherever he would lead her. He left her to give Orders for their Departure, with the Children that very Night; and accordingly returned at eight o'Clock, took her into a Berlin which he had hired, diſcharged the Servants and Lodgings, and ſet out for *Heidelberg*.

They met with no extraordinary Adventure on the Way, till they came within twenty Miles of that City, and then it being about eight o'Clock

at Night, and very dark, being the last Day of *September*, just before they reached a Town where they designed to stay to repose themselves for some Days, till all things were managed for their Separation, from a Wood which they past by they were surprized with the Shrieks of a Woman, and the Noise of Swords clashing; *Albertus* called to the Coachman to stop, and having the Light of two Flambeaux, which were carried by two Peasants whom he had hired to light the Coach to the next Town, for he had brought no Servants along with him, and so disguised himself as not to fear being known, having put a great Patch upon one Eye, wore a black Wig, and had blacked his Eye-brows, being naturally a Man of a fair Complexion; he leaped out of the Coach, being armed with Pistols and his Sword, calling out aloud, *Hola*, where are you that cry for Help, here is some coming to your Aid? The Voice answered, Here, here; make Haste for God's sake. *Gertrude* cried out to him to stay, and not expose himself; the Children screamed, but in vain; he rushed into the Wood, with the two brave Peasants, and following the Voice came up to a Place, where he saw a Coach without Horses, the Harness being cut, and a fine Gentleman, with his Back against a Tree, defending himself against four Ruffians, who were all masked; not far from him stood a young Lady, with her Hair torn about her Ears, richly dressed, but in a most distracted Condition, wringing her Hands, and frightened almost to Death. *Albertus* placed himself immediately by the Gentleman, and cried, Villains, turn to me your Swords: At these Words he discharged one of his Pistols in the Face of him that was next him, and

and shot him dead ; this redoubled the Courage of the poor Gentleman who was attacked, and he wounded another, on which the other two fled ; and the Lady ran to *Albertus* and embraced him, as did also the Gentleman, who was wounded in two Places, and almost faint with loss of Blood. *Albertus* helped them into their Coach, and stay'd with them whilst one of the Peasants went for his Berlin, they being not able to walk to it ; and the Horses belonging to their Coach running loose about the Wood ; and if they had not, the Harness was so cut they could not have been fastened to the Coach to draw it. *Albertus's* Coach came up presently, and the obliging *Gertrude* made Room for the poor frightened Lady and Gentleman, and so they drove into the Road ; then *Albertus* asked, whither they should go for Help, a Surgeon being wanting ; and if they could possibly suffer the Length of the Way to the next Town, to which it was above a League ? The Lady answered, No, their Abode was in the Way, not a Mile distant, where he and all his should now and ever after be welcome. The Offer was gladly accepted, and they soon arrived at a noble Seat like a Palace. Here they were highly entertained, the wounded Gentleman being the Lord of this Place, and a great Estate. His Wounds were dress'd by a Surgeon, one of his Domesticks, one of which was in his right Leg, the other in his left Arm ; he was obliged to go to Bed, so they all supped in his Chamber ; and the Lady entertained her Deliverers with the Story of that Day's Adventures, and gave them also an Account of her own and her Lord's Family, and the History of their Lives, and of some other particular Things belonging to this History.

C H A P. VI.

I WAS, said she, born in *France*; my Father had the Honour to command a Regiment of Horse in the Service of that illustrious Monarch, our great King *Lewis XIV.* being a younger Brother of one of the best Families in *Britany*, one of the *Guemadeucs*: My Mother was an Heiress of the noble Family of the *Ro'ians*; and she brought my Father a great Fortune: She had no more Children by my Father but myself and a Son, who is now in a great Post in that Province. I was much beloved by my Mother, and greatly indulged: She died before I was fifteen, and with my Father's Consent, who doated upon her, and never denied her any thing, she put me in Possession of a Fortune; so that now I became Mistress and Manager of my Father's Family, and myself indeed, for I was now in a manner at my own Disposal. This occasioned a very great Misfortune to befall me, for a young *Hugonot* Gentleman, who wanted to make his Fortune, cast his Eyes upon me, and secretly made Love to me, well knowing my Father would never consent to his marrying of me, because of his Religion: My Father's Absence at the Army gave him all the Opportunities he could desire. I at last loved him, and it being impossible for us to be married in this Province, or any other Part of *France*, for no Priest or Bishop would venture to do it; besides he could not remain there secure from Persecutions from my Father, and the rest of my Family, and the Clergy; he at last prevailed with me to consent

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to fly with him to *Holland*: I got my Money out of the Gentleman's Hands where it was lodged; and by Means of a *Hugonot* Merchant, who was my Lover's Friend, got Bills upon a Correspondent of his at *Amsterdam*: He likewise procured us a Passage in a Vessel from *St. Maloes* to *Holland*. I left only a Letter full of Excuses for my dear Father, for Love had so bewitched me, that I left all without that Concern which I ought to have had, or the least Apprehensions of the Miseries I was going to expose myself to. We set sail with a fair Wind, and arrived safe; and going ashore, with all that belonged to us, went directly to the Merchant's, to whom my Bills were directed. I had brought along with me all my Clothes, Jewels, Plate, and every thing else of Value that belonged to me: He had done the same, though he had not any Fortune comparable to mine. And now I expected he would immediately marry me. I imprudently gave him my Bills: He was very fond of me; but I quickly found his base Design, which was to ruin me, and then I had Reason to believe he would abandon me, and go off with my Fortune; for if he were capable of so vile an Action, as to break all his Vows and sacred Promises with a Woman who had acted so generously as I had done with him, one who had abandoned her Family and Country, and brought him so great a Fortune, without all Question he would do every thing else that was vile and wicked. He took the Liberty of coming into my Chamber every Morning before I was up, and would sometimes send my Maid out of the Room on some frivolous Errand or other; and then he would sit on the Bed-side and kiss my Hands, and take great Liberties:

berties: In fine, I every Day perceived something or other that confirmed my Suspicions of him, and grew to love him less. And now I was almost driven to Despair what to do next; to return to my Father's was impossible, there I could expect no Pardon after what I had done; he had got my Fortune into his Hands, and I had only about two hundred Pistoles left in my Pocket, and my Clothes and Jewels, whilst he had received five thousand Pounds of mine. I strove by all the gentle Means in the World to gain him to his Duty, but in vain: He made an hundred fruitless Attempts to debauch me, but I was too well armed: At last he proposed to me to go to some other Place to be married, because we were now too well known to the Merchant, at whose House we lived, and so might in Time meet with some Trouble from my Father. This I knew was a very foolish Pretence; but because he swore he would marry me if I would go elsewhere, I consented: So we set out for the *Low Countries*, and arrived at last at *Antwerp*; and here he told me plainly that I must pass for his Wife, and that he had told the People of the House we were now come to lodge at, that I was so, and had taken no more Chambers but one for the Servant, and the other for himself and me, and if I would not consent to this, I must be looked on as his Mistress. 'Tis needless to relate the just Reproaches I made him: He did not relent. At last I told him plainly, that I would rather choose to die, than ever submit to what he proposed; that I now saw his villainous Designs, and was too late sensible of my Error and Folly; then I bid him restore a Part at least of my Fortune, and leave me. At
this

this he laughed aloud, and turned his Back upon me: I saw him no more that Night; and the next Morning I found on Inquiry that he was gone, having sent for his Horses at five o'Clock, and his Footman, who went to an Inn with them, where the Porter who brought the Message to him for them directed him. I was so shocked at first with this News, that I was almost distracted; but on Reflection, by my poor Servant's Advice, whom I brought out of *France* along with me, I resolved the Villain should not go unpunished; so I rose, and went in a Chair to the Bishop, and acquainted him with the whole Story: After he had gently reprehended me, he sent a Gentleman along with me to the Governor, where I was received with great Generosity, and Orders were immediately given that my faithless Lover should be pursued, and arrested as a Cheat, who had defrauded me of my Fortune. I was invited to stay at the Governor's, and gladly accepted the Offer. In three Days Time my Villain was overtaken, and brought Prisoner to *Antwerp*, where my Servant and I confronted him: He confessed he had designed to poison me, and had got Poison for that Purpose, but that he could not find in his Heart to do it. In short, he restored three thousand Pounds of my five, and I obtained that he should be let go. He quickly left *Antwerp*, where the common People were even ready to stone him as he passed along the Streets, and went for *Geneva*, where many such Saints find Countenance and Shelter. And now it was my good Fortune that the Governor's Nephew, this my dear Husband, took a Fancy to me, and made me his Wife. We have been five Years married, and it is two since we

came to this Place, by reason of an Uncle's Death, who has left my Husband this Castle, and all his Estate: We went out this unfortunate Morning to a Relation's Wedding fifteen Miles off, and returning, had the Coach stopped in the Road by the four Ruffians you saw in the Wood; they dragged the Horses into it, went to tear me out of the Coach, and had doubtless a Design to rob and murder us. Out of four Servants that were with us, none were bold enough to fight, for the Coachman being killed with a Pistol, by one of the Villains when they came up to the Coach, the Postillion and Valets, who were well mounted, fled for their Lives. We made a Visit by the Way, that doubtless caused it to be so very late, making a great Round; for we went first to take a last Adieu of a dying Friend, an *Irish* Lady, of whom I can tell you a Story more strange than my own. Here she related how the wicked *Henrietta* had confessed the Crime she had committed against the innocent Lady *Lucy*; and how that Lady's Mother had grieved so, that she had scarce ever stirred out of her Chamber since the Loss of her Daughter, of whom no News had ever been heard since her Husband and she went out together. *Albertus* changed Colour often, and was much perplexed at the hearing of this Story; but poor *Gertrude* was as ignorant of his being concerned in it as the Lady that related it. They all took leave of one another to go to Bed, it being late, and the wounded Lord wanting Rest. *Albertus* had made *Gertrude* pass for his Niece, and acknowledged the Children for his own, as being a Widower; so Beds were accordingly provided, and they all retired, but *Albertus* never closed his
Eyes

Eyes all Night. Oh! how did he now repent the having murdered his virtuous Lady; all that passionate Affection which he had formerly had for her revived, and he would have given Empires, had he been Monarch of them, to restore her to Life again. What Grief, what Stings of Conscience did he feel, when he reflected on the Barbarity of that Deed! He that had murdered his virtuous, innocent Wife, great with the tender Pledge of their mutual Affection, this was such a shocking Thought, that he could scarce bear it. Now he resolved to pay a Visit to his dear Mother-in-Law and Children, and then to leave the World for ever, but to go so disguised, that none might discover him. Thus he passed the tedious Hours till Day brake; the next Morning he breakfasted with the Lord and Lady, and the Lord's Wounds were pretty free from Pain, and in a fair Way of Recovery. And now he let them understand, that his Niece designed to go into a Monastery; and that being himself a Widower, having buried his Wife in *England*, he designed to retire also into the Country, and put his Sons to School. The Lady earnestly pressed him to leave *Gertrude* with her, saying it was pity so young and beautiful a Lady, with such a Share of Good Sense as she seemed to have, should be immured from the World, and intreated her to stay with her, saying she should be fond of such a Companion. *Gertrude* seeming very willing, he consented; and so leaving her Bills for to provide for her either in the World at large, or in a Convent, he took Leave the next Day of all the Family, and of his unhappy Mistress, who was indeed much concerned at parting with him and her Children, but was

obliged to conceal her Grief from these noble Strangers Eyes. He took Leave of her alone, and said all that Piety could inspire to persuade her to live virtuously for the future, asked Pardon of her for having ruined her, and in fine, talked like a Man who had a true Notion of this Life, and was seriously resolved to prepare for a better. They tenderly embraced one another, but he would not declare to her what Place he was going to retire to; and all she could obtain of him was, that he would once in a Year let her by some Means or other hear from him whilst he lived; and if he died, he would take Care to let her have News of his Death, and a Direction where to find the Children. Thus he took an eternal Leave of her, and set out for *Heidleberg*, where being arrived, he went and lodged in an Inn, sent away the Berlin and Servants, and then with his Patch upon one Eye, black Wig, and Officer's Habit, which had been made in *England*, wrapped up in a Cloak, he ventured to his own House, where he desired to speak with the old Lady, to whom he was soon admitted, pretending he came from *England*, and had some News to tell her of her Son-in-Law *Albertus*: He told her that they had been Fellow-Officers and intimate Friends together for some Years past, and that he had heard him often speak with great Affection of a Lady and Children which he said he had left in this City. He some Time before he died (for he is dead, Madam, said he) told me that he had received News of her Death from a Convent in *Flanders*, where he had left her, by reason of an unhappy Difference that had happened between them, which he did not inform me of: He put on Mourning,

ing, and seemed much grieved; soon after he fell sick, and on his Death-Bed charged me, if ever I saw *Heidleberg*, to pay a Visit to you, Madam, and his Children; and to assure you, as he was a dying Man, that he believed your Daughter innocent of the Crime he suspected her of, and that he recommended his dear Children to your Care. At these Words the poor old Lady wept, and answered, my dear *Lucy's* Innocence is, I thank Heaven, cleared, though too late. I have already mourned her Loss more than Reason and Religion will allow, and you shall hear from the Mouth of her Accuser her Justification; for Heaven has doubtless preserved the Wretch still alive, though in the Agonies of Death, to see you, and with her own Mouth to vindicate and clear her Virtue. As for my dear Grandchildren I have done for them all that God and Man can require; and I bless Heaven, they have answered my Expectation. Here she sent for the lovely *Lucy* and *Henrietta*, who were grown up to be almost marriageable; but how did his Soul melt when he beheld them? the big Drops stole down his Cheeks, which he concealed with his Handkerchief: The eldest was her Mother's Picture, he saluted them both, and then pretending Haste, desired to see the dying *Henrietta*, to whom the old Lady (he leading her, by reason of her Weakness) conducted him. His Soul started with Aversion at the Sight, her Confessor was present, and with a dying Voice she recited the fatal Story, appearing truly penitent. What Effect this had upon his Mind may easily be imagined; the Sight of this dying Criminal, to a Man who knew himself equally culpable, must be very moving, to excite

him to prepare for the like Hour. He hasted to take Leave, though he was much pressed to stay; and now he set out with his Children for the fatal Place where he had acted his Tragedy, and designed to pass the rest of his Life. He arrived in Safety at the Town where he and his Lady had gone to perform his pretended Vow of Devotion. Here he placed his Children at School at a Convent of the Jesuits; and then taking privately some Workmen with him to the Forest, shewed them where to build his little Cottage or Cell, which consisted of three small Rooms. This was soon finished, and meanly furnished, for he had a poor Bedstead, with a Mattress and coarse Covering, such as might only suffice to keep out the Cold; a Table, two Chairs and a Lamp, with some few other Necessaries, furnished his Bedchamber; his Kitchen was equally mean, and he made a little Oratory of the other Room, having a small Altar placed there, and here he kept his Books. All Things finished to his Mind, he retired thither, ordering a Lad who belonged to the Jesuits, to come twice in a Week to him for fear he should die of Want, in Case he should fall sick; and this Boy brought him Bread and Roots, such as he wanted, for he eat no Flesh, and drank only Water: And now it being much nearer for him to hear Mass, and do his Duty at the *Franciscans* Convent, than to go to the Town, he frequented that, letting his Beard grow, and going dressed in coarse Frize, made after the Fashion of a Hermit, that is, in a Garment down to his Heels; he had a Hair Shirt, a Felt Hat, and ordinary Shoes; and in a short Time was so prodigiously altered, that it would have been impossible for his own Lady to

to have known him, but by talking with him; for to a Man that had always lived in the World and fared delicately, who was now in a declining Age, and had suffered little or no Hardships, such a Change of Life must occasion a strange Alteration in a short Time; and he soon grew so weak, that he was obliged to walk with a Staff to Church. But now we must leave him, to return to his Lady, whom we left in the Convent.

C H A P. VII.

SHE was now perfectly recovered, and nursed her Child, which being now five Years old, was put to the *Franciscans* Convent, and committed to the Care of the good Father *Joseph*, to be bred up in all Virtue and Learning, that he might be worthy the Estate he was born the Heir of; for *Albertus* having no other Son by her, he was the sole and true Heir of all his Estate, and the Proofs of his Birth were sufficient. This sweet Child, who was now seven Years old, and resembled both his Mother and Father, was the Darling of all the Convent; and by Means of the Lady Abbess, Lady *Lucy* had often News of her other Children and Family, but none of her Husband, from the fatal Night that he left her in the Forest for dead, till now, when the Abbess's Correspondent at *Heidleberg* sent the Abbess a Letter of *Henrietta's* Death, who died some few Days after she had seen *Albertus*, and was handsomely interred by the Lord her Husband, to whom she left only one Son: And this young Widower was so touched with the Manner of her Death, and her

her Crimes, that he took a Dislike to the World, and looked on the Misfortunes he had met withal by his Affection and Engagement with that unfortunate Lady, as the Work of Providence, in order to reduce him to embrace a religious Life, and quit the World. So that after her Burial, he settled his Affairs, putting his Son and Fortune into the old Lady his Aunt's Hands, to be, on her Death, taken Care of by the same Guardians into whose Hands her Grand-daughters were to be left; desiring that his Son, if they liked one another, should marry the young Lady *Lucy* when they were grown up; and so he went into a Convent of *Benedictines*, and became a Monk of that Order. In this Letter the Abbess's Correspondent also informed her of *Albertus's* Visit to his Family; that is, that an Officer from *England* had brought an Account of *Albertus's* Death. The Abbess shewed this Letter to Lady *Lucy*, who could not forbear shedding Tears, notwithstanding the cruel Treatment he had given her; and she was extremely shocked at hearing what the treacherous *Henrietta* had declared on her Death-Bed. This made her ready even to pardon her dead Lord all he had done to her, considering the Reasons he had to condemn her; since Letters, which he supposed to be writ by her own Hand, were the most convincing Proofs he could have of her Guilt; and so he was to be pitied. These were the tender Sentiments that filled her generous Soul at the News of his Death; and she caused Masses to be said for his Soul's Repose, and mourned extremely for his Loss, and said to the Abbess: Alas, I still flattered myself, that God would at last bring him back to his Family, and clear my Innocence;
so

so that I might reveal myself to him, and bring my dear Son to his Father, that he might have received his Blessing ere he died; and that I might have been once more blessed with a Sight of him, and set his Soul at Peace, by delivering him from the supposed Guilt, that had so long tortured his Mind; for though he was, as to his Intent, as criminal as if he had really killed me; yet since God had pleased to spare my Life, what Raptures would his Soul have been filled withal, what Gratitude to Heaven, at the Sight of me! Thus she was used to discourse the good Lady Abbess; and thus she shewed the Sentiments a good Wife's Soul ever retains for a Husband, let him be ever so unkind and cruel. And thus she truly mourned his Death, whilst the young *Lewis Augustus*, her darling Son, grew and daily improved in Beauty and Understanding, paying his Duty in frequent Visits to her, and he was all her Comfort. Mean Time *Albertus*, whom we must now call the Hermit, for such he truly was, coming frequently to the *Franciscans* little Chapel, often cast his Eyes on the Child, and felt a strange Emotion in his Soul at the Sight of him; and so taking much Notice of him, he became acquainted with the good Father *Joseph*, his Tutor; and the Child and he sometimes walked to the good Hermit's Cell, where they would sit and pass an Hour with him, in such Discourse as was advantageous for both their Souls, and very edifying for the Youth to hear. At last, the Priest asked him modestly the Reasons of his quitting the World; and he gave him no other Answer, but only that he was a Widower, and having enjoyed all the Pleasures of the World, and tasted the Sweets of Greatness, he
thought

thought it Time to leave all, and prepare for a better Life, fearing to be longer exposed to the Temptations of the World. These, and the like, were all the Reasons he gave. Then he asked the good Father about the Child, who he belonged to: To which he answered, he was an Orphan left to his Care, whose Name and Quality he had some Reasons to conceal. Thus seven Years more passed on, during which our Hermit gave Shelter to many weary Travellers, and had many strange Adventures, one of which is worth our Relation. There often resorted to this Forest in the Summer some Shepherds, with their Sheep and Goats to graze under the Covert of the Trees, in the Heat of the Day: Amongst these was a young Shepherdess, who frequently came with a small Flock, and used always to read in some Book or other. She was about two and twenty Years old, extremely beautiful, finely shaped; and though her Clothes were but very poor and mean, yet she had the Air and Look of a Person of Quality. She never seemed fond of shewing her Face, or conversing with any body but an old Shepherd and his Wife, as he supposed, to whom she belonged. She looked generally very pale and pensive, and would sigh deeply. She ever chose the most remote and thickest Part of the Forest, and would rise and lead her Flock elsewhere, if she heard Passengers coming, or that any other Shepherd brought his Flock near hers: She would often sit behind our Hermit's Cottage; and he sometimes would give her the Time of the Day, or say something to her. She seemed to pay a Veneration to his Age and Habit, and did not appear shy at his taking Notice of her. One Day it being exceeding

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ing hot, he pressed her to enter his Cell: She did so with great Modesty, and being seated on a Stool near the Door, before which her Sheep were feeding, he began to enquire of her where she was born, and many such like Questions; and perceived by her Answers, that she had had an Education far above what she appeared to be, and that she disguised her Birth, and did not really, as he supposed, belong to these Peasants with whom she lived: On which he thus discoursed her.

C H A P. IX.

DAUGHTER, I perceive you are something more than you appear to be, and that you have doubtless retired from your Family to this lonely Place to hide yourself. A deep Melancholy is visible in your Face, and your frequent Sighs betray the inward Discontent of your Mind. Alas, this is no proper Place for so young, and so handsome a Maid as you are to resort to, nor the Cottage you live in to conceal such a Person. I have long observed you, and now I beg that you would be ingenuous, and declare the Truth of your Circumstances to me, that I may be able to assist you. Behold, I am a Man who have no longer any other Business with the World, but to do good; you have nothing to fear from a Man like me, your Secret will be safely lodged in my Breast, my Counsel must at least be beneficial to you, if I can help you no other way. If you have had any such Misfortune as makes you ashamed to shew your Face again in the World, if you have been betrayed
by

by some ungrateful Villain, who has reduced you to Despair and Want, I will endeavour to get you into a Convent hard by, where you shall be more secure from Discovery, and less exposed. If you have a Family which the idle Passion Love has made you fly from, or some slight Disgust, I will endeavour to procure your Return, and make your Peace with them. During this Discourse, she often blushed, and sometimes looked upon him with some Surprize. At last she wiped the falling Tears from her Eyes, and answered him thus :

Sure, reverend Hermit, you have had some divine Revelation touching me, or else the Almighty has directed me to this Place, to find a Friend to whom I may disclose my Misfortunes. I am not indeed what I seem to be, for then I should be happy, not knowing a Life beyond this poor Way of living which I now follow. You no doubt have left the World by Choice, I by a fatal Necessity. I am the Daughter of a Lord, once great in our Elector's Court, I was his only Child, and 'tis needless to tell you I was much courted, and looked on as one of the best Fortunes in the Court. This raised my fond Hopes and Ambition, and I was vain enough to imagine that I should be great and happy; so that I lift up my aspiring Eyes to one even superior to my Father, he condescending to pay his Addresses to me; a Kinsman of our great Elector's, who possessed one of the first Places in his Affection and Dominions, young, beautiful, brave, and generous. In fine, Don *Alonzo* was all that Woman could wish or desire; we loved, and nothing seemed to oppose our Happiness, but a criminal Engagement which he had contracted with

a married Lady, and resolved to break off. Two Summers we enjoyed each other's Company, and at parting, when he went to the Army, where he had a considerable Command, we made a thousand sacred Vows and Promises of eternal Love and mutual Constancy; yet this did not content him, and we were secretly married, unknown to my Father and every body, but the Priest and two of *Alonzo's* Friends. But in his Absence a fatal Accident befel, which has been my entire Ruin; for another young Lord arriving from *Vienna*, with Dispatches from the Emperor to our Elector, cast his Eyes on my unlucky Face, and liked it, so that he became enamoured of me to Distraction: He was a Man of great Fortune, impatient of any Contradiction, intrepid in all he went about; brave, but inconsiderate, and so cholerick, that his Passion made him forget both Religion and Honour, as the Sequel proved; for he courted me assiduously, and gave me all the publick Marks of Love and Gallantry that a Man could do; gave me his Hand, and took me out to dance in all publick Assemblies. In fine, it was in vain that I pleaded my being pre-engaged with *Alonzo*. My Father, who in secret preferred this Nobleman, by reason of his great Fortune, and Interest with the Emperor, remained silent, and said he would leave all to my own Choice, being resolved not to constrain me to any thing. Thus he offended neither, yet the Elector was secretly displeased with both him and me, imagining that I slighted his Kinsman. This made way both for my Father's Ruin and mine; for as he, being in a high Post, and before this much in Favour with his Prince, had many Enemies who envied him, and
sought

fought his Ruin ; so now they made use of this too favourable Opportunity to effect their Design, and obtain their Ends. My new Lover did all he was able to make the World believe that I liked him: He was very vain, and building upon his great Fortune and Quality, fancied no Lady could long resist his Solicitations. In short, seeing I still persisted in modestly refusing ; (for I told him always that I thought myself greatly honoured in the Offer he made, and would have gladly accepted it, if I had not been so deeply engaged to *Alonzo*, that I could neither recall my Heart nor my Word) this at last so enraged him, that he resolved to effect, by any unheard of Villainy, that which he could not honourably obtain. He bribed my Waiting-Woman to let him be concealed behind the *Arras* Hangings in my Bed-chamber before I went to Bed, and to bear false Witness against me, to my utter undoing ; for Heaven knows I was innocent of all, and thinking nothing, went late to my Apartment as usual, and was there undressed, and went to Bed ; though just as I was entering that fatal Place (fatal to me indeed that dreadful Night) a cold Shivering seized me all over, and I felt an unusual Terror in my Soul, I knew not why ; a Prelude to the Tragick Scene which followed. My Woman lay in the Chamber that led to mine, and when soft Slumbers had closed my Eyes, and all was hushed, the Villain slipping off his Clothes, stole softly into my Bed, but never laid his Hand upon me, so that I did not wake till some two Hours after. This he did, as he after told me, for fear I should scream out, and raise the Family ; but then it being Day-break, he took me gently in his Arms, and said, *Arminda*, awake, and

and do not fear, *Alonzo* calls you. I started, and hearing that dear Name, though mightily surprized, I cried, O Heavens ! what do you mean, how came you here? Why did you take this Liberty before our Marriage was made publick ? My dear, said he, I arrived late, and got your Woman to let me into your Chamber ; where seeing you asleep, and being greatly tired, I stole to Bed, and have passed two of the pleasingest Hours I ever knew in all my Life in watching your dear Slumbers, nor did I offer to lay one hand upon you, for fear of disturbing you. This happy Day I mean to let the World know that you are mine. At these Words, I thought 'twas not his Voice, and opening the Curtains, I perceived my Error. He held me fast, and cried be still, or you are undone for ever ; the Secrets of this Night disclosed, you'll be the Mark of publick Infamy. I find you are married, and that I must be for ever wretched. Yes, said I, you have made me so indeed, how shall I ever look my injured Husband in the Face, or justify my Innocence again ? Fly, Monster, fly my Sight for ever. At these Words, he let me go ; and said, *Arminda*, had I known you were another's, I would not have done this Deed ; but now it is too late to repent of it, grant me the Enjoyment of your Person, and the Secret shall be for ever locked up in my Breast ; if not, I'll make my Rival wretched as myself, or more. I cannot live without possessing you, and if I cannot do it, he shall weep Blood for my Revenge ; you have no other Choice to make. At these Words he seized me in his Arms, but I broke from him, and made such Resistance, that he did not succeed in his villainous Attempt ; yet I did not

cry out, because I feared to publish this Misfortune to the World, and could not believe he dared to do it himself. At last I got into my Woman's Chamber, where I found the wicked Wretch all pale and trembling. I had not Time or Breath left to reproach her, but I snatched her Night-gown up, and throwing it over me, I bid her convey the Villain out, whom she had let into my Chamber. She did not make one Word of Answer, but left me. I ran immediately to my Closet, and there put on some other Clothes, which I took up in my Dressing-room, as I passed through it, for it joined to my Woman's. And here I sat down upon a Couch, and ruminated what to do. I considered that it was not my hated Lover's Interest to divulge this fatal Secret, since that would only draw upon him the Hatred and Revenge of my Husband, Father, and all my Family; that he was ignorant of my Marriage, and therefore more excusable; and that by disclosing myself, I should engage my dear *Alonzo* in a Quarrel, which would in all Probability cost both their Lives; that a Woman's Reputation always suffers by such Discourse, tho' she be entirely virtuous and innocent; and therefore I thought it best to be silent, and withdraw myself from Court, to avoid seeing the hated *Constantine* any more. What embarrassed me most was, how to treat my treacherous Waiting-woman, the wicked *Grizalinda*, who had been the Cause of all this Mischief. I could not bear the Sight of her again, nor was it safe for me to keep her longer; yet if I immediately dismissed her, I did not know what Reports she might spread of me, by whispering this Story in the Ears of my Enemies; for I had one, who was both

both formidable and malicious to the last Degree, and that was a Dutcheſs, who was the Wife of an old Duke, to whom her Parents had married her at thirteen, becauſe her Fortune was ſmall, and his Quality and Wealth much ſuperior to her's. This Lady, who was indeed to be pitied, had a ſecret Intrigue with my dear *Alonzo* for ſome Years paſt, and had bound him in the moſt ſacred Promiſes never to marry any except herſelf (for the Breach of which I fear we both now ſuffer). This Lady had been jealous of him and me to Diſtraction, and our Marriage had not been kept ſo great a Secret but for this Reaſon, he having deſigned at his Return to break gently with her, and get her to releaſe him of thoſe Promiſes, and then to take me, and retire to a Country Seat my Father had twenty Miles diſtant; but Fate had otherwiſe decreed. My Traiterers ſtaid not to provoke me, but having conducted the enraged *Constantine* down the Back-Stairs, at a little Diſtance from which his Chair waited, returned to her own Chamber, packed up her Clothes, and fled I knew not whither. I called for her, but had no other Answer, but that ſhe was gone, to the Surprize of all the Family. I ſeemed not to wonder at it, but only ſaid coolly, I was angry with her, but I did not bid her go; yet I was really much concerned, fearing ſhe was gone to my enraged Rival, as ſhe indeed was, as I afterwards diſcovered. At laſt I reſolved to acquaint none but my Father with this Miſfortune, and accordingly went to him; and after having prepared him for the News, and made him promiſe not to take any Notice of it, I told him all the Story, as alſo of my Marriage with *Alonzo*: He chid me ſeverely, and was in ſo great a Paſſion,

sion, that I repented my having disclosed my Mind to him. He vowed that he would be revenged of the insolent *Constantine*; but I shewed him the fatal Consequences of such an Action; that it would ruin my Reputation, and that my Husband would perhaps not only fight, but also, if he outlived *Constantine*, be ruined, and forced to fly; and, it may be, take an Aversion to me, though I was innocent. At last I prevailed with him to continue silent, and the Coach being got ready, I went and paid my Duty to the Electress, took Leave of my Friends, under Pretence of being indisposed, and set out for my Father's Country Seat, in Company of a Lady, my Father's Sister, whose Character and Wisdom was known to be extraordinary. Here I remained, expecting my Lord's Return, from whom I continually received the most tender and passionate Letters that Man could write. Mean Time, the cruel *Constantine* could not be content to give over his wicked Design; for having dispatched his Affairs at Court, he prepared to return to *Vienna*. Mean Time, my Father going seldomer than usual to Court, to avoid the Sight of him, this his Enemies made their Advantage of; and now *Constantine* took leave of the Elector, and set out for *Vienna*, but he stopped by the way at a Village a League from my Father's Country Seat; and there leaving his Coach and Servants, attended by none but his Gentleman, both dressed in plain riding Habits, they took Horse and came to the House of a Farmer, where they rested till Dusk, it being *September*; then they mounted their Horses again, and came to a Grove behind the Gardens, and there watched till they saw me from the Windows undress, and go to Bed.

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When all the Lights were out, they quitted their Horses, and fastened them to a Tree ; then they entered the Garden, being provided with a Ladder of Ropes and dark Lanthorns, by which Lord *Constantine* mounted a Balcony that opened into a Gallery which led to my Chamber, into which he entered without any Noise ; the Wind blew very hard, so that had I been waking, I should not have been apprehensive of any thing, or heard him. He had no sooner reached the Bed's Feet, but he shut his Lanthorn, so that no Light appeared : He clasped me in his Arms so fast that it was impossible for me to get loose ; and said, *Arminda* make no Noise, for if you do, you surely die ; it is *Constantine* that holds you in his Arm, the amorous *Constantine*, who cannot live without you ; if you cry out, and any one of your Domesticks enters the Room, I will kill him in your Sight, and lay his dead Body by you ; so that your Reputation shall be blackened, tho' you are innocent. Who can express the Distress that I was in, or conceive the Anguish of my Mind, just waked out of my Sleep, alone, and in the dead time of the Night ; no help at Hand. I lift my Soul to Heaven, and not uttering one Word, I grasped the Pomel of his Sword, and with a sudden Struggle drew it forth, and stabbed him in the Thigh : He raged, and cursed my Virtue, vowing Revenge, and so left me, more than half dead with fear. He made a shift to regain the Balcony, and by the Assistance of his Gentleman reached his Horse, but died e're Morning at the Farmer's House. I thinking it best to hide this Adventure, so soon as I thought he was quite gone, I rung the Bell for my Woman, who arose, and came running to my Bed-Side ; I bid her

call up the other Servants; that a Man had entered my Chamber, I supposed a Thief, who came to my Bed-side with a Candle and Lanthorn; on which I had cried out, and he going to stop my Mouth, I had catched hold of his Sword, and wounded him. This passed current with my Aunt and all the Family, and the Blood in my Chamber, the Doors of the Balcony being left open, the Rope Ladder found, which was left hanging, all confirmed this Relation. The next Morning the Farmer's People told how two Men, like Gentlemen, had come thither over Night, how they returned at Midnight, and how one being wounded, the other had pretended that they had been attacked by Thieves, and that it was his Master that was hurt; how he had afterwards sent for a Horse, and carried away the Body of his dead Master. This made a great Noise about the Country, but no body imagined who this Person was. Some Time after, News came to Court that Lord *Constantine* was dead of an Apoplexy on the Road to *Vienna*, for so his Gentleman had ordered his Retinue to say; though he knew that he had received his Death's Wound in my Chamber, but by what Hand he knew not, for his Lord had not told him any thing of what passed between us; yet when he arrived at *Vienna* with the Body, he disclosed the Secret of all, as far as he knew, to his dead Lord's Father, and offered to swear to the Information. On this, secret Orders were sent to the Elector, that I should be taken into Custody, to give an Account of his Death; and the Dutches, to whom my wicked Waiting-woman was fled, having maliciously whispered to some of her Intimates of the greatest Quality, that
I had

I had been doubtless false to *Alonzo* with *Constantine*; for my Woman had told her how he had lain a whole Night in my Chamber, and that she had let him down the Back-Stairs in the Morning; this agreed with some other Reports that had been spread by some of the common People, of this Lord's Chair having been observed to wait all Night near the back Stairs of my Apartment; and this jealous Lady had entertained and kept this wicked Servant of mine in the Country ever since, and now writ a Letter to my Lord, and sent a Messenger express to give into his own Hand, with an Account of all this, and the Death of Lord *Constantine*; concluding with the bitterest Reproaches and Reflections that Malice and Revenge could invent. My afflicted Father did all he could to justify me, but in vain. *Alonzo* no sooner received this fatal Letter, but he came Post from the Army, and instead of hearing my Justification, immediately paid a Visit to this Dutchess, and see my wicked Servant, who impudently persevered in her Story; so that he did not return home all that Night, and I too well guessed where he lay. The Elector quarrelled with my Father for taking my Part, said I was a false vicious Woman, who had been the Cause of a brave Man's Death, by some villainous Treachery, and the Ruin of his Kinsman, to whom, and to all the Family, I was a Disgrace and Infamy. In fine, my Father, unused to bear such Treatment, answered too rashly, and in Terms that so enraged our Elector, that he put him immediately under a Guard, seized on his Estate, and banished him his Dominions. These dismal Tidings had not reached my Ears half an Hour, when my Lord entered

my Chamber, with a Look so full of Rage and Fury, that I could do no more, Grief had so overwhelmed me, but fall down at his Feet in a Swoon, as I was going to throw my Arms round his Neck, and could not utter one Word more, but only my dear Lord, I am innocent. He bid my Woman take Care of me, and turning out of the Room, met my dear afflicted Aunt, to whom he said, Madam, pray see that Wretch, that has undone us all, safe to a Convent, I am going to the Army, and shall leave her such a Part of my Fortune, as shall pay for her being there. When I came to myself, and found him gone, no Tongue can express my Despair. At last, by my Aunt's Advice, I took what Gold, Plate and Jewels I could get together, and fled; leaving only two Letters, one for my dear Father, and the other for my unkind Husband. In the first I advised my Father where to retire to, that he might hear from me; in the other I justified myself as much as I was able, calling Heaven and Earth to witness to the Truth of what I said; and so took a last Adieu in Terms so moving, that it must have melted the Heart, and gained Credit in the Mind of any other, but the inflexible *Alonzo*, who was spurred on by his revengeful Mistress and the Elector. My Father retired immediately to a Friend in *Alsace*, and, thank Providence, had wisely placed a great deal of Money in the Banks of *Vienna* and *Holland*. Here he staid till he heard from me, and I fearing lest a Convent would not secure me from the Elector's Hate, and that I should never find Means there to see my Father and Husband any more, having still Hopes that God would be pleased to do me right, I put on this Disguise; and leaving with my

my Aunt what Treasure I had saved, I fled secretly to a Farmer's near this Place, who had been Steward to my Grandfather. Here I staid whilst my Father came to me in the Habit of a Shepherd, as we had before agreed. Being met, we consulted how to live together, and resolved on the way of Life we now follow. We purchased a Cottage, and taking an old Servant Maid, and a young Man, who has been a faithful Servant to my Father, went there to live, not doubting but that we might continue here concealed as long as we think it necessary for our Safety. The old Farmer, our former Steward, receives the Interest-Money for us, as my Father has given Orders; and thus we possess the Necessaries of Life. But, alas! what Pleasure can we reap in this miserable Obscurity? Or how shall my dear Father hope to retrieve his Fortune and Honour, and I my dear Lord's Affection, and lost Reputation, in these Circumstances. I have sent several tender Letters to him during our Abode in this Place, which has been two whole Years, by my Aunt's Hands, to whom I send my Letters, but never received any Answer. No Person but that Lady does know the Secret of our Circumstances, and Manner of Life; and now it must be by some Miracle, that the Truth must be manifested of my Innocence. And if you, reverend Sir, can procure my Return to my Husband, and consequently my Father's to Court, I will believe you a Saint; and as such, respect and honour you. But, alas! (she continued) letting fall a Shower of Tears, I am not worthy so great a Blessing. Our Hermit answered, yes, Child, I think you may with Reason hope for it; for the

Divine Being never permits Virtue and Innocence to be wronged, but with Design to justify and reward it in the End. I hope I shall be the happy, though unworthy Instrument, to do you right: Here he sigh'd. This Story touched him nearly, it so much resembled his own. He proceeded to offer her, that he would go to the Dutcheſs whom *Alonzo* had an Intrigue withal, and talk to her, as a Man to whom theſe Secrets had been revealed by divine Revelation; and by theſe Means bring her and the wicked *Grizalinda* to a Confession of their Crimes, and to Repentance, ſo that they might do her right. She returned him a thouſand Thanks, praying for his good Succeſs, and ſo departed. The next Morning he paid a Viſit to the old Lord (though in Appearance a Shepherd) her Father; and they both accepting his Offer, he ſet out the next Morning at Break of Day, leaving his Cottage in their Care.

C H A P. X.

THE diſguiſed Hermit ſoon arrived at the Elector's Court, and went to the Dutcheſs's, to whom he eaſily got Admittance, for ſhe was a great *Devotee* in Appearance, and very liberal to Pilgrims, Hermits, and the religious Perſons of all Orders, who came to ſhare her Charity. This made her greatly reſpected, and was the beſt Cloke in the World to conceal her Vices under. She no ſooner ſaw this venerable old Man enter, but ſhe imagined that ſhe knew his Buſineſs, and was putting her Hand to her Pocket to take out her Purſe; but when he asked to
ſpeak

ſpeak with her alone, ſhe was a little ſurprized, and bid her Waiting-woman, who had conducted him to her, retire: And now having looked fixedly on her a while, he brake out into theſe Words, Is it poſſible, great God, that ſuch Vices can be lodged in ſo fair a Cabinet? and Luſt, Revenge, Malice, and Falſhood, wear ſo beautiful an Outſide? Oh Madam, prepare to hear your Charge: I have been commanded by our great Creator, who ſees and judges all our moſt ſecret Thoughts and Actions, to come from my Cell, where I have ſpent many long Years, enduring Cold and Hunger, parching Heat, and deſtitute of all Human Society, too ſmall a Penance for the Sins and Overſights of my raſh Youth, to admoniſh you, unhappy Lady, that you muſt change your Courſe of Life, or expect ſuch Punishments as your Crimes do merit; think on your vicious Actions, think on *Alonzo*, think on his virtuous Wife, and her moſt noble Father; ſurrender up to Juſtice the wicked *Grizalinda*, who has baſely wronged the innocent *Arminda*; yes, ſhe is moſt innocent, and Heaven has heard her Prayers: Tell that Wretch, 'twas ſhe that hid the wicked *Constantine*, whom the Divine Juſtice has already reached, in her Lady's Chamber, unknown to her; tell her that if ſhe will avoid eternal Miſery, ſhe muſt immediately confeſs her Crime, and do her injured Lady right. For you, how can you ſleep in Peace, or dare to tempt the Almighty's Juſtice by Delays? Where did the enraged *Alonzo* ſleep the dreadful Night that he firſt left his injured Wife? The horrid Thought ſhocks me, and ought to make you ſhake and tremble: I could diſcloſe each Secret of your paſt Life, for all's

revealed to me in Vision; wrap'd in Prayer, I have been shewed all that you've done, and must no more return to warn you. If you repent not now, expect such Judgments as will humble you even to the Earth; your Secrets shall be all revealed, *Alonzo* shall both scorn and loath you; provoke not Heaven any farther: Farewel, remember the injured *Arminda*; my Soul shivers at the Thoughts of what's to come, if you do not repent; but I must not reveal the rest. Here he left her, she remained a while fixed in the Chair, she sat quite motionless; the Person of the Man, and the Manner in which he delivered his Message, made such an Impression on her Mind, that she was in an instant changed; to hear the Secrets of her Life related by a Man who had left the World perhaps ere she was born. This looked so much the Work of Heaven, that she could not resist the Motions of that Divine Power, which had found out this Means for her Conversion; she retired to her Closet, threw herself prostrate on her Knees, and casting her Eyes on the Picture of a *Magdelene*, like her, let fall a Shower of Tears; and having passed some Hours there, called for a Page, and bid him fetch her Confessor, who came immediately; she informed him of all, and he much rejoiced to see this Change, and made her promise to send for *Grizalinda* the next Morning, and make her draw up a Confession under her Hand, to justify *Arminda*; then he made her write a Letter to *Alonzo*, to the same Effect. Mean Time, our Hermit went to the Elector, and related to him, that he was come thither by Divine Command, to declare that *Arminda* was innocent of the Crimes laid to

to her Charge; the Elector heard him very attentively, paying much Respect to the Habit he had on, and venerating his Age and seeming Sanctity, promising to pardon her Father's Rashness, and restore him to his Honour and Estate, if yet alive, and to use his Authority with *Alonzo* to make him receive his virtuous Wife again, if she could be found. The Hermit told him, the Place of their Retreat had also been revealed to him; and that so soon as her Innocence was made appear, he would declare the Place of their Abode. The Prince offered him his Purse, but he refused all Presents, and took Leave, saying, that if no unforeseen Accident happen to prevent him, he would be back in twenty Days and see *Alonzo*; he made Haste to depart, for fear of being seen by some who might remember his Face, though so much altered that it could scarce be known by his nearest Relations, had they been all alive, and he had almost outlived the greater Part of them: But he made what Speed he could to his Cottage and Friends, to whom he recounted all that had past, at which they were much rejoiced, and returned God and him Thanks, hoping for a fortunate Issue. *Alonzo* no sooner received the Dutchess's Letter, which she sent by a special Messenger, but he made all the Speed imaginable to Court, where the Elector related to him what had past; thence he went to the Dutchess, who received him with a Flood of Tears, and all the Marks of a true Penitent, desiring him never to come any more where she was; the wicked *Grizalinda* confess'd the Truth: In fine, he was touched to the quick, and fully convinced of his Wife's Innocence; since it was now no wonder a Man, who was

so wicked as Lord *Constantine* in this Action, should make a second Attempt; or that a Lady of such Virtue should, in such an Exigence, stab a Man out of whose Hands she could find no other Way to escape.

Soon after *Alonzo's* Arrival, the Hermit returned, and found him disposed as he desired and hoped; so he acquainted him where he should find his Father-in-Law, and Lady. They immediately took Coach together, and soon arrived at the Cottage, where the noble Shepherd and Shepherdess received them. But who can express the Transport of *Arminda's* Soul, to see her Virtue cleared, and her loved Lord restored to her? Oh, who would not tread in the most rigid Steps that lead to Virtue's Temple, to be so rewarded? This is the vast Difference betwixt doing well and ill; that in Vice the Pleasure is always momentary and of no Duration, and the Remorse for having done it, sure and lasting; but in doing virtuous Deeds, though we may suffer Loss and Pain for some short Time, yet we have always a secret Satisfaction within, that supports us under them, and the End brings us Honour and generally Reward, even in this World; but if we miss of it here, we are sure to have it in the other. And now the old Lord and *Arminda* returned, with the transported *Alonzo*, to Court, where she was welcomed and praised by all: Her Father was restored to his Estate and Employments, and the repenting Dutchess, neglected by every body, retired with her old Lord to his Country Seat, and died in two Years after of a Consumption. Our Hermit, extremely glad to have been successful in this good Work, remained in his Cell, where he continued for some
Years

Years after, never designing to change his Manner of living, nor expecting any Joy or Satisfaction in this Life, except in hearing of his Children's Welfare, having had News of poor *Gertrude's* Death, who died of a Fever at the Lord's where he left her. His two Daughters by Lady *Lucy* were nobly disposed of: One married the virtuous and accomplished Son of the wicked *Henrietta*, good and noble as his Father; the other espoused a Nobleman of *Heidleberg*, of great Fortune; his Sons by his Mistress *Gertrude* grew and improved; one died of the small Pox, one embraced a religious Life, and was, in fine, a Jesuit; the other took to the Sword, and he, by the Society's Means, was put into a good Post in the Army. And now growing very weak and infirm, our Hermit was often visited by the good Father *Joseph*; at last he fell dangerously sick, and was by him exhorted to make a general Confession, in order to fit himself the better for a Change. But good Heavens! how great was the pious Father's Surprise, when he discovered by the Circumstances he related, that our Hermit was *Albertus*, the Father of his Pupil, and Husband of her whom he had miraculously saved from Death. He was filled with Wonder, and could not enough praise and admire the Divine Providence, in bringing him to this Place; yet he discovered not his Thoughts, or informed him of any thing relating to this Matter, thinking it Prudence first to consult his Superior and the Lady: He failed not to give him all the ghostly Advice that was proper; he had not the least Reason to doubt of his being a true Penitent, since his retiring from the World, and Manner of Life, had sufficiently shewed it: He

returned to his Convent, acquainted the Father Guardian with this wonderful Story, and they went together to the Monastery, and told the glad Tidings to Lady *Lucy*, whose Joy was inexpressible. The Lady *Abbeſs* communicated it to the whole Society, and Thanks were returned to God; for like the Angels, they rejoiced at the Conversion, and miraculous Dispensations of the Divine Mercies to a repenting Sinner. And now it was debated in what Manner this happy Discovery should be made to the dying *Albertus*; and this indeed needed some Precaution to be used in the doing of it, considering his weak Condition; yet it was absolutely necessary the Secret should be unfolded before his Death, in order to do right to his young Son, whose Birth might otherwise be perhaps disputed by the Heirs of *Albertus's* Family; at last it was concluded, that Father *Joseph* should return, and pass the Night with him, in Company of another Friend, whom he had left to attend him, and that he should gently break the Matter to him. He did so in this Manner: After he had sat some Hours by his Bed-side, and saw him pretty well composed, with having slept a little, he began to expatiate to him the great Providences that he had experienced from the Divine Bounty, the Dangers that he had escaped, the long Time that he had had to enjoy the Opportunities of reconciling himself to God, whom he had so greatly offended; at last he asked him if he could even wish for any thing more in this World: No, said he, nothing but to be dismissed from the Miseries of this Life, when the Almighty shall think fit; I know he is all-powerful, and nothing is impossible for him to do, that is consistent with his Justice; and were I to live my Life over
again.

again, I could desire nothing more, except the Life of my dear *Lucy*, and to have never imbrued my Hands in her Blood: But I hope my Peace is now sealed, and that I shall go to that happy Place, where I doubt not to find her. Then the good Father took hold of this Opportunity, and bid him lift up his Soul and be thankful, for God had preserved her Life; and so related all the Story of her and the Child. This was a Cordial more effectual to revive *Albertus*, than all that Art and Nature could furnish; he could not doubt the Truth of any thing, considering the Integrity of the Persons who testified it; and his Acknowledgments to God were suitable to his Joy; for how much must that Soul be lighten'd and transported, which finds itself freed from the Guilt of so great a Crime, as shedding innocent Blood? He longed for the Morning's Approach, that he might once more have a Sight of his dear virtuous Wife, and embrace her and his new-found Son, for whom he had always a Father's Love, though a Stranger till now to the Reason of it. So soon as it was broad Day, the good Frier went for her, who seemed to fly to meet his Wishes, so much she had forgotten and laid aside all Repentments of his past cruel Treatment of her: She came trembling with Haste and Joy to his Bed-side, led by her lovely Son, who came with transport to demand a Blessing from his overjoy'd Father; who, weak as he was, started up in his Bed at the Sound of his dear *Lucy's* Voice, and caught her in his Arms. A Shower of Tears, the usual Effect of excessive Grief or Joy, did for some Moments interrupt all Speech; at last they both manifested their Satisfaction, in Terms suiting the extraordinary Occasion. It was eight-
teen

teen long Years since they had been parted, eleven of which he had past in Retirement; he beg'd her Pardon for his Crime, which she sealed with her Lips, and Soul: In fine, this sudden Change in his Mind, and excessive Joy, redoubled his Fever, and she and a Physician who was sent for to attend him, much feared his Life; but Heaven would not leave its Work imperfect, and separate them so soon; he at last recovered, and the News was soon spread over *Heidleberg*, by the Abbess's Means, who wrote an Account of all to her Friends there, thinking it proper that such a miraculous Event should be divulged, that God might be glorified, and the World improved in Virtue and Religion, by such rare Examples; so that this Letter of the Abbess's being shewn to the old Lady, *Albertus's* Mother-in-Law, both she and her two Grand-daughters, with their Husbands, came presently in a Coach to visit him and his Lady. In fine, so soon as *Albertus* was able to bear the Fatigue of the Journey, he and his Lady and Son went home to his Seat at *Heidleberg*, where they were received as Persons risen from the Dead. All the Nobility and Gentry, all their Friends and Relations, visited and congratulated them; amongst the rest, the noble Benedictine, *Henrietta's* Husband, their Kinsman, who was extremely glad of Lady *Lucy's* return to Life, and to the World: Nor need we mention the old Lady her Mother's Joy, who had truly mourned her Loss. They gave large Gifts to the Convent and Monastery, where Lady *Lucy* and her Son had been so generously preserved and entertained. They lived many Years after most happily together, admired for their Virtues, and beloved by all for their Bounry and Liberality to their Friends and
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the Poor. At last *Albertus* died, and his Lady retired again into the Monastery, her Mother being long before dead also, and her Son happily established in his Father's Fortune, and a noble Post in the Elector's Court, and married to a Sister of the noble *Alonzo's*. Here she spent six Years in Prayer and Devotion, and dying, was buried at *Heidleberg* with her noble Husband; and their Son made a handfom Monument for them.

And thus ends a History full of very extraordinary Events; and I hope it will be of Use to all who read it, and prevent Men from entertaining that dangerous Enemy to Man's Repose, Jealousy, and teach them to be very cautious in suspecting their Wives Virtue, or giving Credit to Appearances, which very often deceive the Wisest: And may the unhappy *Henrietta's* Crimes and Death make my own Sex take Care to avoid the like Fate, and strive to imitate the virtuous *Lady Lucy*, that like her they may die in Peace, and their Memories be ever dear to all that know them, and revered by all Posterity. But I forget the Age I live in, where such Things as Religion and Virtue are almost grown out of Fashion, and many of both Sexes live as if they had neither; when there is scarce any Truth, Honour, or Conscience amongst Men, or Modesty and Sobriety amongst Women. The few Good and Virtuous will, I am sure, read this with Pleasure; the Vicious I do not strive to please, but to reform; may they rather be touched to the inmost Recesses of their Soul, at the reading of this History, and amend, that they may have Pardon, and God be glorified.

THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES

Of the Young Count

A L B E R T U S,

The Son of Count *Lewis Augustus*, by
the Lady *Lucy*.

THE
LIFE
AND
ADVENTURES

OF
ALBERTUS

THE SON OF
ALBERTUS

To her G— the D. of —

MADAM,

IT was with the utmost Satisfaction that I received the Honour of your G—'s Letter, in which you seem pleased with the unfortunate Lady *Lucy's* Story, and to intimate, that you would be glad to know what befel her illustrious Son, who had been so miraculously preserved from Death, and of whose Adventures you have had some slight Account, but only such as could raise, not satisfy your Curiosity. This was enough to excite me to use the utmost Diligence to get Knowledge of this brave Man's Life, Actions, and Death; and though his Life was not very long, yet it was passed with such Honour, and his End was so pious and heroick, that it well deserves to be transmitted to Posterity. And having now gotten a
perfect

DEDICATION.

perfect Account of all Particulars, I have composed this short Narrative, and presumed to send it to your G—, hoping it will contribute something to your Diversion, in your leisure Hours, and coming in the Dress of your native Country, be more agreeable. I beg that you would pardon my Presumption, and excuse the many Defects you will find in perusing of it, in Consideration of the Affection and Respect which I have ever had for your G—; the which no Time or Change of Fortune can diminish, and which must rather augment to the last Hour of my Life; for I shall ever be with the utmost Sincerity, and most profound Veneration,

Your G—'s

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Penelope Aubin.

THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES

Of the Young Count

A L B E R T U S.

THE young Count *Albertus* having buried his noble Father and Mother, passed some Years very happily with his virtuous Wife, the beautiful *Catharine*, the brave *Alonzo's* Sister, who was endowed with every Qualification that could recommend a Woman to the World, or make a Husband blessed; for she was prudent, wise, good-humoured, generous and chaste, and nothing was wanting to complete their Felicity but Children; of which this noble Couple never had any. They had been married four Years and three Months when this Lady fell sick of a Fever, which in nine Days (all Medicines proving ineffectual) ended her Life, and left the Count her Husband quite over-whelmed with Grief; and he fell into so deep a Melancholy, that he quitted his Place at Court, and took Leave of his Friends,

3 having

having committed the Care of his Estate to his Sisters, and settled all his Affairs. He set out for *France*, resolving to make the Tour of *Europe*, to divert his Grief with seeing other Countries: So he first visited *Paris*, and passed the Winter there, (it being Autumn when he set out from *Heidleberg*) and there saw the Court, and all that was rare and worth a Stranger's Curiosity, visiting *Versailles*, *Fontainebleau*, *Marli*, and all the King's Palaces and Gardens, with those of most of the Nobility; and in this Manner became acquainted with and much esteemed by People of the first Rank. But above all, he frequented the Company of learned Men, and coveted the Friendship of such of the Clergy who were most eminent for their Piety; and by continually conversing with them, doubtless conceived a Liking to their Way of Life, and resolved upon embracing it, as the Sequel shewed: But it was some Years before he renounced the World; in which Time he met with some extraordinary Adventures, which, as is supposed, confirmed him in his Dislike to the World, and determined his Choice of a religious Life; in which he behaved himself as became a good Pastor and a Saint, and fully answered the Prediction the good Father *Joseph* had received from the Voice that raised him from Sleep, to save the Life of the Lady *Lucy*, and her unborn Infant.

And now I shall proceed to relate all that happened to this Lord before he became a Monk, and then to speak of his perillous Voyages, the strange Adventures he met withal in travelling over the greater Part of the World; of his various Sufferings, and glorious End, when he quitted this World for his Saviour's sake, and
sealed

sealed the Truths he had taught with his Blood. In all which I shall endeavour not to tire, but to give a brief and exact Account of the Matters of Fact, so that the Reader may be pleased and agreeably entertained.

C H A P. I.

DURING Count *Albertus's* Stay at *Paris*, he contracted a mighty Friendship with a young Gentleman, one of the most accomplished and most learned for his Age in all that City: He was but twenty five Years old, the Son of a Country Gentleman, who, though he had but a small Estate, yet had given him the best Education that was possible; his Name was *Monsieur de Lorme*, a Native of *Languedoc*. He lived in *Paris* as a private Gentleman, but his Lodgings were magnificently furnished, and his Dress was such as would have better become a Duke than a private Person; he kept a Valet de Chambre and two Footmen, was lavish in his Expences, and yet never in Debt; he kept the best of Company, and so behaved himself, that every body loved him; he never gamed nor committed any Debauch, was sober and polite, had a very lovely Person, and was neither vain nor proud. All the World wondered how he lived at this rate, since he had no Employ in the Government, nor any Estate, his Father's being scarce sufficient to support his Family genteelly; for he had two Daughters, who were esteemed Beauties, highly bred like the Son, but remained unmarried, because they had no Portions, and were too ambitious to marry Tradesmen, and had too

too much Virtue to be Mistresses to Noblemen. Count *Albertus* meeting with this young Gentleman in Company, they took a fancy to one another and became extremely intimate, so that they were daily together; yet it was long before the Count took the Liberty to ask him, one Day when they were in private, how he supported himself after such a Manner? He seemed confused at this Question, and made no direct Answer, but turned the Discourse: On which the Count asked his Pardon, and said no more: Yet his Curiosity was augmented, and he began to suspect that there was some great Mystery in this Man's way of Life, and that he supported himself by some unlawful Means. He therefore resolved to observe his Actions more narrowly, and having a great Affection for him, to draw him off from any evil Course of Life that he might perhaps be involved in: In order to this, he often went to his Lodgings, sometimes very early in the Morning, at other late at Night, thinking to discover what Company he kept, or how he was employed. One Evening, going there as usual, he found him sitting very pensive in an easy Chair: 'My Friend, *said he*, you could never have come at a more seasonable Time; for I am very much embarrassed, having two Amours upon my Hands at the same Hour.' At these Words he rose, and shutting the Door, returned to his Seat, and continued his Discourse in these Words; 'Dear *Albertus*, *said he*, you have, I doubt not, long wondered how I live, so handsomely, having no great Fortune of my own; and now I must divulge the Secret to you. I have the good Fortune to be loved by two Ladies of great Quality, the one a married,

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‘ the other a single Lady; they are both beautiful, and every way charming; but the single one has my Heart. I courted her secretly; her Station being so far above mine, that I can never hope to have her lawfully: I ran a thousand Risques to get her, and at length obtained my Suit: She yielded to my Desires, having bound me by a thousand Oaths and Vows to be faithful and secret to her; and we have mutually promised never to marry but one another. She has a vast Fortune, the Revenues of which she has at her Dispose; but the Principal is so secured in her Relations Hands, that she is not the Mistress of it; nor can she ever marry without their Consent, unless she escapes from *France*, and then her Fortune will never be surrendered to her. Her Name shall ever be a Secret; therefore I shall call her *Violante*. We have already had one Child, which is at Nurse at a Village near a Country Seat of one of her Guardians, to which she often resorts. ’Twas there where I found Opportunities of seeing her; and I will another Time relate to you the Particulars of this Affair. She supplies me largely with Money out of her Income; and if I had not engaged myself in another Intrigue with a married Lady, I had been tolerably happy. But the charming *Silvia*, for so I shall name my other Mistress, saw me often at Court, and condescended to invite me to her Embraces by a Billet-doux; and who could refuse the Offer, where such Beauty and Interest joined to obtain Affection? I fell into the Snare, and have for three Months past been indulged in the Enjoyment of two of the fairest and richest Ladies in *France*: But as the most

VOL. II. I ‘ delicious

‘ delicious Meats cloy the soonest, so these Pleasures begin to tire me. *Silvia* is rash, violent, and impatient of any Disappointment, fond of me to a Folly; and should she discover that I am false to her, and get the least Knowledge of my Engagement with *Violante*, I doubt not but that she would sacrifice us both to her Revenge. Just before you entered I received a Note from *Violante*, That she is indisposed, and expects me to come and pass the Night with her in the Country; her Waiting-woman and Page are our Confidants, and by them I am introduced into her Apartment at any Hour; and the Nurse’s House is my Retreat, where I lye concealed to wait my *Violante*’s Commands. You see that I cannot refuse going to her this Night, since she is indisposed: Now what distracts me is, that I have also received another Note from *Silvia*; who sends me Word, that her Lord goes a hunting with the Marechal his Brother to-morrow, and is gone to lye at his Seat this Night; and therefore she comes to pass it with me. She always comes late, and goes away before Day; and I must beg you this once to supply my Place: You need only go to Bed before she comes, and pretend that you could not get rid of some Company any other Way, and that you are indisposed. I know that you are virtuous, and will not make any Advantage of such an Opportunity; but if you do, it will not offend me, so long as she does not discover the Cheat: Our Voices and Persons are not unlike, and by speaking low she must be deceived.’ *Albertus* made some Difficulty of accepting this Offer at first; but at last yielded to it, after having read him a Lecture of the

the Shame and Miseries such a Course of Life must bring upon him; at which he seemed to be moved, and said he wished he could handsomly get rid of his Amour with *Silvia*; but feared that it was impossible, by reason of her violent Temper, and great Passion for him. Well, (said Lord *Albertus*,) I'll try to deliver you out of this Straight, on Condition that you will mend. They passed the Evening together, till the Dusk came: Then Monsieur *de Lorme* took Horse, and went to his loved Mistress; leaving Lord *Albertus* in his Chamber; and his own Valet de Chambre, whom he could trust with any Secret, to wait *Silvia's* coming, to give her the Key of his Chamber, and to tell her that he was gone to Bed very ill. All things thus disposed, Lord *Albertus* went to Bed, determined to play the Priest rather than the Lover, and to preach the lewd fair One into Virtue and Repentance: A hard Task, doubtless, but yet such a one, as such an excellent Man as he was ready to undertake, and hoped to effect. He had not lain long, but he heard the wanton *Silvia* open the Door; winged with Love, and amorous Desires, she flew to the Bed-side, seized his Hand, which he reached out of Bed to receive her, and printed melting Kisses on his Lips, which he received with some Disorder; which she did not seem to perceive, but eagerly demanded how he did: He answered in a very low and faint Voice, that he was very ill, and prest her to make haste to Bed: She soon threw off her Clothes, and locking the Door entered the Bed; where he received her not with open Arms, as his Friend was used to do; but after three or four deep-fetch'd Sighs, said, My dear *Silvia*, you are doubtless surprized to find me thus transformed, from a

warm passionate Lover to a cold Anchorite ; but I have had such a Dream, or rather Vision, the last Night, that it has quite shocked my Soul, and filled me with such dreadful Notions of that unlawful Commerce that has been between us, and such a Horror for what may be the Consequences of it, that I can no more think of continuing it: Alas, I was no sooner blessed with a kind of Slumber, which I fell into whilst I lay ruminating on your Charms, but I fancied you in my Arms; and that I heard a great Noise at the Chamber-Door, which being forced open by a Man with a Light in his Hand, I soon perceived it was your injured Husband; who flew to the Bed-side with a Fury suiting the Occasion, his Sword being drawn, he cried, Secure the Door, to some who attended him below: Methought I strove to reach my Sword to defend us, but he prevented me by a Stab which he gave me thro' my right Arm; and whilst I was seized by two Men in Vizards, you were dragg'd out of Bed by the Hair of the Head by your enraged Lord, who, after a thousand cruel Reproaches, stabb'd you to the Heart; I heard, methought, your dying Words, so moving, so repentant, that my Soul shook to hear them; nay more, I fancied that you expired at his Feet; then I awoke, all bathed in a cold, Death-like Sweat, and recollecting all the Circumstances of this dreadful Vision, well considered of it, and have passed the Day alone, meditating on the State our Souls are in: And, oh! my dear *Silvia*, if you would now but enter into this great Work, and think of securing our future Happiness, by converting our criminal Converse into a noble, virtuous Friendship, how happy might we be? As for my own Part, I am
fully

fully resolved to make my Peace with Heaven; and though I love you excessively, yet after this Night I will not let you run any more such Risques, for fear my Dream should come to pass: Oh, could you but be sensible what my Thoughts were, when I saw you dying, you would tremble as I did. The amorous *Silvia* heard him with great Impatience, laughing and ridiculing all he said; nay, she called him Dreamer, and Hypochondriac, kissed and embraced him, but in vain: At length she grew angry, and said he was false and inconstant, and had surely got a new Mistress, and made this fabulous Story, only to break with her: To all which he made no other Answer but to persist in his Resolutions of Virtue, and continued to preach her into the same; at which she laughed and raved, by turns: And thus they passed the Night, till the Valet de Chambre gave Notice at the Door, that the Day approached; at which she rose, put on her Clothes, and in a very ill Humour left *Albertus* to take some Rest; throwing herself into the Chair which waited for her, which carried the disappointed Lady to her own Home. Lord *Albertus* smiled to himself, at the Conquest he had gained over such a Temptation, and at the Service he imagined that he had done his Friend, in ridding him of his wanton Mistress: So, blessing God, he committed himself into the Arms of sweet Repose, and slept till the Morning; when Monsieur *De Lorme* being returned from the Country, waked him by entering the Chamber. Lord *Albertus* related to him all that had passed between him and *Silvia*, at which he laughed, and said he must certainly send her a Letter to excuse himself, and make Friends, for he feared her revengeful Temper:

Lord *Albertus* did all he could to persuade him to continue the Design he had so well begun, and to break with her; but in vain, for he feared and loved her too much to part with her, besides his Interest joined to make him vicious; and alas, when Men are once so far engaged in a lewd Course of Life, 'tis very rare that they are reclaimed, till Age, Want, and Misery make them grow Converts to Virtue: He gave *Albertus* an Account that he had found *Violante* much indisposed, that she had made her Will, and was very desirous to be secretly married to him. Lord *Albertus* offered him to bring a Priest, that should perform that Ceremony as privately as they desired, and that in Case of her Death, he would use all his Interest to reconcile her Family to him and the Child. He seemed over-joy'd at this Proposal; and it was resolved to be put in Practice forthwith. After Breakfast they parted, and Monsieur *De Lorme* sent a very amorous Letter to *Silvia*; who failed not to come again at Night, her Lord not returning to *Paris* till the next Day; yet although she dissembled her Anger for the last Night's Disappointment, she from that Hour began to harbour some Suspicions of him, that he had some other Mistress, and resolved to have him watched so narrowly, that it should be impossible for him to avoid being discovered; but he redoubled his Caresses to her, and they parted mutually pleased in all Appearance. Lord *Albertus*, according to his Promise, found a Cordelier, to whom he related the Affair between *Violante* and Monsieur *De Lorme*, and prevailed upon him to run the Risque of marrying them; and some Nights after, Lord *Albertus*, with his Friend, and the good Monk, went together

gether to the indisposed *Violante*, for she still continued sick, who was before prepared to receive them: And there, in her Chamber, Monsieur *De Lorme* and she were married, to the great Satisfaction of them all. Returning back to *Paris*, Lord *Albertus* said all he could possibly to persuade his Friend to live a new Life, and to quit the Conversation of all other Women but his Wife, which he promised to do, but was not so fortunate as to perform; for *Violante's* Illness continuing, occasioned him to go more frequently to her, and this obliged him to have less frequent Meetings with *Silvia*, which more confirmed her jealous Suspicions of him; so she set her Page to dodge him, who soon discovered the fatal Secret of his going to *Violante's* Country Seat, and of the Nurse's House, and the innocent Child's being there, but not of his being married; and now *Silvia's* Rage was such, that she lost all Patience, yet knew not what Revenge to take, and she was long debating that in her distracted Mind, at length she resolved to take the first Opportunity of her Lord's Absence to follow him to *Violante's*, and take Revenge upon her Rival; and it was not long before Fortune gratified her Wishes, for her Lord went from Home on some Business, and left her at Liberty to watch her Lover. One Night, when having sent a Note that she would pass the Night with him, and received an Excuse that he was engaged to go out of Town that Evening with some Friends, she put on a Man's riding Habit, and took Horse, being attended with none but her Page, and went to the Village and stopt at the Nurse's Door, pretending that she was a Gentleman belated, and desired that she and her

Page might be lodged there that Night: The Nurse at first excused it, saying she had no Accommodations for such fine People; but at last, being tempted with Money, and overcome with Importunities, she yielded to let them have her Chamber; and they said they should be gone as soon as it was Day, so she put their Horses into an old Stable, and they went up into her Chamber. This was before Monsieur *De Lorme* arrived, which was always late: He came in soon after, and they heard all his Talk with the Nurse, and heard him caress the Child, and talk of the sick Lady, but he did not mention her Name: But he stayed not long before he went away to *Violante*; then *Silvia* and her Page, the Nurse being laid down to sleep, left the House, stealing away the Child, which *Silvia* gave to her Page to take Care of; they mounted their Horses, went to *Violante's*, and watching there, saw Monsieur *De Lorme* passing up and down the Chamber with a dark Lanthorn in his hand. This was enough to satisfy *Silvia's* Curiosity sufficiently, and fearing to be discovered, she contented herself with having got the Child, believing by that Means to force her Lover to be her Slave for the future, for fear of being discovered to her Rival's Guardians: Thus resolved, and triumphing in her Success, she returned to *Paris*, and there sent her Page with the Child to his Mother's, having kissed and hugged it a thousand times; it was a lovely Boy, of thirteen Months old. No Words can express the trouble Monsieur *De Lorme* was in, when he returned to the Nurse's in the Morning, whom he found in the utmost Distraction for the Child; from her he learned the Story of the Gentleman and his Servant's
being

being there, and from their Description began to suspect, that *Silvia* was the Author of this Mischief, and that she had discovered the fatal Secret; nor did he doubt but that she would be *Violante's* Ruin: So he returned to *Paris* in the greatest Dilemma that ever Man was in, and immediately sent for Lord *Albertus*, to whom he told all that had happened to him, and he was of the same Opinion with Monsieur *De Lorme* concerning *Silvia*, and reproached him with his Fault in continuing his Intrigue with her, but too late; he advised him to take no Notice to her of any thing, but to carry it very kindly as heretofore, to see if she would speak any thing of it herself; and then to turn it off, by saying it was only a Friend's Child which he took Care of, and no Intrigue of his own, at least only with a mean Person, not worth her Notice. This was resolved upon, and that very Evening she came to visit him, but not to pass the Night, her Lord being returned home: He received her as usual, but she rallied, and seemed not so kind as before; asked him how he had passed the last Night, where he had been, and such odd Questions; to which he gave proper Answers. After some Time, they parted, with many endearing Expressions on both Sides, and he was an hundred times going to ask for his Child, for whom he was in the utmost Pain, but durst not. Some Days passed in this Manner, when a Letter came from *Violante*, to inform him, that her Guardians had received a Letter from an unknown Hand, to acquaint them that she had had a Child, and the Place where it was nursed, that her Lover visited her by Night, but made no Mention of his Name; in fine, that she was just going to be carried away, she knew

not whither, when her Page gave her timely Notice; so that she had escaped to a neighbouring Convent, where she had taken Sanctuary, and waited his coming to her; but she beg'd that it might be very secretly, for fear of exposing himself to her Guardians, who were as yet Strangers to that Part of the Secret. His Trouble was inexpressible at the Receipt of this Letter, and just as he held it in his Hand, came in the cruel, enraged *Silvia*, secretly triumphing that her Revenge had so far succeeded; she seemed very gay and merry, took no Notice of the Letter which he put into his Pocket in great Confusion as she entered, nay she caressed him in an extraordinary Manner, which he returned but faintly: He had sent for Lord *Albertus*, and wished for his coming every Moment, but Fate had decreed that he should come too late to serve him; for this Lady's Husband had for a long Time been jealous of her, but could never make a full Discovery of her Falshood; till she stole the Child, which she was extremely fond of, and visited daily, in her Chair, when she went to Church in the Morning, which she seldom omitted; her Lord had employed one of his Domesticks to watch her, and imagined the Child was hers, she never having had any by him, and now he waited only to discover the hated Man who had thus dishonoured him: And this was no hard Matter to do, for Monsieur *De Lorme's* Lodgings were not far off, thither she was dodged, and soon followed by her enraged Lord: Her Lover and she were seated on the Bed, when he entered the Room, his Servants having secured the Doors below; he was masked, armed with Sword and Pistols, and said no more but, Have I found you, Strumpet? thou shalt

shalt die to repair my lost Honour: At these Words, he discharged a Pistol at her Breast, and mortally wounded her, and then, before Monsieur *De Lorme* could rise to defend himself, he ran him quite through the Body, and so left them dying on the Bed, weltering in their Blood; locking the Door, he retreated to his Coach, which having six Horses soon carried him out of *Paris*, and he got to *Calais* and crossed over to *England*, before any Pursuit was made after him; and soon after returned to *France*, such Interest being made for him, that he was not prosecuted: The Fact could not possibly be proved upon him, being masked, and his Servants were not present to see it. But now to return to the dying Lovers: Lord *Albertus*, who was engaged with some Company when the Messenger came from Monsieur *De Lorme*, which prevented his coming sooner, now came, and entering the Chamber saw this tragick Scene; *Silvia* was near expiring, but Monsieur *De Lorme* was not; she made a shift to tell where she had placed the Child, and how she got Possession of it, so bewailing her Crimes, she expired before a Priest could come to assist her in her last dreadful Moments of Life: Thus the Divine Providence, as a just Punishment for her enormous Crime, snatched her away in a Moment unprepared for Death; but Monsieur *De Lorme* lived till the next Morning, and had Time to fit himself for his Change; in order to which, Lord *Albertus* and the good Cordelier attended, and assisted him in all they were able. The Lady's Body being put into a Chair was carried to her own Home, so secretly, that nothing of the Adventure was known, but the Family gave out she died suddenly, and she was privately interred in

the Vault of the Family. - Monsieur *De Lorme* was reported to be dead of a Wound he received in a Rencounter he had in the Street with some Thieves the Night before. And thus the Honour of the Family was preserved, till Time brought the Truth to Light.

Monsieur *De Lorme*, before he died, wrote a very tender Letter to *Violante*; on the Receipt of it from Lord *Albertus*'s Hands, who carried it to her, she sent for her Guardians to the Convent, declared her Marriage, gave the Child into their Hands, renounced the World, and became a Religious; leading a most holy Life till her Death, which was two Years after Monsieur *De Lorme*; all that Time she languished of a Consumption, which doubtless Grief brought upon her: The Child lived, and was carefully bred up by her Guardians. And this tragick Accident confirmed Lord *Albertus* in his Dislike to the World, and much conduced to his renouncing of it.

C H A P. II.

LORD *Albertus* had also another Acquaintance, the Count *D'Olone*, a fine young Gentleman, but one of the most inconstant Tempers that ever Man was of; he was very handsom, very accomplished, and very rich, which gave him the Means of gaining a great many fine Ladies; and it was his ambitious Nature to strive to conquer wherever he found Resistance, and to bear no Rival in any Woman's Favour which he had once possessed, though he himself was grown to neglect her: This occasioned him often to return to the Mistress he had quitted, and renew his fond Caresses, till he

he had driven away his Rival, so that his whole Life was taken up in amorous Intrigues. At last, it was his Fortune to cast his Eyes upon a Citizen's Daughter at *Paris*, who was a perfect Beauty, and had a vast deal of Wit, together with a good Fortune: He soon made his Addresses to her, and tried all his accustomed Arts to gain her, not for a Wife, for she was not of a Birth suitable to his, and he was a professed Enemy to Marriage, but for a Mistress; but he found more Difficulty than he expected, for the fair *Olympia* was sensible of her own Merit, had a numerous Train of Adorers, and thought herself good enough to be Wife to a Man of his Quality: Her Resistance pleased him, and augmented his Passion for her, so that he redoubled his Assiduity. Love and Glory now inflamed his Soul, and he could not suffer the Thought, that any of his Rivals should gain her, and rob him of the matchless Maid: Never before had he found Beauty, Wit, and Virtue so strongly united. *Olympia* now reigned sole Mistress of his Heart, and he must either possess her, or die; his whole Days and Nights were employed in her Service, the most magnificent Presents were sought for, and given to the charming *Olympia*, and she was carried to every Diversion; nay, he was so jealous lest any Rival should get a Moment's Audience in his Absence, that he could scarce leave her an Hour. Poor *Olympia* vainly flattered herself, that he would at last marry her, and unawares grew fond of him, and her other Lovers now were treated with a kind of Disdain, which soon let the happy Count into the pleasing Secret that he was beloved; and a Man so well skilled in the Art of Love, failed not soon to make an Advantage

Advantage of her Weakness, he redoubled his Attacks to gain her Heart, and carried her often to a Country Seat which he had about three Leagues from *Paris*, there he used to give her magnificent Treats; and thus she grew to put an intire Confidence in him, and had no Apprehensions of any Danger in his Company: (Thus foolish Women are betray'd by their own Vanity, and Confidence in that designing, faithless Sex, who study only their own Satisfaction, and despise whatever they possess.) The Count now resolved to ruin the unwary Maid, and having one Evening carried her, as usual, to his Country Seat, with a young Woman who waited on her, for she never went alone with him thither; he first regaled them magnificently, and then took them into the Gardens to walk, where in a fine banquetting House, where the Painting made it altogether delightful, and the murmuring Fountains near it, where artificial Organ-Pipes, and Flutes played by the Water, with warbling Swans and Syrens in the Basons, rendered this Place one of the most sweet and enchanting Retreats in Nature; here they sat down, and here he treated them with some of the most delicious Fruits and Wines *France* could furnish, passing the Time in amorous Chat, till he had gained his Ends, for he had, unperceived, put a stupifying Draught in some Wine that he had given *Olympia* and her Attendant, so that they both fell asleep, and he took her gently in his Arms, and carried her to his own Bed, where she lay in a profound Sleep till the next Morning; her Servant was also put to Bed, and waked not to look after the ruined *Olympia*, who in vain lamented her Misfortune, while her Lover strove to comfort and appease her.

her. But Love is a powerful Advocate, and the Day was passed in amorous toying. *Olympia's* Father and Mother were dead, she was Mistress of herself and Fortune: They returned to *Paris*, Grief wore off, and our pleased Lovers secretly enjoyed their stolen Pleasures; the Count's Passion seemed daily to increase for her, and her Fondness for him, yet the World did not guess that things were gone so far, nor did he desire they should: She prest him often to marry her, but he always turned the Discourse with Raillery. She was still visited by Lovers, some of whom were really in Love with her Person and Sense; others, who were her Equals, sought to possess both her and her Fortune, Love and Interest uniting to engage their Affections; she received them all very civilly, and the Count's Character of being the most inconstant Man living, was so well known, and her Virtue and Reputation so well established in the Opinion of the World, that they all concluded, that the Count would be at last weary of following her, and pursue some other: In this Hope they continued their Addresses to her, which made her, and her happy Lover Diversion, and continued his Affection for her: Thus they lived happy for some Months, Jealousy blowing the Flames of Love; but at last the Rival Lovers grew weary, and gave over the Pursuit, too plainly perceiving that the Count was preferred before them; and he, thus secured of his Conquest, grew less warm, and began to treat her with less Fondness, till at length his Visits were short, and he could stay whole Days and Nights away. The wretched *Olympia* now too late began to see her Misfortune, and used all Means to keep her ungrateful Lover; she
wept,

wept, and reproached, embraced, and caressed him, used all the tender Arts Love could inspire, but in vain; he still loved her, 'tis true, but not with that Ardour as when he feared losing her; no more Rivals appearing, he grew dull and remiss; he was no longer in Pain when he was absent from his Mistress, nor much transported when he came to her. This surprized her more than if he had quite abandoned her, and his Indifference distracted her: Things were in this State between our Lovers, when one of her first Admirers, who still retained his Passion for her, perceiving the Count to slacken his Visits to her, returned to court her, and was not ill received; for now she was sensible of her Misfortune, and would have been glad to find a Husband to hide her Shame, and establish her in the World; for though she loved the Count beyond Expression, yet she perceived his Passion decayed, nor had she any Hopes that he would ever marry her: But he soon grew alarmed at the frequent Visits of this Rival to her, and renewed his Fondness, and Protestations of eternal Fidelity and Affection; nor would he leave her a Moment: So that in a few Days his Rival finding himself thus supplanted, left her for good, and went and married another. The Count thus quit of his Rival, grew cold and negligent as before: This amazed *Olympia*, who thus reasoned with herself; ' Is it Love
' or Ambition that possesses my Lover's Soul,
' and must I still be obliged to permit the Ad-
' dresses of some other Lover to recover his
' Love, and by Jealousy secure his Affection?
' I find I must either resolve to always enter-
' tain a Rival to him, or else do something very
' extraordinary, to convince him that I merit all
his

his Thoughts and Attention; 'tis resolved, I will declare my Thoughts to him, and, if possible, shame him into Constancy.' Thus determined, the Count came that Evening, and *Olympia* made him such tender Reproaches, that he asked Pardon, and promised to offend no more, protesting that he loved her at all times with the utmost Ardour, but seemed less passionate sometimes, because no Occasion presenting to take her Love and Company from him, he had no Opportunity to shew it in so extraordinary a Manner, but that for the future, since she liked best to see him passionate and fond, he would put no Constraint upon himself to govern his Passion: In fine, the Quarrel ended in Embraces, and for some Time they lived easy; but her extreme Fondness soon cloyed the inconstant Lover, and he came but seldom to see her, and made many Pretences to go out of Town, and stay'd sometimes a Week in the Country. This drove the faithful *Olympia* almost to Despair; she writ many Letters to him full of bitter Reproaches, and such tender moving Professions of her Affection to him, that he could not find any Excuse for his Baseness, or refuse to see her; and when he came, she fell upon his Neck, and bathed his blushing Cheeks with Tears: This quite confounded him, so that at last he resolved to get rid of her altogether, in a noble Way. He had a Kinsman, as nobly born and bred as himself, and one who had indeed more good Sense than himself, and as fine a Person, but in point of Fortune much his Inferior, so that he had a great Dependence on the Count; his Name was Monsieur de Tourville, he lived with the Count, and expected to be his Heir, believing he would never marry:

This

This Gentleman he pitched on to make a Husband to *Olympia*, if he could but bring it about : So he made Friends with her, and renewed his Visits as at first, sometimes bringing his Kinsman with him to Breakfast or Supper, or to play at Cards, often leaving him and her alone, pretending Business for an Hour or two : By this Means they soon became intimate, and *Olympia's* Beauty ensnared the unwary Youth, so that he began to long for her Company, was restless elsewhere, grew pensive, and shunn'd Company, the true Symptoms of that fond Passion, Love. The Count soon perceived the Change, and secretly rejoic'd to see his Plot succeed so well : And now Monsieur *de Tourville* began to give *Olympia* some Knowledge of his Passion, and by a hundred Gallantries made known that he would make her his Wife ; so well he loved, and so little suspected her Virtue with his Kinsman, who, he thought, honourably loved her, as himself ; telling her, that if she was pre-engaged to him, he would desist, and die in Silence. To which she still gave but little answer ; at last he revealed his Mind to the Count, who seem'd much pleased, and professed a noble Friendship for the Lady, but declared that he had no Engagements with her ; nay more, he offered to settle some Part of his Fortune on his Kinsman, to facilitate the Match, and to present him to her himself, as his Choice for her. He did so ; but no Tongue or Pen can express *Olympia's* Surprise, and Disorder at this Proposal : The Count gave her no Time to reflect, but pressed the Matter so home to her, and with such seeming Satisfaction, that she at last, urged by Despair and Rage, accepted the Offer. The transported Lover fell at
her

her Feet, blessed his Kinsman, and in all his Actions so fully shewed a Man truly in Love, that she could not make any doubt of his Sincerity. Mean Time the Count, triumphing, yielded up the fair One, and idly fancied he should feel no Regret at parting with her: He left the Lover with her, and went to prepare for the Wedding, which was to be performed at his House. 'Twas late e're Monsieur *de Tourville* left his Mistress's Lodgings, but she was no sooner left alone, than she abandoned herself to Grief, for she, alas, loved the faithless Count, and felt all the racking Tortures Love and Despair occasion in the Breasts of desponding Lovers; and being seated on her conscious Bed, where he so often had clasped her in his Arms, and swore so many solemn Oaths and Vows, never to part with her, she wrung her Hands and beat her Breast, called on his perjured Name, and wept a Flood of Tears, then flying to her Closet, she took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and writ the following Lines to him.

To the faithless, ungrateful D'Olone.

‘ GOOD Heavens, is it possible, that you,
 ‘ cruel, ungrateful *Antonio*, can thus sacrifice
 ‘ the wretched, undone *Olympia* to another?
 ‘ Must I be torn from you by your own cruel
 ‘ Hands? and must my Shame be discovered, and
 ‘ my Life accurst by your Means alone, you who
 ‘ ruined and undid me by your hellish Arts? Ah,
 ‘ why must I still love thee, and doat upon the
 ‘ Man who studies only my Destruction? ’Tis
 ‘ in vain to pretend that your Designs are for my
 ‘ Good, and that you would procure for me (since
 ‘ you

' you like me no longer) a nobler Husband; no,
 ' Villain, dear perjured *Antonio*, I know thee too
 ' well, thou dost now hate and despise me, yet
 ' believe me, thy Soul will shake when I give
 ' my Hand to another. And then when I can
 ' be no longer thine, thou wilt grow mad, and
 ' Remorse and Love will rend thy tortured Brain;
 ' but hear me, by the bright Powers above, who
 ' are Witnesses to thy perjured Vows, I swear, that
 ' I will not only wed, but be faithful to the in-
 ' jured, honest Gentleman that marries me, and
 ' never see thee more alone, although thy Life
 ' depended on one Moment's Conversation with
 ' me. Oh! e're it is too late, save both thyself
 ' and me from utter Ruin and Despair, or I shall
 ' be mad at last, and act some monstrous Deed.
 ' Farewel, think on the miserable

' Olympia.'

This done, she went not to Bed, but passed
 the Night in Tears: Next Morning she sent this
 Letter by her Waiting-Maid to the Count, who
 was rising with his Kinsman; so that he never
 read it, but only took and put it into his Pocket.
 In few Hours after, he and his Kinsman went
 to *Olympia's*, whom they found in Bed, much
 indisposed; but the Count soon took Leave, rallied
 her Sickness, and leaving the Lover with her,
 went to prepare for the Wedding-Feast against
 the next Day. And now *Olympia* grew calm
 and resigned, wiped away her Tears, and resolved
 to conquer the fond Passion that had undone her,
 and to transmit all her Esteem to him, who was
 going to make her happy. So she rose, and en-
 tertained him kindly: In fine, she got up early
 the next Morning, and was dressed as a Bride,
 and

and readily went into the Count's Coach, with a young Lady her Bridegroom's Sister, who came along with the Count and her Brother to fetch her to the Count's, in whose Chapel she was married to Monsieur *de Tourville*, in the Presence of several of his Friends, whom he had invited. But whilst she stood before the Altar, the Count beheld her with such Disorder, as Words cannot express; for she appeared now more beautiful than ever to his Eyes, all his Love revived; and when he heard the fatal Words fall from her Tongue, which gave her to another, the cold Sweat trickled down his pale Cheeks, and his Limbs all shivered; and had he not drop'd down in a Swoon, he had certainly stopp'd the Ceremony, and expos'd himself and her.

This the justly incens'd *Olympia* saw, and saw with Pleasure; nay, she shew'd not the least Concern, but the Ceremony being ended, received the usual Compliments of all the Company with Smiles. Mean Time the Count was carried away to his Chamber, and laid upon his Bed, more dead than alive. Soon after the Bride and Bridegroom, attended with all the Company, returned to the Hall. And Monsieur *de Tourville*, who was much concerned at his Kinsman's sudden Illness, ran up to his Chamber, rais'd him from his Bed, and perswaded him to come down, being something recovered; but he now beheld Monsieur *de Tourville* with Hatred, as an odious Rival, and could not support the Thoughts of his enjoying *Olympia*; yet he faintly welcomed the Company, and entertained them nobly: But Death seem'd painted in his Face, and his Eyes, which sparkled with Rage and Despair, were continually fixed upon *Olympia*, in whose Face appeared so little
2 Concern,

Concern, that he was almost out of his Senses, and scarce knew how to govern himself.

The Entertainment was splendid, and the Conversation very pleasant, suiting the Occasion; though all the Company remarked his Concern, and in particular the Bridegroom, who triumphed in himself, that he had gotten Possession of the fair One and her Fortune; neither did he in the least suppose that any criminal Conversation had passed between his Bride and the Count; but imagined, that he really loved her, and fool'd himself in parting with her. Dinner being ended, dancing was proposed, Musick and Mirth filled the House, and no body was sad but the distracted Lover, who retired to his Closet, and there walked up and down torn by a thousand racking Thoughts. He now called to Mind all the happy Minutes they had passed together, and how he betrayed her Innocence, how faithful and tender she had been to him, and how ill he had used her, by so often slighting of her: In fine, the vile Deed he had done to force her to marry another, and the base Injury he did, in giving a Woman he had himself seduced, to his noble Kinsman. Thus Remorse, Despair, and Love divided his tortured Soul, and made him long in Doubt what to resolve, to remedy the Ills he had done: At last, grown faint with Passion and excessive Thinking, he sat pensive down upon a Couch, and there, with folded Arms and deep fetched Sighs, bewailed his Folly; then resolved that *Olympia* should never be enjoyed by another, but that he would prevent the Bridegroom for that Night, and send him far from thence next Day: In order to which, he went down, and appeared more gay, danced and entertained the Company very

very handsomly, and at Supper took Care to ply the Bridegroom with Wine. When they rose from Table, they fell again to Dancing; so that it was three o'Clock in the Morning before it was propos'd to put the Bride to Bed; by which Time the Bridegroom was dead drunk; besides the Count had put a stupifying Draught into a Glass of Wine, that quite benumb'd his Senses. The Bride was put to Bed, and next the senseless Bridegroom was laid by her Side. And now all the Company retiring to Rest, the Count, who had contriv'd to lay the new married Couple in a Chamber joining to his own, into which he could enter by a Closet where there was a private Door behind the Arras-Hangings, entered the Chamber in his Night-Gown and Shirt, his drawn Sword in his Hand, and stealing to the Bed-side lift up the Bed-Clothes, and stole into Bed, clasping *Olympia*, whom Grief had thrown into a Slumber, fast in his Arms; on which she waked in a Surprize, thinking it had been her Bridegroom, but was soon undeceived, when in a soft Voice he told her, ' No, my dear *Olympia*, start not, nor fly the Embraces of thy well known *Antonio*, who comes to rescue thee from his hated Rival's Arms; 'tis I who could not bear to think another should possess thee.' At these Words she fell in Tears, and pleaded the Danger, and the Crime, but all in vain; he vowed and swore, that Death should be his Rival's Portion, if she waked him: And thus they pass'd the Night. When Day brake, fearing he should wake, though stupified with Opium, he stole back to his Chamber, put on his Clothes, and called the Servants up; then causing the Musick to play under the Windows, with Drums and Trumpets,

Trumpets, rouzed the Company, and went strait to the Bridal-Chamber, and called the sleepy stupefied Bridegroom up, who was in the utmost Confusion in his own Thoughts, being sensible how drunk he went to Bed, a Thing he was not used to do. Breakfast was served up, and the Bride came forth, who wisely hid her Grief at what had passed. And now to accomplish all, the Count, who had an Uncle at *Rome*, an Ecclesiastick immensely rich, whose Heir he was designed to be, had forged a Letter, which he pretended to have just received, being called forth from the Company by a Servant, as he had ordered. This Letter was to inform him, that his Uncle was at the Point of Death, and that he must either come himself, or send some trusty Friend to take Care of his Affairs there with all Speed, or else he would be greatly wronged. The Count seemed much concerned, and in a great Trouble what to do, pretending that it was impossible for him to go himself, by reason of his Command in the Army, having a Regiment: In fine, after many Apologies, he intreated his Kinsman to go for him, who could no ways refuse him, though very unwilling to leave his Bride; but his Dependance on the Count was very great, and that, joined with the late Obligation he had laid upon him, in facilitating his Marriage with *Olympia*, and giving him an Addition to his Fortune, was such, that he was forced to yield to his Request. So he charged him with Letters to all his Friends at *Rome*, particularly to a Cardinal, who was his intimate Friend, desiring him to entertain, and if possible prevent his Return, by giving him some handsom Employ there, for Reasons he would give him by another Opportunity.

This

This done, he presented a Purse of Gold to his Kinsman, and sent him away, attended only by one Servant. And now he began to recover his usual Gaiety, which all the Company took Notice of, nor was Monsieur de Tourville insensible, for he could not but make Reflections on the Count's Conduct; but he thought *Olympia* virtuous, and that he was mad in Love with her; yet he feared lest she would not be long so, having observed how little Concern she shewed at his leaving her. In fine, his Soul was racked with a thousand Doubts and Fears, yet he wisely pursued his Journey, resolving not to lose his Kinsman's Friendship for a Woman, but to secure his Fortune, and to make *Rome* his Abode, if his Reception there was good. And now the Count entertained the Company in his stead, and the greatest Part of the Night was spent in Dancing and Mirth, till *Olympia* retired to Bed; then the Company withdrew, and the amorous Count flew to her Arms. And thus they lived for some Time; during which, Monsieur de Tourville reached *Rome*, presented his Letter to the Cardinal, who received him very kindly, and soon got him a good Post. As for the Count's Uncle, he was very well in Health, and Monsieur de Tourville easily guessed the Trick his Kinsman had put upon him, and sent several Letters to *Olympia* to come to him; but always received Answers full of Excuses, sometimes she was indisposed, at others she could not think of such a Journey, unless he came to fetch her. At last, being now pretty well established in the World, and inwardly vexed at his Kinsman's Baseness to him, he resolved to fetch her; mean Time the Count having no Rival to fear, grew cool in

his Affection to *Olympia* as usual, and began to neglect her. This opened her Eyes to see her own Folly, and she began to think seriously of the Misery of such a way of Life. ‘Alas, said she, expostulating with herself, what a Wretch am I, to love the Man that ruined me, and then was so base as to force me to marry another; yet even then I might have been happy, had I renounced all farther Converse with him, and been faithful to my Husband. I will no longer pursue my Ruin, I will quit the cruel, unkind *Antonio* for ever, let the Event be ever so fatal to us both, I will fly to *Rome* and leave him. ’Tis resolved, and if my injured Husband won’t receive me, a Convent shall; there I’ll make my Peace with Heaven, and hide my Shame.’ These were often her Thoughts when alone, and at last she put them in Practice; for she one Morning rose before Day, having packed up what Habit and Money she thought she should want; and taking only her Maid along with her, she took Coach for *Italy*; leaving a Letter for the Count, which was carried to him the next Morning after she left her Home, and upon opening it he found these Words:

To the faithless, inconstant Antonio.

‘MUST I again reproach you, cruel *Antonio*, with Coldness and Unkindness, you were not content to ruin me, but must sacrifice me to another; nor did your Cruelty end there, you could not leave me to sit down in Peace with him, where I might at least have died with Honour, if Reason and Gratitude could not have conquered that fatal Affection that I still have

' have for you: No, you must double my Tor-
 ' ments, and my Shame, convince the World
 ' how little you esteemed me, by giving me to
 ' another, and yet fool me, with Shews of the
 ' most tender Affection and Despair, that e'er
 ' Deceiver used to ruin a fond believing Wo-
 ' man. But now I am at last awaked from this
 ' fatal Lethargy, and resolved to end our un-
 ' happy Friendship; I will never see *France* nor
 ' you again, I am going to *Rome* to my wronged
 ' Husband, and if he won't receive me, I will
 ' throw myself into a Convent, and try to finish
 ' my unhappy Life in Peace. Remember me no
 ' more, but in your Prayers for Pardon and Mer-
 ' cy for us both; and I will try, if possible, to
 ' do the same by you. Adieu for ever, most be-
 ' loved, and most ungrateful of Mankind.

' *Olympia*!

The Count was in Bed when he received this
 Letter, but no Pen, or Tongue can express the
 Distraction of his Mind; his Love again revived,
 and it was Racks and Wheels to think another
 should possess *Olympia*: He leaped out of Bed,
 was dressed in a Moment, called for his Coach,
 and drove to her Lodgings full speed, to see if
 she was gone, hoping to prevent her; and when
 he found her absent, behaved himself like a
 Madman, and abused the Servants, who were all
 before discharged, and packing up the Goods to
 be sent after her: Returning Home, he that very
 Night put his Affairs in Order to leave *France*,
 and the next Morning took Coach for *Italy*, at-
 tended only by three Servants; having got Leave
 to be absent from his Regiment for six Months;
 and all his Hopes were now to overtake and bring

her back. In five Days he overtook the Stage-Coach in which she was, where she appeared deeply melancholy, and seemed unmoved at the Sight of him : He approached the Coach with such Confusion and Tenderness in his Eyes, that it was easy to see his Concern for her, and intreated her to come into his Coach ; pretending, before the Company, that their Meeting was accidental, and that they were Relations : But she modestly refused so long, till at last she was constrained to accept of the Offer, and so she was obliged to enter his Coach, with her Maid, taking their Portmanteau out of the Stage-Coach ; at which he was transported, and driving to the next Inn, alighted, and taking her into a Room alone, tried all the Arts, and Force of Love and Eloquence, to persuade her from her Resolution of going to *Rome* ; but in vain : They passed that Day and Night there, which he passed most Part of at her Feet ; but *Olympia* now was changed, and grown inflexible, no Prayers, no Tears, or Protestations could prevail ; Grace and Reason had convinced her of her former Folly, and she was a true Convert to Virtue. These were new Charms to fire his Soul ; and he swore never to part with her till Death should free her from him : And being both thus resolved, he carried her to *Rome*, to her Husband, whose Death he was secretly resolved upon, determining to get him dispatched, that he might marry *Olympia* ; and it may be easily believed, that Monsieur *de Tourville* received his Wife but very coldly, considering who brought her : for he imagined that her unexpected Visit to him was occasioned by her having got a great Belly, and as a Means to hide her Crime ; so he thanked the
Count

Count for his Care of her, and ordered an Apartment for her to lye in, for he never designed to let her lye in his: And here she lived like a Recluse, eating alone, and never stirring abroad but to Church; the Count often visited her, but she frequently refused to see him, and was continually in Tears, and in fine, behaved herself in such a Manner, that her Husband began to have favourable Thoughts of her, and sometimes passed an Hour or two in her Apartment, nay used to bring some Company to visit her; and her Beauty and Wit soon gained her Friends and Admirers. Mean Time the Count languished with Love, and Despair, and cursed his own unhappy Conduct that had undone them, and he would gladly have picked a Quarrel with his Kinsman, but that would have been to ruin all his future Designs; for if he died by his Hand, he could never possess *Olympia*, and a Rival was all he wished, that he might use his Sword to get rid of him; and this he wanted not long, for a Gentleman of *Rome*, the Count *Don Joseph de Patino*, a Man in Years, but very handsom, vastly rich, and never married; being very intimate with Monsieur *de Tourville*, soon became so with his Wife, and the most noble and honourable Friendship grew between this unfortunate Lady and him, that ever was betwixt a Man and Woman. It must be considered that she was very much discontented, doubtless, to see herself so slighted by her Husband, and to reflect on her own hapless Condition, for she still loved the Count as at first, and laboured to subdue that Passion; and she was very sensible that her Fame was blemished in the Eyes of the World, and that she was continually exposed to the Importunities of the Man she loved: Racked

by these various Thoughts, she was glad to find a Man of Honour, and a noble Friend to comfort her, and such was this brave *Italian*, for he was taken with her Charms, but had no ill Design upon her Virtue, and pitied her Misfortune, in having an unkind Husband: He very well saw that the Count was mad in Love with her, but from her Conduct believed that she was virtuous, and grew so fond of her Company, that he came every Day to pass some Hours with her, and frequently carried her abroad in his Coach in the Evenings, to take the Air. Mean Time the Count losing all Opportunities of being alone with *Olympia*, grew almost distracted, and writ the most passionate Letters Man could invent, but got no Answer. *Olympia* so well profited by the excellent Advice and virtuous Lessons that the Count *de Patino* gave her, that she was a perfect Votary to Virtue, and resolved to have no more to say to the Man who had been her Ruin: So the Count finding that there was no Way to regain *Olympia*, but by ridding himself of both the Husband and Rival, resolved to set them together by the Ears, and began to shew more Friendship than ever to *Monsieur de Tourville*; for whom he soon got a better Post, and took an Opportunity one Day, when they were alone together, to open himself freely to his Kinsman in this Manner:

‘ Cousin, *says he*, you cannot but be sensible how
‘ well I love you, my Conduct has shewn it; as
‘ for your Wife, I own I had once a Passion for
‘ her, and I know the World has censured her
‘ Conduct with me, but she does not deserve it,
‘ for I always found her deaf to all Intreaties of
‘ a criminal Kind, and therefore adored her;
‘ but now I must trust you with a Secret: I am
‘ a Man

‘ a Man unfit for the married State, and therefore
 ‘ gave her to you, my dearest Friend, hoping by
 ‘ that Means to have her Conversation and yours
 ‘ without Scandal to her; this is the Reason of
 ‘ my coming hither with her, but now, to my
 ‘ great Surprize and eternal Grief, I fear we have
 ‘ both found a Rival in her Affection, and such
 ‘ a one as dishonours your Bed; for alas, when
 ‘ you are absent, and I come here to pass an
 ‘ Hour or two, I find them always together, and
 ‘ can too easily perceive how unwelcome I am;
 ‘ in short, ’tis needless for me to enter into far-
 ‘ ther Particulars of all I have observed betwixt
 ‘ them. Though I would fain persuade myself
 ‘ that she is still virtuous, yet ’tis too likely she
 ‘ will not long continue so, if you do not re-
 ‘ move this Rival from her Sight.’ With these,
 and such like Discourses, he inflamed the jealous
 Husband, who gave but too much Credit to the
 latter Part of his Discourse, and little to the first,
 for he very well saw, that the Count was as jea-
 lous of *Olympia* as he was, and doubted not
 but he had been as free with her before he had
 her, as ever the Count *Joseph* could be now, and
 therefore wished to be rid of them all three; but
 though he loved not *Olympia*, yet he could not
 bear to be pointed at, and for that Reason, the
 next time he came, he told the Count *Joseph*,
 that he desired him to desist from visiting his
 Wife, and commanded her to be seen no more
 with him: The Count was highly incensed at such
 a Treatment, and such sharp Words ensued, that
 the Swords were drawn, and Monsieur *de Tour-*
ville was run through the Body, and so unfortu-
 nately died on the Spot; and Count *Joseph* was
 wounded in the right Arm and Breast, and obliged

for his own Security to fly *Rome*, having only Time to say to the distracted *Olympia*, who was fallen from her Chair in a Swoon, and had just recovered her Senses; Farewel, my dear *Olympia*, quit the World, and give the Remainder of your unfortunate Life to God, if you will avoid being the most unhappy of all Women: I will not cease to pray for you, and I thought to have made you my Wife, but Fate has prevented it, since your Husband died by my Hand, tho' in my own Defense, for that Hand can never be joined with yours, but my Fortune you shall command if you have occasion for it. At these Words he left the Room, and going into his Coach, which waited to carry him and *Olympia* abroad, drove to a Convent, where he took Sanctuary, and in three Days died of his Wounds. All this tragick Action was a Secret to the Family, till *Olympia's* Lamentations reaching the Servants Ears, brought them to the Parlour, where they saw their Master lying dead on the Floor, and weltering in his Blood, his Sword lying all bloody by his Side, and they very well knew that Count *Patino* was all that Afternoon with their Lady, and therefore easily guessed who had done this fatal Deed; which *Olympia* soon confirmed, by relating all that had passed between her dead Husband and him, before they fought: The Servants stood all amazed, and fearing to come into Trouble themselves, ran out into the Street and called in the Neighbours; the Officers of Justice soon followed, and seized *Olympia*, whose Reputation was not very good before, upon the Count *D'Olone's* account, and they carried her to Prison, she seeming so overwhelmed with Grief, that she took no manner of notice
what

what they did with her, nor did she make any Defense, or speak one Word in her own Behalf: No body attended her to the Prison but her Waiting-woman, the faithful Confident of all her Actions, and Officers were placed in the House, to take care of the dead Body, and Effects. During this fatal Transaction, the Count *D'Olone* was rid out to take the Air, and returned not to *Rome* till late at Night, when he called at Monsieur *de Tourville's* as he was going home, and there learned the bad News; though he was, doubtless, glad to hear of the Death of his Rival, yet that Joy was dashed by *Olympia's* being imprisoned, and his Conscience reproached him, as the Cause of the too credulous *Tourville's* Death. He went home in great Disorder, and never closed his Eyes all Night, then he rose very early in the Morning, and went to the Prison to visit *Olympia*, but was refused it, the Magistrates having ordered that no Person should be admitted to speak with her, till she had been again examined, and this put him out of all Patience; so he drove to the Cardinal's his Kinsman, who was not yet out of Bed, and he no sooner approached his Bed-side, but he began to relate his Grief for *Olympia*; and sitting down on the Bed, used many Intreaties to prevail with his Eminence to use his Interest for her: But he chid him severely for keeping Company with that bad Woman, who had now been the Death of one brave Man, and in all Likelihood of two, for Count *Joseph* was said to be given over by the Surgeons; so he reproved the Count very sharply, and protested that he would not meddle in the Affair, but sent him away very much dejected: And now he began to see the Folly of all wicked

Undertakings, but too late, and his Grief and Despair was almost insupportable. In three Days Count *Joseph* died, much lamented by all that knew him: Before he died he did all that was possible to clear *Olympia's* Innocence; so that Monsieur *de Tourville* being buried by the Count his Kinsman, and all the Effects he left sold, and turned into ready Money, in a Month's Time, *Olympia* was sentenced to be banished *Rome* and *Italy* for ever, and so discharged from her Confinement. The Count, who had been very active in her Preservation, received her with the utmost Transports, for he thought now she would be either his Mistress or Wife, with Joy; but found himself deceived, for having modestly thanked him for his Care of her, she declared her Resolutions of leaving the World, in Terms so pious, and so moving, that he stood for some Time like a Man Planet-struck: ' Why are you
' thus surprized, my Lord, *said she*, is it strange,
' that after I have met with such Misfortunes, I
' should grow out of Love with the World? In
' you I behold the Cause of all my Unhappiness;
' you have been the evil Genius that hath misled
' me into all the Paths of Sin and Misery; Religion, Fame, and Duty, oblige me to leave
' the World, and we are the Cause of one another's
' Crimes, for you could not suffer me to enjoy
' neither a Husband, nor a Friend, and now no
' Way is left but this one, to secure my Peace
' here and hereafter: Marriage is hateful between
' such as you and I; my Husband's Blood cries
' out against you, and I cannot wed his Murderer;
' for though another's Sword destroyed him, yet
' you were the subtle Fiend that poisoned his
' Soul with Jealousy, and spurr'd him on to execute
' your

'your Revenge.' She would have pursued her Discourse, had not Grief stifled her Words; yet he pleaded all that Love could inspire to no Purpose: In fine, she left him, and entered a Convent of *Benedictine* Nuns, which she gave all her Fortune to, and lived a most exemplary Life for three Years, at the End of which she died of a Fever, and was much regretted, and esteemed so that her Memory is revered: And the Count, the very Morning she went into the Convent, left *Rome*, and set out for *France* in the utmost Despair; where being arrived, after lying sick at *Turin* for three Months, he sent for Lord *Albertus*, and acquainted him with all that had befallen him since he left *France*, seeming very penitent: So he comforted him all he was able, advising him to live virtuously for the future, and they agreed to travel together into *Spain* and *Germany*, and to visit all the Places of Note and Devotion.

C H A P. III.

LORD *Albertus* and the Count *D'Olone* having thus determined to travel, being provided of all Things necessary for a long Journey, having no Design to return to *France* for some Years, set out for *Spain*; and having visited all the Places of Note in the Way, arrived at *Madrid*, where they resolved to stay for some Months: Here they got many good Acquaintance, and among the rest that of a young Nobleman, the only Son of the Marquis *de Mirandolo*, his Name was Don *Francisco*, Count of *Guapusco*; he was a Person of great Accomplishments, young and handsom, and a great Friendship was soon contracted.

tracted between him, the Lord *Albertus*, and Count *D'Olone*: This Lord had a secret Amour with a married Lady in *Madrid*, and used to visit her at a Country Villa where she often retired to in the Summer; there he often passed the Nights with her, her Husband, who was a very rich old Officer, seldom coming to Bed to her, and often staying behind at *Madrid*. One Night, as the Lover was sleeping in his Mistress's Arms, they were waked by a Noise in the Gardens; the Count ran to the Window, and saw four Men masked under the Balcony, to which they had fixed a Ladder: He quickly slipped on his Clothes, and supposing them Thieves, took his Sword and Pistols, and ran to the Balcony Doors, which he heard them trying to break open, but he presently threw the Doors open, and discharged his Pistols at them, killed the Man that was foremost, and wounded another; both he and they had dark Lanthorns, by the Light of which he discovered that the Man he had killed was his Mistress's Husband, his Vizard dropping off as he fell; the other three fled in Haste, leaving the Ladder behind them: And now being greatly alarmed, hearing all the Servants rising, who were awaked by the Noise of the Pistol's going off, he prepared to fly to some Place of Security, to avoid Discovery; and taking Leave of the Lady, having agreed to write to her, to let her know the Place of his Retreat, he took a dark Lanthorn and descended the Ladder, hastening through the Garden, and so got to his Horse, which his Gentleman held near the Garden Gate in the Grove, and being mounted, instead of going back to *Madrid*, he went twenty Miles farther into the Country, to a Place called *Alcala*, where he entered

tered an Inn, in which he passed the Remainder of the next Day; and, it being Sunday, he went in the Evening to Church, there he saw a Merchant's Daughter, a Maid of fifteen Years of Age, fair as *Venus*, and beautiful as Nature e'er form'd; Virtue and Innocence shone in her angelick Face, and for her Shape, it equalled all the rest: In fine, his Soul was seized with a most violent Passion for her; her Mother, who was antient, was along with her, and he sent his Gentleman to follow them home, who brought him Word back, that her Name was *Anna Eudoxia Calaborra*, that her Father was a rich Merchant of *Seville*, who had left trading, and retired with his Wife, and this his only Daughter and Child, to sit down and enjoy his Wealth; that he was a great Humourist, and extremely covetous, and had refused many advantageous Matches for his Daughter, because he would not part with any Fortune to her during his Life; that he abhorred the Name of *Quality*, having had some Losses by several of the Nobility, so that he had declared, that he would never marry her but to a Tradesman; nor did he much care to part with her at all, but if he did it should be for Money, let the Man be never so old, or disagreeable; and he almost starved his Family, which consisted of only two old Servants, a Man and a Maid, himself, Wife, and Daughter: The House he lived in was his own, little and very neat, and the Furniture was rich, for he had purchased the Spoils of others, and lent no Money but at 30 *per Cent.* Usury: Bread, Onions, Poor Jack, Herbs and Roots, were the greatest Part of their Diet, with poor four Wine and Spring-Water, and he grudged every thing but fine Clothes to his Girl, and that he did not spare,
for

for she wore rich Brocades, Velvets, and Ribbons; her Hair and Stomach dazzled the Eyes with sparkling Jewels, for 'twas his Pride to hear her praised, and be himself treated by the fond Admirers that her Beauty gained her, for he refused not either Treats or Presents, yet took Care to let no Advantage be made of his Daughter's Company, for she went no where alone. All this the Count's Gentleman learned in the Neighbourhood, where the old Man was hated; and being now thus fully informed of this young Lady's Circumstances, he resolved to disguise himself like a Merchant, and so to get Acquaintance with her Father, and conceal himself for some Time, till the Search was over for the Death of his former Mistress's Husband: In order to this, he sent his Gentleman away to *Madrid*, to provide Habits for them both, suiting his Design, and to let his Friends know, that he was gone into the Country for his Health, and should not return for some Months; and he writ a Letter more particularly to the Marquis his Father, pretending he was indisposed, and gone to a young Lord's a Relation who lived not far from the Town he staid at. The faithful *Alonso*, his Gentleman, soon returned with Money and Habits, having called by the Way on the afflicted Widow, who was returned to *Madrid*, with her Husband's Body, about whose Death the World talked variously; some rightly conjecturing that some Gallant had killed him, who was that fatal Night in her Apartment, and the Servants who went with him could give no other Account, but that he had commanded them to follow him, and put on Vizards when they entered the Gardens; yet they owned, that they then imagined he had some Jealousy of their Lady,
and

and feared some Tragedy would ensue, but who the Person was that killed him, they could not tell: And tho' perhaps some one of them knew the Count of *Guapusco*, yet they too much feared his and his Family's Resentments, to disclose the Secret: Yet *Elvira*, the Widow, was looked upon as a vile Woman, and neglected by her Friends and Family, though nothing could be proved upon her, so that after her Husband's Funeral, she retired for some Time to a Convent; but she sent a very passionate Letter to the Count by *Alonso*, who, like the rest of Mankind, having a new Mistress in View, thought no more of the ruined *Elvira*, but put on his Merchant's Habit, took a private Lodging in the Town, and frequented the Coffee-House where the old covetous Don *Calaborra*, the fair *Eudoxia*'s Father, used to come in Search of the young Spendthrifts, who came there to borrow Money of him: The Count soon got acquainted with him, in this Manner; he often gave him a Dish of Chocolate, or Coffee, and denied himself one, pretending to be very near and sparing; and when a young Spark came to pledge a Ring, or any other Jewel, and the old Man had not Money enough about him, then the Count would lend the Money, and take the Pledge; this soon gained him the old Man's Esteem, who often called him Son, and began to enquire about his Circumstances and Family; so the Count told him that he was left an Orphan when he was young, by his Father who was a Merchant in *France*, though by Birth a *Spaniard*; and that he had been bred up by an Uncle, who died, and had left him all his Fortune, so that he was now worth a good round Sum of Money, which he was resolved not to hazard at Sea, but to lend
out

out at Usury, on good Security, or to employ it in buying Bargains of rich Merchandize, such as he could easily dispose of to great Advantage. The old Man hug'd and embraced him, nay invited him to his House, the thing he wanted, and there made him dine with his Wife and Daughter; giving him such a Treat as he had never made before for any Man living, though but a poor one in any other Person's Eyes. The Count soon grew a Favourite with the Mother and Daughter, and was not only permitted to visit them, but looked upon by the Father as a fit Husband for his Daughter: But though the Count loved her to Distraction, yet he dared not pursue the Folly so far, because of the Meanness of *Eudoxia's* Birth, and he knew his Father would never pardon him such a Fault; so he resolved to make a Mistress of her, and as such to keep her: Yet he concealed his Design, and seemed to hearken to the Proposal with Joy; nay he made an hundred little Presents to her, and used all the Arts of Love to gain her Heart, and succeeded but too well; for though she was very ambitious, and had liked him a thousand times better, if she had known who he really was, yet she found such Charms in his Person and Conversation, that although she thought him but a Merchant, and covetous as her wretched Father was, yet she loved him, and he soon saw it, and now pretended that he thought himself unsafe in his Lodging, and therefore desired a Chamber in *Don Calaborra's* House; pretending to defer the Marriage, till some Bills and Effects which he expected were arrived from *Barcelona*, where he pretended that he had considerable Dealings. His Request was granted, and here he had more frequent Opportunities of
conversing

conversing with *Eudoxia*; so he cunningly insinuated himself into the Mother's Favour, by carrying them abroad, and giving them little Collations: In fine, nothing but a fit Opportunity was now wanting to accomplish his evil Design, which he thus effected: He one Day walking with *Eudoxia* in a Garden, her Mother being at some Distance from them, told her, that he was really a Man of Quality, and therefore could not marry her, as her Father designed, because his Family would surely take her from him, and undo them both, if they knew the Meanness of her Birth; but that if she would pack up her Jewels, and fly with him to *France*, he would marry her there, and pretend that she was a Lady of Birth. The poor unexperienced *Eudoxia* fell into the Snare, Love and Ambition prevailing; and the faithless Count provided a Coach and six Horses, against the next Night; and then having packed up all the Money and Jewels she could come at, which amounted to the Value of ten thousand Ducats, went out of her Father's House at Midnight, and entered the Coach, where her Lover waited to receive her: Before Day they reached a Country Villa where the Count had a Country Seat, to which he carried her, and there he soon gained his Ends of the helpless Maid, though not without much Trouble: And now he put off his Merchant's Habit, and appeared himself again. Mean Time the poor old *Calahorra* and his Wife, missing their Daughter and Treasure, ran up and down the Streets like distracted People; their Lodger being also gone, and his Servants, they made no doubt but that he had stolen her, and made all possible Inquiries after them, but to no Purpose; for they were so hated and despised,
that

that no body gave themselves the Trouble to stir about it, but only ridiculed them, saying the young Gentleman had done well, to free the young Woman from such a miserable Way of living; and indeed it was impossible for them to make any Discovery where *Eudoxia* was, because she remained privately in the Count's House, unknown to all his Domesticks, who knew neither whence she came, nor who she was, and Fear kept her silent; so he soon left her to return to Court, but failed not to come frequently to pass the Days and Nights with her: And here she was so waited on, and lived so great, that she soon forgot her Misfortune of being a Mistress, and grew pleased with her Condition. Her Father in few Months died with Grief for the Loss of his Child and Money; which News coming to the Count's Ear, he proposed to *Eudoxia* to send for her Mother to keep her Company, which she was overjoyed at; and accordingly *Alonzo* was sent with a Coach and six to fetch her, with Orders to give an hundred Ducats to each of the poor old Servants, and let the old Lady know no more but that her Daughter was well, and desired her Company. This News was highly agreeable to a fond Mother, to whom *Alonzo* was a very welcome Guest; so she packed up all her Treasure and rich Furniture, and left her home gladly to her old Servants, who immediately married, and set up for Merchants with their two hundred Ducats, and what else she bestowed upon them: So *Alonzo* and the old Lady being arrived at the Count's, nothing could be more tender and moving, than *Eudoxia's* meeting and her's; Joy so bereft them of Speech, that it was long before they could utter one

one Word, but when the joyful Mother cast her Eyes round, and saw the Magnificence of the Place, and the Count enter the Room so richly drest, she turned pale, and trembling asked if she might call him Son; at these Words, a guilty Blush covered *Eudoxia's* Face, and he only smiled; she was now big with Child: Then the afflicted Mother broke forth into bitter Reproaches, and Lamentations for her Daughter's Ruin, to which she made no Answer but with Tears. The Count did what he could to pacify her; but though she was a mean Person by Birth, she had a true Sense of her Misfortune; so that it was with much Difficulty she was prevailed on to cease her Complaints, and she remained here with her Daughter for some Months, in which Time the Count being to be married to a young Lady of Quality, began to be tired of *Eudoxia*, and proposed to *Alonzo* to marry her; an Offer he gladly embraced, but poor *Eudoxia* swooned at the News. She truly loved the inconstant Count, and coming to Life, fell at his Feet, and intreated him to put an End to her Life and Infamy; but he lifted her up, embraced, and pretended that it was against his Will that he must part with her, and that it was his Father who compelled him to it. Mean Time her Mother, who preferred a married State, before an infamous, seconded him; and thus in few Days the Marriage was performed, and *Alonzo* put into Possession of the charming *Eudoxia*, and her great Fortune, and retired to *Seville* with her Mother and her, to live, as he thought, very happily: But the wretched *Eudoxia* could not bear to live without the Man to whom she had given her Heart, and she was seized with a deep Melancholy, and brought forth a dead Child;

Child; after which she languished of a slow Fever for a few Months, and so died. Just before her Death, she writ a Letter to the Count, containing these Words:

‘ CRUEL inconstant *Francisco*, my unkind
 ‘ Lord, read here the last, the dying Words
 ‘ of the ruined *Eudoxia*; the fond, believing
 ‘ Maid, whom you betray’d and forced to your
 ‘ Arms, the Maid whom you so often swore to
 ‘ love eternally. I call the awful Powers above
 ‘ to witness to your Perjuries; and though my
 ‘ Birth did not equal yours, my Soul and Truth
 ‘ excelled you far, for I would have died a thousand Deaths, before I would have broke my
 ‘ Faith with you: Cruel Deceiver, you forced
 ‘ me to be another’s, spurned me from you;
 ‘ cursed Hypocrisy, dishonoured, and then gave
 ‘ me to your Vassal’s Arms to hide my Shame,
 ‘ and your own Baseness; but know *Eudoxia*
 ‘ scorns to live another’s: Grief has destroy’d the
 ‘ guiltless Infant, e’re it saw the Day, and I am
 ‘ now in the last Agonies of Death, paying the
 ‘ Debt due to my Folly and your Crimes. May
 ‘ every dying Accent wound your Soul, and pierce
 ‘ your Ears, that the expiring *Eudoxia* breathes to
 ‘ Heaven: May just Remorse, such as attends
 ‘ the guilty Mind of every dying Sinner, still attend
 ‘ your softest Hours of Mirth and Pleasures,
 ‘ till you repent and appease Heaven’s Wrath;
 ‘ and then may you be summoned soon, very
 ‘ soon, to everlasting Rest, to meet my Soul in
 ‘ Bliss, that you may never, never more seduce
 ‘ another unexperienced Maid like me, nor load
 ‘ your Soul with damning Crimes, to make you
 ‘ wretched for ever. The Pangs of Death seize
 ‘ me

' me so fast, that I can say no more, but re-
' member you must again meet *Eudoxia*, and that
' in the other World. Farewel. Angels conduct
' you to

' *Eudoxia*.

The Count was at *Madrid* when *Eudoxia* died, and tasting all the Sweets of Joy and Pleasure with his noble Bride: Nothing but Mirth and Joy were thought upon; but when *Alonzo* appeared dressed all in black, and presented a Packet from *Eudoxia's* Mother, in which the dismal Letter was sealed up, he trembled, retired to his Closet, and there read it with all the Grief and Concern a Man could feel, who had once really loved that hapless Woman. His Tenderness was now revived for her, and her Constancy doubly engaged him to adore, and mourn her Death. He let fall a Flood of Tears, and became truly sensible of his Faults, and the Baseness and Cruelty of his own Actions were now set in a true Light before his Eyes; yet he wiped away the falling Drops from his Eyes, and coming forth, embraced *Alonzo*, and told him how much he regretted the fair *Eudoxia's* Death; and recommended himself to her Mother, desiring *Alonzo* to take Care of her, and to be kind as a Son to her, and so dismissed him; who, no doubt, was not much grieved to have got so good a Fortune, and lost a Wife who loved, and had been possessed by another. The Count was, on the other Hand, deeply afflicted, his Sleeps were broken, and *Eudoxia's* Image was ever before his Eyes; nor could he disclose his Grief to any but his Confessor, and to his faithful Friend Lord *Albertus*, whose pious Advice procured him some
Comfort,

Comfort, but yet could not restore his Peace of Mind; so he languished thus for some Months, then sickened and died. These tragical Events confirmed Lord *Albertus* in his Resolutions to abandon the World; and he accordingly entered into the Order of the *Benedictine* Monks at *Madrid*, where he was professed, and put on the Habit. And some Jesuits being at that Time appointed to go on the Mission to *China*, he voluntarily offered himself to accompany them thither, having disposed of his Fortune in such a Manner, that he could command any Part of it for his own or pious Uses. And now we are going to be entertained with very extraordinary Adventures, and the most strange Occurrences imaginable.

C H A P. IV.

THE Count *D'Olone* having now contracted the strictest Friendship with Lord *Albertus*, could not think of parting with him; and therefore, finding no Persuasions could prevail upon him to lay aside his intended Voyage to *China*, he at last resolved to bear him Company thither, and to visit that Part of the World, hoping to divert his Melancholy by the Sight of strange Countries and People: So he put all his Affairs in Order for that Purpose, and bought many curious Toys of Gold and Silver, with curious Watches, and Merchandize fit for the Countries they were to visit; resolving to pass for a simple Merchant, and to conceal his Quality. Our noble Monk did likewise furnish himself in the same Manner, with Design to win the Favour of the

Pagan People, by small Presents; and being skilled in Musick and Painting, he also furnished himself with Musical Instruments, and all Materials for Painting. All Things being ready, and the Wind fair, three Jesuits, being the good Fathers, *Anthony de Carmes*, *Philip de Mancine*, and *Don Joseph de Mendocce*, and the two Lords, with three Domesticks, went on board the good Ship *Nostre Senora de Misericord*, on the 19th Day of *April*, in the Year 1719. the noble *Don Francisco de Cordona* Captain: They had a fair Wind and prosperous Voyage for some Days; but then about Midnight a terrible Storm arose, the Skies were all darken'd with black Clouds, and it thunder'd and lighten'd as if Heaven and Earth were going to be destroyed; the Sails were rent in pieces, and the Ship drove before the Wind, the ablest Mariner being unable to guide it: The Pilot gave Directions in vain; and at Break of Day they found themselves within Sight of the Coast of *Africa*; but the Ship was so torn and leaky, that they expected every Moment to be swallowed up by the merciless Waves. And at length the Sea entered so violently, that they were forced to betake themselves to their Boats: The Captain, the two Lords, the three Jesuits, and some other Passengers, with the Pilot, Surgeon and five Seamen, entered the Pinnace, to the number of twenty three Persons; the rest of the Ship's Crew got into the Yauls, and shifted for themselves; for they had put what Provisions they could on board the Boats, and what Treasure they could in their Pockets and about them, where they could best conceal it. But alas! the Wind blew so hard they could not hope to reach any Shore, but that of *Barbary*; and there they must

must inevitably fall into the barbarous Infidels Hands, and be made Slaves; so that all their Hopes were, that some Christian Vessel would pass by, and take them up. They were thus driven about all that Day, and part of the next Night; but about Midnight the Pinnacle struck against a Rock, and was dash'd in Pieces. Then all abandoned themselves to the merciless Seas, and the extreme Darkeness hindered them from seeing one another perish. Lord *Albertus* swam till his Strength failing he fainted, and returning to Life, found himself lying on the Sands near *Tunis*. It was now Break of Day, and he could too well discern where he was: He was scarce able to rise, but at last he made a shift to get upon his Legs; and looking round, saw the Captain's Body lying near him on the Shore, he hastened to help him up, but soon found he was quite dead; he also saw several dead Bodies floating on the Waves, with rich Merchandizes: But alas, he was so weak, that he was unable to make any Attempts to save any thing, and was constrained to sit down again upon the Sands, having nothing to refresh himself withal, after all that he had suffered; but the divine Providence, who designed him for better things, provided some Relief. The Day now appearing, a poor Fisherman and his Son came from an adjacent Hut, to put out their Boat, which was fastened in a Creek behind a Rock, to go out in Search of Treasure from the Shipwreck, as is their Custom; and they soon perceived the fainting *Albertus*, whose Mien and Person, tho' in such melancholy Circumstances, spake him to be no mean Person, and his religious Habit, which is even respected by these Infidels, the more inclined them to help him: So

they ran to him, and lifting him up, carried him to their Hut, pulled off his wet Clothes, put him into Bed, and gave him Brandy to drink. He had in his Bosom a Handkerchief full of Gold and Watches, and other Golden Toys of great Value; for these he had bound fast about his Waist, under his Shirt, and made a shift to conceal from them, his Monk's Habit making them believe that he had no Treasure about him. And having made a Fire, they left him, and went to put out their Boat, the Fisherman's Wife staying by him to dry his Clothes. This poor Woman was by Birth a *French* Woman, who had been taken and sold there for a Slave; and to free herself from extreme Misery, had embraced Mahometism, and so was given for a Wife to this poor Fisherman, by the Captain whose Slave she had been in her Youth; for she was now old. She was over-joyed when she found this good Monk could speak *French*, and falling into a Flood of Tears, entertained him with the Relation of all her Life past; and she told him, that so soon as her Husband returned he would be carried before the Governor, or the *Bey* of *Tunis*, and made a Slave, and a great Ransom put upon his Head, and offered her Service to prevent it. At these Words he thanked her, saying, he was wholly resigned to the Will of God, and had left his Country with no other View but the Conversion of Pagans and Infidels to Christianity, mildly reproving her for having forsook her Religion; at which she fell on the Floor, bewailing her own Weakness. In fine, she persuaded him to accept of the Offer she made him, saying, that if he would retire to a Place she would conduct him to, which was a ruined Mosque

in a Wood behind a Rock near that Place, she would procure him a *Turkish* Habit, like a *Santo* or *Mahometan* Religious, to conceal him from the *Turks*, who pay a great Veneration to those sort of religious Hermits, who amongst them pass for Saints, and do many of them lead very abstemious devout Lives, fasting the greatest Part of the Year, eating only Herbs, Bread, and Roots. They go clad in a coarse long woollen Garment, wear Hair-Cloth next their Skins, go bare-leg'd, with Sandals on their Feet; and have their Head shaved, have long Beards, and seldom go covered even in the parching Heat of Summer, or the most piercing Cold of the hardest Winter. They live on the People's Charity, and are some of them great Hypocrites and Cheats, pretending to have Revelations, and to do Miracles; and they pass unmolested through all the *Turkish* Dominions, and are respected in all Places where Mahometism has prevailed. Lord *Albertus*, who was no Stranger to the Manners and Customs of the *Turks*, approved in himself of what this poor Woman proposed, and accordingly, being assisted by her, got from the Cabin to the old Mosque, and there gave her some Pieces of Gold to go and purchase such a Habit for him; bidding her tell her Husband and Son, when they returned, that he was gone towards the Sea-side to look out for some dear Friend whom he seemed much to lament; and had not returned again, but had left them a piece of Gold on the Table, as she supposed to repay their Courtesy. And now being arrived at the Mosque, the good Woman, seeing him very weak, got some dry Leaves, and made him a kind of Bed, in one Corner of the Mosque, and so left him, to haste

to

to the next Town to buy him Habit and Refreshments. Being thus left alone, he gave Thanks to God for his Deliverance from Death, and besought the Almighty, that his Arrival and Stay in this Place might be for the Good and Conversion of Souls. The poor Woman returned in few Hours, with some hot Food, being boiled Rice Meat, and a Bottle of Rum to mix with the Water he must drink; she also brought a poor Rug to cover him, with Blankets, which she had purchased, and a Lamp with Cotton and Oil, a Mug and a Tinder-box; so he blessed her and sent her away. And now the noble Monk, submitting himself to the Will of Heaven, sat down upon a Stone, and eat chearfully of what was brought him; then shutting the Door, kindled a Fire and warmed his bruised Limbs, highly content to lead a solitary Life. Night approaching, he lighted up his Lamp; and putting his poor Bed in Order, commending himself to God, laid down to rest. The Wind blew hard, and the troubled Sea roared loud; but yet he slept as profoundly as if he had lain on the softest Down, and been in a Palace. About Midnight he was waked by the Groans of a Person who made dismal Complaints in the *French* Tongue, and seemed in the utmost Distress. *Albertus* soon raised himself from Sleep, and hearkening very attentively thought that he knew the Voice; and taking his Lamp, crept to the Door of the Mosque, and called to know who was near: But who can express his Joy, when he heard the Count *D'Olone*, his dearest Friend, cry out, *Albertus*, is it you? At these Words he hastened to the Place whence the Voice came; but the Wind having extinguished the Lamp, he lost himself amidst the

Trees, and could neither find his Friend, nor the Way back, for some Time, till groping about he perceived the Glimmering of the Embers of the Fire, which he had made in the Mosque, which he at last entered; and lighting his Lamp again, hung it up, and went to the Door, calling to his Friend to come to him; but when he entered, how surprized was the good Monk to see his miserable Condition; for his right Leg was broke short at the Instep; and the Bone being splinter'd came through the Flesh. His Face was all Bruises and Blood; yet they embraced one another tenderly, transported that neither Death nor Shipwreck had separated them. So *Albertus* laid him on his poor Bed, and gave him Food and Drink, tore his Shirt to bind up his swollen Leg, and washed it with Rum, all other Help being wanting. And then lying down by him, demanded how he came in this Condition; to which he answered, that being thrown into the Sea, out of the Boat, he laboured by swimming to save his Life and gain the Shore, and finding his Strength begin to fail, he made towards a Rock near the Shore, which he at last gained; and getting up, being almost spent, he was forced to lye down upon the Top of it to rest, it being so dark that he could but just perceive the Sea beneath him; there he fell asleep, and about Break of Day awaking, and going to rise, slipped his Foot, and fell down on the Side next the Shore, the Sea being then ebbing, and so broke his Leg, and bruised his Face and Body in such a piteous manner, that he could scarce crawl to Land, and being got there knew not what to do, or where to go: At last, said he, seeing this ruined Place, and the Wood, I tried to reach it, but being got
into

into the Wood, which was nearest to the Place I was cast upon, I could go no farther, but laying myself down at the Foot of a Tree, committed myself to the Divine Providence, expecting some wild Beast would devour me, or some more savage *Turk* drag me thence to a Dungeon to end my Life: At last, Night being come, and extreme Pain and Want of Food constraining me to complain, I cry'd out to Heaven for Relief, and was answered in the kindest manner, by finding you.

They passed the Night in Discourse, and soon after Day-break the good *Jaqueline*, the Fisherman's Wife, he being gone forth in Search of more Treasure, of which he had found a great deal the Day before, came to them, and was much surprized to find the good Father had gotten a Companion; she informed them, that her Husband had found rich Coffers full of Linen, Clothes, and Money, as also Casks of Wine, Meat, and Biscuit, the Spoils of their Ship, offering to bring them some: *Albertus* bid her haste to the next Town, and bring some Ointments and Herbs to foment and dress his Companion's Leg, also another Habit like to his, to conceal him, giving her Money: But she, being resolved to provide for him, shewed a large Purse of Gold, which she had gotten amongst the Things her Husband had found, and beg'd him to receive it; which he accepted of, desiring that she would bring her Husband, if possible, to embrace the Christian Faith, and propose to him to find Means, by buying a bigger Boat, to get away thence to *Spain*, to live better, and at Ease. Then she told them, that both her Son and Husband were Christians already by her Means, though not baptized, and offered to bring them to him that Night.

Albertus rejoiced at this, and the same Night baptized them. And now our Hermits Lives seem'd comfortable, though lodged in so sad a Place, and in so deplorable a Condition. The Count *D'Oloné's* Leg was long in Cure, having no better Surgeon than *Albertus*; yet at last it healed, and he grew able to walk with a Stick: Then, being disguised with their *Santoins* Habits, they crept abroad to the neighbouring Villages, being instructed by *Faqueline* how to behave themselves, and asking Alms, as she taught them, by silent Gestures, succeeded so well, that they came loaden back with Food and Money, sufficient to support Life, waiting for a fit Opportunity to get off to *Spain* again, or any Christian Country; but Fate had otherwise decreed, for during their Stay in the Mosque some strange Adventures beset them, and one Night, as they were lying on their poor Bed, they heard the Footsteps of a Woman near their Door, and heard her say, in the *Spanish* Tongue, 'Oh Heavens! where shall I go, and what shall I do? the Door of this poor Place is shut against me, what will become of the wretched *Leonora*? 'Tis in vain that I have escaped the enraged *Abeneer's* Hands, since I shall again be taken, and made a Slave: Why do the sacred Laws of Christianity forbid me to use this pointed Dagger, which would free me from my Fears and Misery; hear me, you guardian Angels, who still attend the innocent, and save me by some Miracle.' *Albertus*, who had hearkened with great Attention, gently opened the Door, and saw, by the Light of the Lamp, a Woman of most exquisite Beauty, dressed in a *Turkish* Habit; her Breast was covered with rich Diamonds, nor was her Tiara less adorned, and she

she seemed not above eighteen; she had a Dagger in her Hand, her Face was pale, and she appeared in the utmost Disorder, he gently bid her enter, and putting to the Door after her asked who she was, and how she came there: She was so faint and frightened she could scarce give an Answer, but she looked upon him very earnestly for a while, then said, Are you a Christian, Sir? Yes, lovely Maid, *said he*, I am, and more, a Priest: Then she fell at his Feet, embracing his Knees, be you then, *said she*, my Guardian and Defender, to save me from Destruction: What Thanks must I repay to Heaven? Here he lifted her up, and then the Count *D'Olone*, who had all this while beheld her with much Admiration, welcomed her, saying, fair Creature, you shall be doubly guarded here, this poor Place has concealed us from Slavery, and will, I hope, hide you from all that would injure you; but say, how came you here at this late Hour; come sit down and tell us how you came into this inhospitable Country: So she sat down, and having something recovered her Spirits, began her Story in these Words.

CH A P. V.

NOBLE Strangers, and, as I guess by your Language, Countrymen, I am sure that you are too well acquainted with the tragick Stories of the too successful Excursions of the Infidels in the *Morea*, and elsewhere, to need me to relate any Particulars of the Devastations they have made of late Years, and the great Numbers of noble Christians, whom they have taken captive,

and made Slaves of: I am one of that unfortunate Number; my Father was a noble *Spaniard*, his Name was *Don Gomez D'Arcos*, he commanded a Man of War for his Catholick Majesty, and had a Sister, a Lady of great Merit, who was Abbess of a Convent of Nuns at *Natolia*: My Mother dying whilst I was an Infant, so soon as I was ten Years of Age, he carried me to my Aunt to be educated, being his only Child, designing to take me out of the Convent, when I was of Years to be disposed of in Marriage: My Aunt made me her Darling, and bred me up with all imaginable Care, my Father never failing to visit us as often as he could possibly; at last, ten Months ago, he came to fetch me home, making large Presents to the Convent, then he brought me aboard his Ship, and we set sail with a fair Wind, having four Men of War more in Company with us, my Father commanding the Squadron: We fell in with a strong Fleet of the Infidels, a sharp Combat ensued, and my Father's Ship was sunk; and he, prizing nothing equal with me, took me on his Back, plunging into the Sea; but we were presently taken up by the *Turks*, and my Father being grievously wounded, was taken great Care of, because they knew they should have a great Ransom for him. What became of the rest of our Ships and People I do not know, for I was so overwhelmed with Grief, and busied about my dear Father, that I never stirr'd out of the Cabin from him, till we arrived at *Tunis*; we were put aboard the *Turkish* Admiral, commanded by the noble Bassa *Abeneer*, a Man of great Quality, and one of the most beautiful and polish'd amongst the Infidels: The Fight being over, he entered the State-Room, and commanded the Prisoners

Prisoners of Quality to be brought before him, which were many brave Christians, some of them Women, but I did not see them, being called for one of the last: But when I appeared, he calmed his Brow, and, with a smiling Look, bid me, in *Spanish*, to draw near; then he reached out his Hand and pulled me to him, embraced me tenderly, and told me I should be kindly treated; I answered only with Tears and Blushes, too well foreseeing the Miseries his hateful Kindness would bring upon me: At last falling at his Feet, I besought him to be kind to my dear Father, and to permit me to attend him: Which Request he readily granted me, then kissed, and bid me go to him, calling for a lovely Maid, another Captive, like myself, the sweet *Juliana*, who became all my Consolation, and bosom Friend; for she was about nineteen Years of Age, the Daughter of a noble *Venetian*, whom they had taken aboard a Merchant Ship, in which she was going with her Brother to *France*, to pay a Visit to her Grandmother, who resided there, being a Native of *France*, and a Person of Quality; her Brother was killed in the Engagement, so she was detained a Prisoner in the Admiral's Ship, her Beauty making her a valuable Prize in his Eyes. I returned him my Thanks with great Respect, for giving me so agreeable a Companion, and retired with her into the Cabin to my Father, and during our Voyage to *Tunis*, which was not many Days, we were entertained with all imaginable Kindness and Respect, though Grief overwhelmed us, and we more dreaded to reach the Shore than to die. My Father's Wounds were healed, and all his Care was for me: My dear *Leonora*, he often said to me, what will become of you, and

how shall I save thee from Ruin? Christianity forbids me to take away thy Life to secure thy Virtue, 'tis Heaven alone can preserve you; fail not to use all lawful Means to avoid this Infidel's Embraces, and if you are forced to his Bed, regard him as a Husband, and a Man whom Heaven has destined thee to belong to, and never stain thy Virtue by being false to him: But if a Ransom be set upon us, I will freely give all I have to procure your Liberty, and stay here a Slave to ransom thee. This called for the tenderest Returns from me; and thus we passed the Time in mutual Sorrow, till being arrived at *Tunis* we were brought ashore, and my Friend and I, being veiled, were led to the Governor's Palace: All the Women were placed in a Room by themselves, and the Men in another, and thus I was parted from my noble Father, to my inexpressible Grief. The Governor and Admiral entering the Room where I was, I had the Affliction to see several fine Women, some whose Faces were not veiled, and others who seemed noble as myself, disposed of; some to the Governor, others to his Favourites, but I and my Friend *Juliana* were set aside for the Admiral, and by the Governor presented to him: We had no Time to dispute; but were hurried away to the Palace-Gate, and there thrust into a Horse-Litter, and shut up, and from thence we were conducted to *Abeneer's* Seraglio, which is not far from this Place; we were there placed in a fine Apartment, and 'tis needless to tell you the Beauty and Magnificence of the Place and Furniture, it was richly adorned with the Spoils of the Christians, and the finest *Persian* Carpets, Quilts, Porcelane, and Paintings, were not wanting in every Chamber:

ber : Here we were waited on by black Eunuchs, and Mutes, and served with the richest Wines and most delicate Meats ; but, alas, our Souls were racked with inexpressible Grief, so that we could take no Pleasure in any thing, every Moment expecting to see the amorous *Abeneer* enter ; so we embraced, and lamented one another's hard Fate, with Eyes lift up to Heaven, and Night being come, I was surprized with the Sight of two Mutes, who gave me to understand, that I must leave *Juliana* there, and go with them into another Apartment. I shewed by Signs my Unwillingness to go, but to no Purpose, for they forced me thence, and brought me into another Apartment, where I found the Admiral, seated on a *Persian* Carpet, with a Banquet before him ; every thing was magnificent, his Dress and Turbant shone with Diamonds and precious Jewels ; he rose to meet me with a smiling Countenance, embraced, and invited me to sit down by him ; and I answered him with great Civility, desiring to be excused, by reason that I was much indisposed : But he pleaded both as a Lover and a Lord, that I must not refuse him my Company, and that he could not part with me : In fine, he forced me to sit by him, and courted me to eat, and thus we passed some Hours, during which, I suffered all the Terrors of Mind a Maid in my sad Circumstances could do, but yet concealed my Fears ; till at last he proceeded to take more Liberties than I knew how to bear, and then I fell at his Feet, and implored his Pity in the most moving Terms : But all in vain, he caught me in his Arms, and bore me to a Chamber, threw me on his Bed, and swore he would that Night sleep in my Arms : I then resisted all that I was

able, crying to Heaven for Help; nor was Heaven deaf to my Prayers, for in that dreadful Moment a Woman fairer than my Eyes ever saw before, her Shape and Face, her Stature, all were exquisitely handsom, entered the Chamber like a Fury; her Dress was after the *Turkish* Fashion, prodigious fine, and she had a Myrtle Taper in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other: Ah false *Abeneer*, she cried, in the *Italian* Tongue, have I another Rival? must the undone *Sophia* mourn your cruel Absence, and languish for your Return, and then be debarr'd your Bed and Presence when you come home? No, the Sorceress shall surely die: At these Words she flew to me, who wished for Death, and was indeed half dead already; *Abeneer*, in whose Face Rage and Shame were visible, step'd in between to save me from the frantick *Sophia*; who, more enraged to see his great Concern for me, striving to stab me, wounded him, before he could have Time to wrest the Dagger from her Hand; but when she saw the streaming Blood pour from his Side, she quite forgot me, and cried for Help, then stab'd herself into the Breast, and fell down at his Feet. I stood unmoved to see this tragick Scene, both pitying her, and admiring the Goodness of the Almighty, who had given me such a Deliverance: *Abeneer* only said, take that foolish unkind Woman from my Sight, excessive Love has made her lunatick: Then turning to me, he faintly kissed me, and said, Sweet Maid retire to Rest, my Wound I hope is slight, and soon will heal, but those your Eyes have given will never cure but in your soft Embraces. The Mutes being entered, one of them led me to my Apartment, where I found poor *Juliana* drowned in Tears
for

for me; I ran to her, and embraced her, then gave a Sign to the Mute to withdraw, not daring to shew my Joy before him, but when we were alone I told her all, and we blessed Heaven, and eat with Chearfulness what had been set before us. *Abeneer* being wounded, our present Fears were over, and we flattered ourselves that Heaven would work our Deliverance in the end. There was a great Confusion in the Seraglio, and some Days passed, in which we could get no News from the Slaves of their Lord: During this Time we had more Liberty to walk the Gardens, which were all moated round, yet from the Terrass Walks we could discover the Sea, not far from us; and this made us resolve to attempt some Way or other to escape, and at last we agreed to venture down from a ruined Part of the Wall, believing that if our Feet slip'd and we fell, the Water would break our Fall; and, for more Ease, we determined to tear our Sheets to pieces, and so to tie them together, and slide down; but then the next Difficulty was, how to get out of the Mote, and where to go, for we had observed that the Water was often very low, ebbing and flowing with the Sea; yet we long debated what to do, before we put our Design in Execution, fearing to be taken again, and used worse: But at last Fate gave us a favourable Opportunity, beyond our Expectation, for as we were sitting in a Summer-house near the Garden Gate, one of the Slaves opened it, to go to a Spring of Water that was in the Wood on the other Side the Mote, leaving the Draw-bridge down, and the Gate open; he was no sooner entered the Wood, but we ran down from the Summer-house, and got over the Bridge, and then
we

we perceived him talking with a Country Maid, who doubtless came there to meet him, for they play'd and toy'd together, and he gave her Fruit which he had brought from the Gardens: This gave us Time to get farther off, and so we got into the Wood on the farther side, where we found a kind of natural Grotto, the Trees growing very closely together, so that it was almost dark: Here we concealed our selves for that Night, not knowing where to go; but alas, our Terror was so great, for fear of wild Beasts, or what is worse, of some *Turks* discovering us, that we passed a dismal Night: At Break of Day we ventured out farther into the Wood, destitute of all Refreshment, there I found this Dagger; thus we wandered about these three Days and Nights, till at last poor *Juliana* could go no farther, and we have fed only on the wild Fruits in the Wood; So she lay down at the Foot of a Tree, and I made towards this ruined Place to seek Relief, having perceived some Light. This, *said she*, is my sad Story, and if you will save the Life of my Friend, you must haste to her Relief: Call, and she will hear your Voices, for I am not able to conduct you to her.

The pious *Albertus*, taking a Light in his Hand, went forth immediately to seek for *Juliana*, but in vain; and perceiving some Lights in the Wood, and Men on Horseback, he made Haste back, fearing to be discovered. Poor *Leonora* was sadly troubled for the Loss of her Friend, but now her own Preservation was to be thought upon, and her Habit was such as would betray her; so it was concluded that the poor Fisherwoman should the next Day provide her a mean Habit, suiting a Peasant's Daughter, and that she should pass for such a one,
and

and live with the good Woman: So they laid her on one of their poor Blankets on some dry'd Leaves, and she went to rest, and they all committed themselves to the Care of Heaven, and slept till it was broad Day; then our Hermits, returning Thanks to God, went forth, and sent *Fa- queline* the honest Fisherwoman to fetch what they wanted, that is, Food and Clothes for *Leonora*, whilst they walked into the Wood, and along the Sea-shore, to look for her Companion, but in vain: At their Return to their poor Abode, they found *Leonora* risen from her mean Bed, and *Faquiline* dressing her in the poor Habit she had brought, much better becoming her Daughter than so sweet a Lady; but they were glad to see her so well disguised, and having ripped the Jewels and Gold off her *Turkish* Habit, they burnt it, to prevent all Discovery: And thus they passed some Days in this Manner very comfortably, and hourly expected to be delivered from this sad Place, by Means of the Fisherman and his Son, who went out in their Boat every Day to fish, and look out for some Christian Ship, to bargain with to take them aboard. But now divine Providence had determined to put them to a farther Trial, for a terrible Storm happening, the poor Fisherman and his Son were unfortunately drowned, and their dead Bodies being cast upon the Shore, acquainted them with their sad Fate. Now all their Hopes being thus cut off of Deliverance by their Means, our Hermits began to think of removing to a more convenient Abode; the Count *D'Olone* was grown passionately in Love with *Leonora*, and had so far gained her Affection, that she promised to marry him so soon as they came to a Christian Shore; and *Faqueline* was glad to

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leave

leave her poor Hut, and come to live with them : So they resolved not to leave the Seashore, but to remove farther from *Tunis*, near some Country Village; and *Faqueline* went and hired a poor Houſe near the Sea, taking her Daughter *Fatima*, as ſhe called her, with her, and here ſhe pretended to lodge the two Hermits, and to take in Needle-work for her and her Daughter to earn their Livelihoods by. Lord *Albertus* did here viſit the Sick and Dying, and having great Skill in Phyſick, from reading, often cured the Sick; ſo that he was greatly revered and beloved by the poor Inhabitants of this Village, and his Fame ſpread abroad faſter than he deſired : One Day a *Turkiſh* Man of Quality, attended by ſome of his Slaves, came to the poor Cottage and asked for him, deſiring him to go along with him, to ſee a darling Son which he had at home ſick of a Fever: Lord *Albertus*, glad to oblige ſuch a Perſon, went along with him, and entering a fine Chamber where the ſick *Mustapha* lay, was ſurprized to ſee a young Lady of exquisite Beauty attending upon him, who ſpoke to him in *Italian*; but when he heard him call her his dear *Juliana*, he no longer doubted that ſhe was *Leonora's* loſt Friend: He then gave ſuch Medicines as he knew to be proper, which he himſelf prepared for *Mustapha*, and took Leave, promiſing to viſit him again the next Day; and returning home, acquainted *Leonora* of her Friend's Condition: She was indeed glad to find that ſhe was yet alive, and fallen into the Hands of ſo noble a Perſon; but when ſhe reflected that ſhe was a Slave, and to an Infidel, ſhe grieved. Our Hermits were uſed to do many menial Offices, ſuitable to their
mean

mean Circumstances, such as fetching Water, cutting of Wood, and carrying it home upon their Backs to their poor Abode: And now I must relate one of the strangest Adventures which befel Lord *Albertus*, that ever befel any Man living. One Evening, as he was cutting of Sticks in a Wood about two Miles distant from home, he was strangely surprized with the Noise of deep-fetched Groans, and a hoarse Voice like that of a Man, in a Language he did not understand, which seemed to come from the most inward Part of the Wood: The noble Monk, who was by Nature very couragious, and like a truly good Man, was always prepared for Death, resolved to see what it was, and made up to the Place whence the Sound came; it was the Dusk of the Evening, yet he could plainly discern a Man of gigantick Stature, far above the common Size of Men, his Face spake him a Moor, and his Habit, though very rich, was old and decay'd, it was made after the *Turkish* manner, his Turbant shone with glittering Diamonds, as did also the Scimeter by his Side; he held a lovely Woman by the Arm, one of the fairest of her Sex, not above eighteen; she was dressed all in white Silk, in a *Turkish* Dress; and seemed pale and highly afflicted, holding a Handkerchief in her Hand, with which she wiped away the falling Tears: The Man had a majestick Presence, but seemed to court her with much Passion, whilst she seemed averse; sometimes he raged, but all in the *Moorish* Language, which Lord *Albertus* did not understand. They were set down at the Root of a Tree: The good Monk, his Habit being well known to all the Mahometans, and used to occasion no Surprize, made bold to approach them;

in Hopes to make some farther Discovery; but who can express his Surprize, when he saw them both start up on their Feet, and immediately sink into the Earth; after which, Chains seemed to rattle, a great deal of Smoke and Flames issued out of the Ground at the Foot of the Tree, then Drums beat as under Ground, after which all was still. Lord *Albertus* was a Man very little inclined to credit Stories of Apparitions, and Spectres, but yet such a Sight very much surprized and shocked him, and he returned to his home very pensive, with his Load of Wood upon his Back, and related to his Friend and *Leonora* what he had seen, and the Count and he resolved to go the next Day in the Morning to view the Place; concluding some Mystry must be in this Matter, and not willing to believe it was any thing supernatural: But *Leonora* was very unwilling to let them go, fearing that their Curiosity might undo them; doubtless, said she, it is some *Moor* of Quality, who has stoln some Lady from his Monarch's Seraglio, and has retired to some subterranean Cave to hide them, fearing Discovery, do not search any farther into it: This certainly was the best Counsel, if they would have followed it, but the two Lords were too eager to know the Truth; and the next Morning went to the Wood, with Daggers under their Frocks: They searched very narrowly all about the Place, and at last discovered a kind of Trap-door in the Ground, covered with Moss which grew upon it; this raised their Curiosity still more, and they pursued their Search more diligently, so they perceived a Hole at the Foot of the Tree, and two or three more at some small Distance, through which they imagined the Flames and Smoke were conveyed:

conveyed: From all this they concluded, that *Leonora* had guessed right, and that the unfortunate Lady *Albertus* had seen, was stoln, and lodged in this sad Place; whilst they were thus discoursing, they heard a Noise under their Feet, and so judged it best to retire: At their return home they gave *Leonora* an Account of what they had seen, and she much intreated them to go there no more, notwithstanding which they returned at Night, Lord *Albertus* having first paid a Visit to his noble Patient *Mustapha*, whom he found much better, to the great Joy of his Father, who greatly caressed his kind Physician, making large Offers of Friendship to him, with Gold; but *Albertus* refused all Rewards but his Friendship; which highly engaged the Infidel to his Service. The Evening being come, Lord *Albertus* and his Friend the Count, led by Curiosity, returned to the Wood, and placed themselves behind a Tree, near the Place where they had found the Trap-door, and they had not waited long, before they heard Musick; soon after which, the Trap-door was opened, and the beautiful Woman he had before seen came forth, attended by two *Moorish* Women, she sat down on the Ground, and one of them presenting a Lute to her, she play'd upon it with much Art, and sung some *Italian Verses*, expressing her Grief in Words to this Purpose:

*To darksome Caves and Shades confin'd,
To hated Infidels a Slave,
To endless Misery design'd,
What Joy, what Comfort can I have?
From the loath'd Abra's Arms in vain
I strive to fly, and break my Chain.*

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*In vain my longing Eyes I cast
Towards the Sea, and distant Shore;
In vain reflect on Pleasures past,
Which I must never taste of more.
My lab'ring Soul, with Grief oppress'd,
Does languish for eternal Rest.*

*Ye awful Powers, whom I adore,
Oh! hear the wretched Anna's Pray'r,
My ravish'd Liberty restore,
And free me from the Ravisher:
Or else by Death that Freedom give,
Depriv'd of which I grieve to live.*

The Lords hearkened very attentively whilst she sung, charmed with the Musick of her Voice, and touched with the Words of the Song; which having ended, she let fall a Shower of Tears, and they resolving to speak to her; came from behind the Tree, and coming up close to her, Lord *Albertus* put forth his Hand to take hold of hers, saying in the *Italian* Tongue, Fair Creature, we pity and will assist you, we are Christians and Strangers, like you, but have a Home to receive you, if you can follow us: She seemed much surprized, yet pleased; and was going to answer, when the gigantick *Moor* started up from the Trap-door, with his drawn Scimeter in his hand, and seized the Lady, dragging her down with him before she could have Time to answer; the Slaves attending, seeming much frighted, followed, shaking their Heads and whispering to one another. The two Lords stood like Men amazed, looking on one another; then they heard the Drums rattle, saw the Flames and Smoke as before, at which they left the Place, consulting what

what to do to free this unfortunate Lady, and get Knowledge of all that were concealed in this subterranean Dwelling; concluding that it was the Retreat of this *Moor* and his Slaves, who had doubtless stoln this Christian Woman from some potent Rival: And as they were thus debating, they heard the Feet of a Man coming very fast towards them, and turning their Heads perceived they were pursued by four *Moors* well armed: They knew it was next to impossible to resist them, and still hoped their Habits would conceal them, resolving not to seem as if they feared them: But alas they were mistaken, the *Moors* had Orders to secure them, alive or dead, yet cunningly passed by, and went on their Way; the brave unwary Hermits were thus deceived, and pursued their Way, but the Infidels lay in Ambush for them near their Home, behind a Rock, and bolted out upon them and secured them, binding of their Hands behind them with Cords, tied them both together, and putting them in the midst of them, drove them back to the Wood, threatening to kill them if they made the least Noise or Resistance: And now they too late repented of their Curiosity. Being come to the Trap-door, they were pulled in, and made go down a steep Pair of Stairs, from whence they passed through a long narrow Passage, where a Lamp was burning; at the End of which they went up a Pair of Stone Stairs, a great Height, then they entered by a great Door into a large Room, out of which they passed into a very fine Apartment; there they saw the *Moor* and the Lady seated on a *Persian* Carpet, with two Children, half-*Moors*, all richly dressed, and the two Female Slaves attending; the Rooms were illuminated

minated with fine crystal Branches: Then the *Moor*, with a stern Countenance, demanded in *Italian* who they were, saying, you are no *Turks*, but Christians, I have heard you talk; you have discovered a Secret on which my Life depends, and therefore if you would save your own, be ingenuous, and speak who you are, how you came here, and where you dwell, for your Habit is but a Disguise. Our noble Hermits were doubtless much surprized, both at what had happened to them, and what they saw, but Lord *Albertus*, who had nothing to fear, Life and Death being equal to him, boldly answered thus: Noble *Moor*, or Prince, for such I presume you are from your noble Mien, and Attendants, I am 'tis true a Christian and a Priest, one who have in my Youth loved like you, and been great, but have now renounced the Pleasures and Follies of this Life, to serve my God; your Secret is safe in our Breasts: We are both nobly born, and Strangers to this Place, cast by a Tempest on this Shore, our Habitation is as mean as our present Condition, and if you have any thing to fear in this Place, make use of us to procure you a safe Retreat into *Spain* or *France*, where you shall be kindly treated, and received; you have here many Slaves to help, let but a Ship be procured for us, and Provisions, and we will all fly this inhospitable Place together: We cannot betray you, we are unknown to your great Emperor, or his Ministers; and you, doubtless, want not Treasures to purchase all we can have Occasion for. The subtle *Moor* listened to his Discourse attentively, and then spake to the Count *D'Olone*; and you, Sir, said he, are you likewise a Priest? No, my Lord, said he, but I am a Christian,

Christian, and shall be glad to serve you, if you will trust us. Well then, said he, know that I am a captive King, made Prisoner almost in my Infancy by *Muly-Abenzagar* the Monarch of this Place; I was bred up in his Court with all the Education that became a Prince of my high Birth, and beloved by him as if I had been his own Son; although my Father was his mortal Foe, and waged War with him to the last Moment of his Life, which he lost in the last fatal Battle, where I was made a Prisoner, together with my two Sisters and my Royal Mother, who soon after died with Grief: I soon had a Command given me in *Muly's* Army, and fought boldly in his Cause; nay I loved him as a Father, and looked on the Loss of my Kingdom, and Captivity, only as the Chance of War: Thus I grew up to Manhood, great in Arms and Favour, nay he often swore he would bestow one of his fairest Daughters on me, and restore my Crown; but Fate decreed we should at last be mortal Foes: The Princess *Amara*, one of his favourite Daughters, was pleased to hold me in great Esteem, this occasioned us to converse very freely together, and we often walked together in the Palace Gardens, which did soon beget Affection, and she loved me, nor did I dislike her, but yet I had no Passion for her: The Emperor saw, and was well pleased at our Friendship, and all things seemed to promise our future Happiness: But alas, in that fatal Moment, when Heaven seemed to smile, the lovely *Anna* was brought a Captive to the Emperor, taken in a rich *Spanish* Vessel, of which they had made a Prize, the richest of the Spoils being presented to him, as usual. She was indeed esteemed a Present only fit for a
Monarch's

Monarch's Bed, and pleased *Muly* more than Gold or Diamonds; he beheld her with Transport, treated her kindly, and rewarded the Admiral who brought her with a Jewel of great Value; then gave the Princess *Amara* Charge of her: And thus the fair *Anna*, being placed with her, soon became acquainted with me. The Emperor was at this Time somewhat indisposed, which made him defer the Enjoyment of her till his Recovery, when the Princess *Amara's* Marriage with me was to be solemnized: But who could see the beautiful Captive, and not adore her? *Amara* seemed disagreeable in my Eyes when she stood by, and I soon grew so passionately in Love with her, that I found I could not live without her: And now all my Study was how to conceal my Thoughts from the Princess, and get the fair Captive out of *Muly's* Hands, and secure her to myself; this was indeed a Work of great Difficulty, and first I strove to gain *Anna's* Esteem by many little Presents, and speaking often to the Princess in her Favour, who was indeed very fond of her; yet I did all this with much Caution: Then when I at any time found her alone in Tears, as she often was, I seemed to commiserate her Misfortunes, inquired into her Country and Circumstances, and sometimes hinted my Inclination to procure her the Means to regain her Liberty: This, added to the Fears she was continually in of being sacrificed to the Emperor, who daily sent for her, though he was sick, and made her sit on the Couch by him, and shewed more Affection for her than for all the rest of his Slaves; which made her more inclined to give Ear to my Offers, whilst I carefully concealed from her the Passion that glowed in my Breast, under the Names

of Friendship, and Royal Pity. Having thus gained my Ends on her; my next Care was to provide such a Retreat as might secure both my rich Prize and myself from the Emperor's Fury, and *Amara's* Resentments; in order to which, I employ'd two of my faithful Slaves, the two now with me, to search near the Sea-Coast for some Place fit to conceal us in, till we could find some Means to escape to a Christian Country; and, after much searching, they at last found this ruined Fortrefs, which has for some Ages past been left unrepaired and disregarded, and quite uninhabited, the Gates being so long shut, that the Locks, Bolts, and Hinges are so spoiled with Rust, that 'tis impossible to get them opened without warlike Engines; my Slaves discovered the subterranean Way by which you entered, and boldly ventured into it with lighted Torches, cutting away with their Scimiters the Weeds with which it was stopp'd up, by which Means they discovered the Stairs, and going up entered the Fortrefs, and finding the Place and Apartments fit and convenient for my Purpose, came with Joy to inform me of it: I in a few Days after pretended to go a Hunting, taking only a few of my Slaves with me, part of whom I left at some Miles distance from this Place, and came to it attended by only the two which I trusted, who shewed me the Way and Place, which I very well liked; and returning back to the Emperor's Palace, resolv'd to conceal my true Design from the sweet Captive, who I was positive would never consent to my Desires but by Force; so I put a Letter into her Hand, to inform her, that now I had secured a Ship to carry her to *Spain*, as she desired, and offer'd to convey her away that

very Night, if she would consent: The innocent Maid gladly accepted my Offer, little imagining that I did not really love the Princess *Amara*, or had any ill Designs on her, so well had I dissembled. One of my faithful Slaves conducted her, being veiled, out of the Garden, and put her into a close Litter drawn by two Mules, driving her away to a Wood some few Miles distant from the Palace, where they stopped to wait for me: It was just the Close of the Day when they set out, and I soon followed, pretending to the Emperor and *Amara*, that I was only going to a Country Seat which I had, and designed to hunt for a Day or two, and so return. Having left the Palace, I sent one of my Slaves before, only retaining my other faithful one, who was in the Secret, and we soon came up with the Litter, where I found the trembling fair One, almost distracted between Fear and Hope: I did all that was possible to dissipate her Fears, assuring her that she should be safe, and that I would conduct her soon into the Ship, and that the Captain was a Christian in his Heart, though he had professed Mahometism to obtain his Liberty, and that he would carry her with Safety to the Port she desired; so we soon reached this Wood, and then I took her in my Arms out of the Litter, and set her down at the Entrance of our new Abode, which one of the Slaves led the Way to with a lighted Torch: But 'tis impossible to express the Agony she was in at this Sight; she would have fell at my Feet, but I held her too fast; she shrieked and wept, but all in vain: My other Slave shut the Trap-door behind us, and she fainting in my Arms, I carried her with Ease up into this Apartment, which my Slaves had by my Order furnished

as you see, and laid in Store of Provisions and Wine: So, transported with being thus secured of the Possession of what I loved above Life or Liberty, I laid her senseless on the Bed, and there kept her the Remainder of the Night in my Arms. 'Tis needless to mention her Grief, or my Joy; we have continued here in Safety for above five Years, during which my dear *Anna* has brought me three Children, two of which you see here before you, the other is dead. The Emperor searched for us many Months in vain; doubly enraged with the Loss of the fair Slave and the Princess *Amara*, who, poor unfortunate Lady, was so distracted with Love and Despair, that she poisoned herself a few Days after I left her. I would have long since attempted to get away from this sad Place with my dear *Anna*, if I had not feared Discovery; but my Enemies are so watchful, that I see no Possibility of doing it, without running the greatest Dangers; therefore if she could be contented, I would rest satisfied to live thus retired all the Days of my Life, blessed with her sweet Company. Sometimes we venture abroad in Disguises when we know the Court is absent; and we want no Necessaries, because my Slaves go forth and buy whatever we want. This, said he, Christians, is my Story; and if you will be faithful and secret, and procure us some Means to get hence with Safety, I promise to embrace the Christian Faith, on Condition that my dear *Anna* will marry me, and to let my Children be baptized also; and I have Treasure sufficient to provide for us all.

C H A P. VI.

THE princely *Moor* having thus ended his Discourse, the two Lords much applauded his Design of being a Christian, and protested that they would keep the Secret he had intrusted them withal most religiously. Then Lord *Albertus* turning to the Lady, said, Well, Madam, why are you thus afflicted? Weep no more; see Heaven here sends you Christian Friends, your Life shall be no longer wretched; we can provide you a Companion, a Lady nobly born, as we believe you are; rejoice that the Almighty has by your Means drawn this Royal Infidel to be a Christian, you must now resolve to make him your lawful Husband, since Providence has given you to him: We will haste back to our poor Cottage, and fetch the lovely *Leonora* to be a Witness to your Union, and at a leisure Hour desire to know your Story. The now courteous *Abra* embraced them, and used the kindest Intreaties imaginable to the beautiful *Anna*; who at last gave him her Hand, and with a deep Sigh said, forgive my Breach of Faith, my dear *Alonzo*, Fate forces me to do this Deed, and destines the wretched *Anna* to another's Arms. The jealous *Moor* heard these Words with some Disorder, and said, I now, too late, perceive from whence your Coldness for me proceeds; but let that hated Rival take Care always to avoid my Sight, for by the Powers above he surely dies if I can ever find him out. Alas, said *Anna* weeping, he is doubtless dead, or must be always so to me; for since the fatal Day that I was made a Prisoner,

Prisoner, I never saw his Face: Then it was that I left him bleeding on the Deck, so wounded that he could not rise to bid me once farewell; to him my infant Vows and Faith were given, Equals in Birth and Fortune; by our fond Parents join'd, but Heaven did not say *Amen*: Believe me, my Royal Lord, all our Intentions and Designs were noble, and since I must be ever yours, no kind, no sad Remembrance of my former Love shall make me to omit the Duty and Respect I owe to you. He clasped her in his Arms, wiped away the falling Tears, and bid his Slaves bring Supper in, telling the Lords they should not part that Night, but stay till the Day-break secured them from Insults: The Count *D'Olone* with great Unwillingness consented, fearing to fright his *Leonora* with his Absence. They passed their Supper very agreeably, and the *Moor* related all the Stratagems he had made use of to frighten the Peasants, that came to cut Wood in the Place for Firing, particularly of making Flames and Smoke issue out of the Holes near the Tree, which his Slaves did with burning Tow in them; after which they beat a Drum, sometimes groaning like departed Spirits: But, said he, I was more apprehensive of you than all others, having often before observed you, and heard you converse, by which I believed you Renegado Christians, sent for Spies; but, blessed be God, I find you otherwise. The fair *Anna's* Conversation charmed them more than all the rest, for she now grew more free, and somewhat chearful, being comforted with their Company, a Pleasure she had long been a Stranger to; nor could the Lords cease to admire the Behaviour of the Slaves to their Lord and the Children,

whom they regarded as sovereign Princes. Supper being ended, they retired to Beds according to the *Turkish* Fashion; that is, Quilts spread on *Persian* Carpets on the Floor, with fine linen Sheets and Coverings, which are all rolled up together in the Morning and carried away to other Rooms: But our Hermits never closed their Eyes all Night, not thinking themselves altogether secure in a Place where an Infidel was so absolute Master, doubting much of the Sincerity of his Conversion: But their Fears did happily prove groundless, and Day appearing, the Slaves came to call them to Breakfast, the Coffee being ready. The noble *Moor* and his Lady, Breakfast being ended, intreated their speedy Return, and presented them with a rich Jewel for *Leonora*: Many Civilities passed when they took Leave, and in their Way Home, they could not but praise and admire the divine Providence, that had now shewed them so safe a Retreat, and such Means to assist their Flight from this miserable Place, where cruel Slavery attends every wretched Christian, who will not renounce his Saviour, and adore the false Prophet *Mahomet*: And when they came to their poor Abode, they found the disconsolate *Leonora* all drowned in Tears, with honest *Faqueline* lamenting for them, they having concluded them dead; but their Joy was inexpressible when they saw them: The good Lords gave *Leonora* an Account of all that had happened to them, and told her she must go back along with them. She at first seemed fearful of going, and advised them not to put so much Confidence in the *Moor*: But Lord *Albertus* so reasoned with her, how much it was their Duty to assist in so holy a Work, as the Conversion of
this

this Infidel would be, and how easy it would have been for him, to have either murdered, or detained them Prisoners if he had pleased; but see, said he, he first trusts us with such Secrets as his Life and Happiness depends upon the concealing of, and then sets us at Liberty; which shews a noble, generous Nature, and speaks him a brave honest Man: *Leonora* at last yielded to go, so they left *Jaqueline* to look to their home, and set out for the old Fortrefs, saying they would return at Night; and they had buried *Leonora's* Jewels, and what Treasure they had left, to secure it: Being arrived at the Trap-door, and giving the Sign agreed on, which was three blows with our Hermits Staves, which they used to walk withal, the Slave appointed opened it, and with a lighted Torch conducted them to the Apartment, where the noble *Moor* and his Lady received them very obligingly; the Ladies embraced one another, both equally glad to meet a Christian Companion in a Country of Infidels. And now *Abra* pressed *Anna* to keep her Promise, which she at last consented to do, and the next Morning was appointed for that Ceremony, he being to be first baptized. The Day was passed in a tender Conversation between the two Ladies, and a very pious one between the *Moorish* Prince and the two Lords; *Albertus* instructing him in the most difficult Points of the Christian Religion, to which they found he was no Stranger, so well had the wise *Anna* informed him of the Christian Faith: In the Evening he was baptized, with his two Children; he by the Name of *Bartholamew*, it being the Festival of that holy Apostle; his little Son by that of *Philip*, and his little Daughter by her Mother's: A Feast, such as

could be procured in such a Circumstance, was provided, and the Count *D'Olone* so pressed *Leonora* to augment the Pleasures of the next Day, by marrying him, that she yielded to it, in Complaisance to all the Company, who joined with him in his Request. The next Morning, according to Agreement, the two Marriages were solemnized; and certainly there never was any thing more extraordinary, than to have Persons of so great Quality espoused, and keep their Nuptials in such melancholy Circumstances, and in so strange and ruinous a Place. The Slaves were also baptized; and now an universal Satisfaction seemed to reign in every Breast.

In the Evening Lord *Albertus* returned to his Cottage, to inform poor *Jaqueline* of the whole Secret, who could now be more useful than ever to them, to buy and procure whatever they wanted, except a Ship; and that he knew not how to procure, but by the Means of his kind Patient whom he had cured of his Fever, who he hoped to persuade into taking the Air often on the Sea, with his favourite Slave *Juliana*; and by that Means to draw them out to Sea on the *Spanish* Coast, and so get them near the Shore to be taken by the *Spanish* Vessels, or unable to get off; but this Time must bring about: But in order to it, he made a Visit the next Morning to young *Mustapha*, to whom he presented some curious little Pictures of the blessed Virgin and some Saints, which he had drawn at his leisure Hours: He also play'd on some Instruments of Musick which he found there: All this so charm'd the young *Turk* and his beautiful Slave, whom he had always near him, that he embraced the good Monk, or in Appearance Dervise, calling him
him

him Father, and asking what Reward he should give him to teach him some of the Arts that he was Master of, and how he might obtain more of his Company: To all which Lord *Albertus* answered with great Civility, that he was ready to instruct him in all he pleased to know, and that in travelling to *Mecca* in his Youth, he had met and conversed with many Christians, of whom he had learned many curious Arts, as also the Mathematicks, and Navigation, and should be glad to teach them to him. *Mustapha* was a Youth of a great Genius and ready Wit, and joyfully embraced his Offer: So he promised to visit him every Day, and took Leave. From his Cottage the noble Monk went back to the old Fortrefs, and in the Way met with a very odd Accident; he saw a Man lying at the Foot of a Tree, so spent with Sicknes and Travelling, that he could not rise; he was dressed in the Habit of a Slave, and loaded with Irons; his Beard reached to his Waist, and the Image of Death was painted in his meagre Face, yet it was easy to see that he was an *European*, and a Gentleman; his Feet were extremely swoln, and the Irons had eaten into his Legs: Lord *Albertus* was moved to Pity at such a melancholy Sight, and stop'd to speak to him; and fearing to betray himself not to be what he appeared, that is, a *Turk*, he spoke in the *Morisco* Language to him; saying, in the Name of our great Prophet, what art thou, poor Slave, and how didst thou come to be in this deplorable Condition? doubtless, thou hast served some cruel Master, and hast preferred Death to a wretched Life, by venturing to fly from him. Yes, said the almost expiring Slave, I have done so, gentle Dervise,

and only wish to die alone, and spend the few Moments that are left of my unhappy Life in conversing with my God, and not with Infidels; I detest your Prophet, your Nation, and your Cruelties: I have here suffered all that wretched Man can endure in the most barbarous Land, and now am going to my dear Redeemer, as I hope, and to eternal Rest: 'Tis three Days since I have tasted any Food, or had one soft refreshing Slumber, but now Life ebbs apace, and all my Sufferings, Fears, and Wants will end: Here he fainted. Compassion melted good *Albertus's* gentle Soul, the Tears fell from his Eyes, to see his fellow Christian's Sufferings, and he quickly drew a small Bottle out of his Pocket, which he had filled with Wine, and generally carried with him when he went abroad, to be ready on any such Occasion, or in case himself were faint; he poured some of this into the dying Slave's Mouth, which a little recovered him, so that he was able to repeat his Draught: So soon as he came a little back to his Senses, Lord *Albertus*, to remove his Fears, said, Fellow Christian, receive Comfort, and do not abandon yourself to Despair, God sends you help by my Hand: Not far from this Place I have a poor Cottage, where you may be safe and recover your Strength, get free from your Fetters, and I hope get some Means not only to live, but regain your Freedom: I myself am a Christian, though thus disguised; nay more, a Priest, and shall be glad either to save or serve you in your Passage out of this Life. At these Words, the poor Slave lift up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, rejoicing; and said, Blessed be the Almighty, the all-pitying God, who has looked on my Distress, and sent me what I only wanted;
a Christian

a Christian Friend, and more, a ghostly Father, to assist me in my greatest Need; alas, as for removing hence, it is not possible for me to do, unless some farther Help was near to bear me to your Home; besides I think Death is gently stealing on me, and my Life draws to an End. Just as he spake, Lord *Albertus* perceived one of the Slaves who was coming from the Fortrefs to go to the Cottage for Food, as usual, *Faqueline* providing what was wanted; he called him to him presently, and sent him to the next Village to hire a Horse, to carry this poor Wretch to his Cottage: Mean Time he gave him more Wine, and took his Confession. The Slave soon returned, and they together helped him upon the Horse, and the Slave throwing his Coat over him, to hide his Slave's Dress and Irons, got up behind him, and soon brought him to the Cottage; where they gave him Food, filed off his festering Fetters, and put him to Bed: Then the good Monk inquired his Name and Country; but who can conceive the Greatness of his Surprize and Satisfaction, when he found that he was the brave Don *Gomez D'Arcos*, *Leonora's* Father, who had been made a Slave, and cruelly treated by the *Turkish* Admiral, after she had made her Escape. Lord *Albertus* embraced him tenderly, and told him of his Daughter's being safe, and in his Care. This was a Cordial that revived him, even more than Food and Rest could do; and they blessed God with all their Souls: Then *Faqueline* being ordered to attend him, Lord *Albertus* and the Slave set out for the Fortrefs, not to return till the next Morning; and being arrived there, Lord *Albertus* acquainted *Leonora* with the agreeable News of her Father's being at their Cottage,

at which she rejoiced extremely; and it was concluded he should be removed to the Fortrefs as soon as possible, to prevent any Discovery; for fear the *Turks* should find him: And in the Evening the two Slaves went and hired a Litter to bring the good old Lord, who willingly went along with them; and they carried him in their Arms into the Apartment in the Fortrefs, where *Leonora* received him with open Arms, and his new Son-in-Law, the Count *D'Olne*, embrac'd him tenderly. He could not but admire to see so noble a Company in so strange a Place, and blessed the gracious God that had preserved and brought them all there together. Supper was served, and Don *Gomez*, being now much revived and recovered, entertained them with a moving Account of his Sufferings. My dear Children and noble Friends, *said he*, since the Relation of past Dangers and Pains are delightful, and serve to give a sweeter Relish to the present Satisfaction and Deliverances which we now enjoy, I will tell you what this poor aged Body of mine has endured, since you, my dear Child, escaped from the amorous enraged *Abeneer's* Seraglio; till then he treated me kindly, made me remain in his Palace, and often conversed with me; enquiring about the State and Laws of our Country, the Government of the Christian Nations, the Strength of our Fleets, and such Discourses, in which he seemed to take much Pleasure; I still returning such Answers as became a Man of my Years and Experience: But the Morning after your Flight, he called for me, and with a Countenance full of Indignation said, Christian, the ungrateful Slave your Daughter has fled from me, doubtless you are privy to her Flight, and

know where she is concealed; fetch her back to me immediately, or by our great Prophet's Soul I'll force yours out with such exquisite Tortures, that you shall curse the Hour of your Birth; here, Slaves, I commit him to your Charge, let not the old Dotard escape, as you prize your own Lives. At these Words two Slaves seized me: The News of your Escape, my dear Child, was Musick in my Ears; but my Soul shook for Fear that you should again fall into the Infidel's Hands, and be worse treated than before: Therefore I thought it wisest not to incense *Abeneer* any farther, and therefore I said to him, my Lord, I am indeed ignorant where my Daughter is, nor was I privy to her Flight, but if you will give me Leave, I'll try to find her, and restore her to you; for since the Fate of War has made her yours, I had much rather she should remain so, than to have her exposed to farther Miseries, and be a Slave to one less noble. Nay, says he, she has inticed the other handsome Slave along with her: Find them out, and I'll reward you; but if you find them not, I'll be revenged on you, and every one that has had a Hand in their Escape, or helps to conceal them. Having said this, he turned his Back, and ordered the Slaves to attend and watch me wherever I went: So I pretended to go in Search of you, by which Means I drew them to follow me into a Wood; I was myself disarmed, for they had taken away my Sword when they seized me; but finding myself alone with them, I all of a sudden snatched a Poniard from one of the Slave's Side, and stabb'd him to the Heart: I would have secured the other also, but Fear lent him Wings to fly from me, and he escaped, although I pursued him to the Wood's Side; but then

then perceiving some *Turks* on the Road to whom he stop'd to speak, I thought it was best to retreat into the Wood, to try to hide myself in case I was pursued; and being greatly terrified (though I resolved to fight even to Death) with the Fear of being retaken, and not killed, I resolved rather to venture into the inmost Part of the Wood, amongst the wild Beasts, than to fall into the Hands of the merciless Infidels again. I made all the Haste I was able, and entering amongst the thickest part of the Trees, I thought that I perceived a Light like a Lamp, and approaching nearer, I discerned a kind of Cave, in which there sat a venerable old Man a reading; his Beard reached down to his Girdle, white as Silver, his Head was bald, his Habit very mean, only a coarse woollen Garment down to his Ancles, tied with a Cord at the Waist; he had nothing but wooden Sandals on his Feet, such as himself had made, and there lay sleeping by him an old Lion: He seemed so attentive on what he was reading that he did not perceive me, though I came up so near that I was just before his Door, just as he laid down his Book, crossed his Breast, and rising waked the Lion, whom he gently stroked, and then went farther into his Cave, opened a Door, and fetched out a Piece of broiled Flesh, as I supposed by its Colour, of which he threw a Part to the Beast, and was going to eat some himself; but when he perceived me, he started, and seemed somewhat surprized: But I soon ended his Fears by speaking to him in the *Spanish* Tongue, to which he readily answered. I told him I was a Christian, fled from the cruel *Turks*, by whom I feared being pursued, and sought a Shelter from their Fury.

When

When I spake the Lion roared hideously, but he gently chid him, and kindly bid me come in: I did so, and was amazed to see the Place, for he brought me into the inner Room, where there lay the Skeleton of a Woman, in a kind of Coffin curiously wrought with Cane and Rushes; there was also a kind of Bed laid on Hurdles, made likewise of Rushes; the Coverings were Beasts Skins dried in the Sun, and the Furs turned inward, to preserve this poor Hermit from the Cold: The only Seat was a Log of Wood; he had an earthen Platter and Pitcher, with a kind of Cup-board, to preserve his Oil for his Lamp, and his Food. He had a Bow, and Quiver of Arrows, with some Gins to catch wild Beasts in; with a Knife, and Tinder-box. He perceived that I was faint, and gave me some Water to drink, for he had nothing better: Mean Time the Lion went forth. Now, said he, my Purveyor is gone abroad to provide us a Supper, for I get little else to eat, but what he brings; so he asked me about my Country, and how I came to this barbarous Place, and I related all my Misfortunes to him, and was overjoyed to be his Guest: Then I begg'd to know his Story, which he as willingly told me, as I had told him mine; beginning in these Words.

C H A P. VII.

I AM, said he, a Native of *England*, I was born in that famous and opulent City, *London*; my Father was a *Spanish* Merchant, trading in Wines to *Spain*, *Portugal*, and the *Levant*: He was very rich, and I was his only Child.
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He gave me a very liberal Education, and sent me to the University of *Oxford*; and at my Return to *London*, having finished my Studies, he sent me to travel, designing to breed me a Gentleman, and to no Trade or Profession. I had a natural Inclination to Travelling; and having spent some Time in *France*, I resolved to make the Tour of *Europe*; and having writ to my Father, and obtained his Leave, I went into *Spain*, where I resided for two Years; my Father's Correspondents making me very welcome, and by this Means I learned the *Spanish* Language perfectly: Here I became acquainted with a young *Italian* Nobleman, whose Name was the Count *de Mancini*, and he did me the Honour to contract a great Friendship with me, and invited me to go with him to *Rome*: He often talked of a beautiful Sister which he had there, and so boasted of her Perfections, that I was doubly fired with an extreme Curiosity both to see her, and that famed City, and readily consented to wait on him thither; so I went along with him in his Coach, and we had a very pleasant Journey: But when we came to *Rome* to his House, or rather Palace, where the fair *Beatrice* received us, I thought myself in an earthly Paradise; her Face was beautiful as an Angel, her Shape and Mien divine; her Modesty and Virtue shone in their full Lustre: Old as I am, my Blood grows warm, and my Heart leaps at the Remembrance of her; sure Heaven never made a more perfect Woman, both for Soul and Body; complete in Beauty and Sense. Our Supper was magnificent beyond all I had ever seen before; and being conducted to an Apartment by the Count where I was to lye, I passed the greatest Part of the Night in
admiring

admiring the rich Furniture and curious Paintings, but above all the Picture of the fair *Beatrix*, which in my Eyes excelled all the others; there my Eyes were fixed, and though I was much tired with my Journey, yet all Thoughts of Sleep were vanished, and her lovely Idea filled my Soul: And when the Count entered my Chamber in the Morning, and asked how I had slept, I told him I had never passed a Night so agreeably waking; he smiled, and I believe guessed my Meaning, for as I was rising, he asked me how I liked his Sister's Picture? and then embracing me, said, may the Original please you better, and may she love you as I do, that we may be as closely united by that Alliance, as we are already by Friendship. I was so transported at the generous Deportment of my Friend, that I even wanted Words to thank him; but clasping him fast in my Arms, I said, Brother and Friend, if it were possible that the divine *Beatrix* could condescend to make me that happy Man, believe me it should be my whole Study to make grateful Returns to her and you: My Soul adores her, and there is nothing I desire more on Earth, than to be never separated from her and you. We went down to Breakfast, where she received us; her Conversation charmed me: In fine, I was so fortunate that she not only suffered my Addresses, but at last granted my Request, on Condition that I should become a Roman Catholick. And now Fortune seemed to smile upon me, and I thought myself secure of Happiness: I was received into the Church with great Pomp, and in a few Days was married to my dear *Beatrix*, to the Vexation of a Crowd of Rivals, more noble and wealthy than myself. Of
this

this I soon gave an Account to my Father in *England*, and now I was become Master of a great Fortune, and my new Brother, my Bride and I, took all the Diversions *Rome* afforded, and visited every Church and Villa, where Pleasure or Curiosity could lead us. Thus we passed three Years, in the greatest Felicity, in which we had two Sons, both which lived but a few Months: But no earthly Blessings are to be depended upon: My loved Brother-in-Law fell sick of a Fever and died, leaving me the greatest Part of his Fortune; and although I had behaved myself in such a Manner, as might rather have gained me Friends than Enemies, yet being a Stranger, and not nobly born, my *Beatrix's* Family and my revengeful Rivals did not heartily respect me; and finding my noble Brother gone, they soon began to slight me; and I was secretly advertised, by a sincere Friend, that some Designs were forming to bring me into the Court of the Inquisition, to undo me. This indeed made me think of leaving *Italy*, and to return to my native Country, where the excellent Laws secure the Subjects Lives and Liberties. I acquainted my dear *Beatrix* with my Design, and there needed no other Argument to induce her to consent to it, but the Preservation of my Life and Liberty: So we agreed to turn all our Fortune into Money and Merchandize, and to hire a Ship to carry us and our Wealth to *England*. In order to this I secretly employ'd my Confessor, a very good Ecclesiastick, to propose the purchasing of my Estate and Houses, or rather Palaces, for such they indeed were, both that in the City and my other in the Country, which was not five Miles from *Rome*, to my Wife's

Wife's Relations; and they soon embraced the Offer, and in few Days the Price was agreed upon: The Conveyances were drawn, the Money paid, and then I immediately put all Things in Order for our Departure, getting Bills for Part of my Money, and the rest I laid out in Plate, and Jewels, and rich Merchandize, with which we left *Rome*, and went to *Leghorn*; there we hired and loaded a Vessel for *England*, and going aboard, set sail with a very fair Wind, flattering ourselves that we should get safe to that happy Isle; but God had otherwise decreed, for the fifth Day of our being at Sea, the Wind began to rise, and by Night such a Storm blew, that our Sails were all torn in Pieces, our Masts broke, and our Rudder split, so that we were left to the Mercy of the Winds and Waves, and had nothing but the divine Providence to trust to; But I was, alas, insensible of my own Danger, all my Concern was for my dear *Beatrix*, who appeared much more calm and resigned than all the rest of the Company; she was big with Child, a Condition that made her more unfit for Danger, and doubly claimed all my Care and Tenderneſs. The Seamen's Clamours and the boisterous Winds did almost deafen us, so that I could scarce understand her soft endearing Words; but I held her in my Arms, resolving never to part with her, even in Death; and at Break of Day we found ourselves on this barbarous Coast, and our Fears of present Death were converted into those of what we dreaded worse, the cruellest Servitude: For the Infidels were looking out upon the Shore for Plunder, and soon spy'd us. The Tempest was still so violent no Boats could venture out to Sea; but
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it soon drove us to Land, the Vessel splitting on the Sands, so that we were forced to leap ashore or be drowned, for the Water entered the Ship, and tore it all to pieces. I had saved some rich Jewels about my Wife and me, with Design, if possible, to conceal them, to pay our Ransom, in case we should fall into the Infidels Hands, as we did; for we were no sooner upon the Sands but they came down to help us, as they pretended by the Signs they made us; and my dear *Beatrix* and I were conducted by a Fisherman to his Cabin, where he made a Fire to dry us, gave us Rum to drink, and Bread; often viewing our Habit, and discoursing about us to his Wife and two Sons, which though we could not understand, yet we too well guessed, that they supposed us Persons of Quality, and were glad to have secured us. We sat down in this poor Place, being very sick and faint: Then the old *Turk* and one of his Sons went out and left us: Soon after a Band of Soldiers came in, and gave us to understand, that we must go before the Governor or Bassa of *Tunis*, for there we were cast on Shore. But what Pen or Tongue can express the Agony I was in, when I saw my dear *Beatrix*, who till then had never shed a Tear, turn her angelick Face towards me, and melt into a Torrent of Tears: Alas, now, said she, we shall be parted, and meet no more till after Death: Then she fainted, and I went to catch her in my trembling Arms, but the rude Soldiers pushed me from her, and their haughty Captain, who had gazed with eager Eyes upon her Beauty, lifted her up with such Concern, as raised a thousand Scorpions in my Breast; recovering from her Trance, a Vail was flung over her

her Head, and we were drag'd along to the Bassa's, and with some of our Ship's Crew, who had been saved and brought there before us, put into a common Hall, under a Guard, and left till Notice being given to the Bassa, he called for us into his Presence; he no sooner looked upon us but he singled out my Wife and me, bidding us stand by: Then the poor Sailors were dismissed to be sold for Slaves, and he by an Interpreter demanded my Name and Quality. I said I was a Merchant, a Native of *England*, who had been at *Leghorn* to buy Silks and Wines, and that *Beatrice* was my Wife, and I hoped that as our Nation and his were at Peace, he would release us, and let us have Liberty to go home when an Opportunity presented. He smiled, and said he was informed my Wife was an *Italian*, (this he had doubtless learned by the Sailors) and that for that Reason she must not be released; but as for me, I might go where I pleased, on Condition that she were left behind. At these Words I knew not how to govern my Passion, and she fell into swooning Fits again. I fell upon my Knees, implored his Pity, and pleaded the Injustice of his Proceeding, offered more than I knew how to pay, but all in vain; for Love had made him deaf to all that I could say, and my dear *Beatrice* was carried away in his Slave's Arms, whilst I raged and stormed to no Purpose: So he left me raving to be seized by his Slaves, who having loaded me with Irons, carried me out into the outer Court, and threw me into a Cart, and drove me into the Country, where I was many Days fed with Bread and Water, and laid under the Stairs of a Summer-house in a Garden,

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on a little Straw. Grief and this cruel Usage soon threw me into a violent Fever, on seeing which they removed me to a better Lodging, and used some Means to recover me; at last it was the Will of Heaven that I should live, and I regained my Health, so that I was able to walk about: Then they put on me a Chain, and Clog on one Leg, and put me to work in the Gardens; and by this Means I grew conversant with one of the Women Slaves, a *Moor*, who used to come to me to gather Fruit for the Women of the Seraglio, which joined to this Country House to which the Gardens belonged; of her I learned that this House and Seraglio were the Governor's, and that he used to pass his Summer here: This gave me some slight Hopes of getting some Knowledge of my dear *Beatrix*, yet I dared not to ask after her, till one Evening, *Mandate* the *Moorish* Slave coming to me, and I having perceived that she had taken a Fancy to my Person, I toyed a little with her, and demanded what fine *European* Beauties our Lord had in his Seraglios; she told me he had many, some of which she described, but he has one, said she, whom he seems more to doat upon than all the rest, an *Italian* Lady, who was great with Child when she was brought to him; she has been delivered of a dead Child, and has lain sick ever since, yet he daily visits and adores her, and it will not be many Days before he will be here, for he designs to bring her hither for the Air, and we believe he will, as usual, pass the Summer Season here. This News was Musick in my Ears, and I again kissed and hugged the ugly Creature, and dismissed her; and now I counted every tedious

tedious Day and Hour till the Bassa came, watching to have one momentary View of my dear *Beatrice*: At last the Slave informed me that she was the Night before brought to the Seraglio in a Litter, very weak, and lodged in an Apartment near a Terrass Walk that looked down into the lower Gardens where I worked: After this, my Eyes were continually gazing up to the Windows of that Apartment, and it was several Days before I was blessed with the Sight of my Dearest; but one Morning early, I perceived her at her Devotions, lifting up her Hands and watery Eyes to Heaven: She was very pale, and having no Thoughts of my being still alive, as I afterwards learned, cast not her Eyes to the Earth to search for any pleasing Object; and though I had no Hopes ever to have her nearer to me, or to possess her endearing Conversation any more, yet I found a sensible Pleasure in only looking on her, even at so great a Distance; and I watched the Windows after this continually, and often saw her; but one Evening I perceived the Bassa walking on the Terrass Walk, and soon after a Woman appeared, led between two Slaves, she was veiled, but upon her Approach the Bassa rose from his Seat, and ran to her, throwing up her Vail he embraced her, and led her to his Seat; then I discovered it was my Wife, and surely Racks and Wheels are trifling Pains to what I felt, stung by the Scorpion Jealousy; I crept close under the Wall, threw myself flat on the Ground on my Belly, as if asleep, fearing to be seen, and there heard their Conversation: He used all the Rhetorick of a passionate Lover in the *Italian* Tongue, to persuade her to
love

love him, but in vain, she reasoned so wisely, and so virtuously, pleading her Religion and Duty, which forbid her ever to yield to his Desires, that if my Love could have possibly admitted of any Increase, I should have loved her more than ever: Yet I was still more sensible of my Loss, and though my Passion for her was not augmented, my Grief was greatly. He was very gallant, and said he would not force her, but stay till Time and his Intreaties should prevail on her to yield to his Desires. She told him, Death was all she covered, since I was dead, and that she would never have a second Choice. He kissed her Hands, sighed, and treated her with the utmost Kindness, but she appeared very sad and disconsolate: I was transported to hear that he had not enjoyed her, yet in the greatest Perplexity how to free her and myself from Slavery. They stay'd not long, but he led her back to her Apartment, and the next Morning by Day-break I came into the Gardens, and placed myself in View opposite to her Windows, then I began to sing a *French* Song, which I had often used to sing with her when we were happy, and I had soon the Satisfaction to see her come to her Window, then I made her a Sign, which she answered with her Hand, and then she withdrew, as I suppose, for fear of being observed, and discovered by her attending Slaves. My Soul seemed now more at Ease, and I flatter'd myself, that Heaven which had brought us so near together, would soon find us the Means to escape. In the Evening I saw her leaning on the Slaves, walking on the Terrass, and I watched her very narrowly, hoping she would drop some Note over the Wall

to

to me: Nor were my Expectations frustrated, for she came close to the Wall, which was Breast high, and leaning on it, let fall a silk Purse, which fell among the Herbs on the Bank beneath. I well marked the Place, but did not dare to go towards it till she was gone to her Apartment; for I learned from the *Moorish* Slave *Mandate*, that the Bassa was ignorant of my being there, having I suppose forgot to ask after me; and that he had told her I was dead; and perhaps believed me so, having ordered me to be so cruelly treated; at least he feared me not, having my dear *Beatrice* wholly in his Power; and I feared his seeing me, although my Slave's Habit and Misery had so changed me, that scarce any of my most intimate Friends would have known me: I therefore carefully avoided him, and waited till none of the Slaves were in Sight, then I flew to the Bank and took up the Purse, which I easily found, and trembling with Haste, untied the Strings, and found fifty Chequins in Gold, a rich Diamond Ring, and a Letter which contained these Words.

To my dear ANTONIO (for that is my Christian Name, my Sir-Name being TINDAL.)

‘ D Earest, ’tis with the utmost Transport
 ‘ that my Ears and Eyes convince me that
 ‘ you are still alive, for I have long mourned
 ‘ you as dead. And though the miserable Cir-
 ‘ cumstances we are in are such as would even
 ‘ cut off all Hope of our ever being free and
 ‘ happy together again; yet since there is a
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‘ Possibility of it, seeing we are both alive, I
 ‘ trust in the Almighty that he will deliver us.
 ‘ The amorous Bassa giving me daily Presents,
 ‘ has furnished me the Means to help you with
 ‘ what this Purse contains: I hope it will pro-
 ‘ cure your Liberty, and if you could find a
 ‘ secure Retreat for us, where we might be con-
 ‘ cealed in some disguised Dresses, till we could
 ‘ get off in some Christian Ship, and give me
 ‘ Notice where to come to you so soon as my
 ‘ Health is recovered, I would venture to at-
 ‘ tempt an Escape hence: If I die in the At-
 ‘ tempt, Death is preferable to being a Slave
 ‘ with Infamy. May Angels guide you to find
 ‘ out such a Place as fits our Design, and be
 ‘ assured that I will be yours, and only yours
 ‘ till Death,

‘ BEATRIX.

I read this Letter with Transport, and fan-
 cied it would not be difficult to effect all she
 desired; and now all my Thoughts were em-
 ploy’d on finding a Place fit for our Purpose;
 but alas, I forgot that I was loaded with a
 Chain and Clog, and that made it impossible
 for me to walk far; and that I was so watched
 by the other Slaves that I could never hope
 to escape unless I could get my Chain off and
 fly to some Wood, and there I should be in
 Danger to starve or be devoured by the wild
 Beasts: And now I was under a strong Tem-
 ptation to renounce my Religion and turn Ma-
 hometan to gain my Freedom, and I did so,
 Heaven forgive me for it, for I went to the
 Chief-

Chief-Priest, declared my Design, and was kindly received and entertained; nay, he sent me to the Emperor to *Fez*, and there I was loaden with Presents and greatly honoured, and sent back to *Tunis* to my hated Rival the Governor, with Orders to him to give me some honourable Post in the Fleet or Army: And tho' he inwardly burned with Rage, yet he was forced to dissemble, and gave me a Commission to command a Band of Soldiers, and now I was indeed free, but alas much more miserable than before, for my Conscience was wounded and continually reproached me with my Apostacy; and in the next place my dear *Beatrice* was now intirely shut up from me, for the Bassa suspecting my Design, and believing I turned Mahometan for no other End but to be revenged of him, kept her close in his Seraglio in the Country; yet however I at last found an Expedient, for I feigned myself sick, and kept my Chamber. I had bought a Slave, whom I found very faithful, and a Christian, he was a *Spaniard* by Birth, and a Gentleman, the Lieutenant of a Ship which had fallen into the *Barbarians* Hands, his Name was *Francisco de Almedo*; I used him kindly, and he used to dress and wait on me. I one Day asked him if he would serve me to obtain his Freedom, he swore he would, even to the Hazard of his Life, and even though I still kept him my Slave. I then embraced him, and bid him pretend that I was still in Bed unable to see Company, and so carry Food to my Bed-side for three or four Days, whilst I was absent, and not let the other Slaves know that I was not there; and at my Return I would

set him free, and reward him nobly. He undertook to do it, and in the Night I took Horse and set out for the Country, leaving the Bassa in his Palace behind me. I soon reached the Seraglio, I knew perfectly well all the Place, and leaving my Horse fasten'd to a Tree near the Garden Gate, I climbed the Wall at a Part of it where I knew it was easy; it was a very Moon-light Night, and I was well armed, and my Face was covered with a black Vizard; so I mounted the Wall of the Terrass-Walk, and ran to the Apartment where my dear *Beatrix* was used to be kept. I soon climbed up to the Window where I had seen her stand, and breaking the Lettice got in: I made the least Noise imaginable, fearing to fright her; a Lamp was burning by the Bed-side, and she was in a profound Sleep, with a Handkerchief in her Hand, wet with the Tears she had shed, when waking. I approached her, trembling with Joy and Fear, and taking off my Mask, whispered gently, My dear *Beatrix*, look up my Charmer, and see thy *Antonio* come to deliver thee. At these Words she started, and for a Minute gazed upon me, in doubt whether it was a Dream, or real: But when I laid my Lips to her's, and clasp'd her in my Arms, she pressed me close to her innocent Bosom, and wept for Joy. Then I asked her if any Person was near to over-hear us. She bid me fasten the Door gently within-side, and tell her my Design: I did so, and bid her rise quickly and go with me. She answered me, if I had provided a Retreat for us. I told her no, but I should find one: She seemed to view my Habit with much Surprize, and would have asked Questions,

Questions, but I hastened her to be gone. So having put on her Clothes, and taking what Gold and Jewels she had in her Cabinet, which were considerable, I got down first from the Window, which was but low, and helped her down; and from thence we descended from the Terrass-Wall into the lower Gardens, then I forced the Lock of the Garden Gate: Then I wrap'd her up in my Cloak, and set her upon the Horse before me; so setting Spurs to his Sides, we made haste toward the Sea-side; it was a very fine *Arabian* Horse, which Horses go very fleet, and by Day-break we were got many Leagues from the Seraglio; and being near this Wood, and my dear *Beatrice* being tired, and ready to faint through Weakness, I thought it best to turn in amongst the Trees to rest a little both ourselves and our Horse: So we alighted, and set ourselves down on the Grass under a Tree, by which I tied my Horse; then I pulled some dried Grapes and Figs out of my Pocket, with a Bottle of Wine, and gave her to eat and drink: And now we began to consult what was best to be done for her Safety; and I propos'd to dress her in Man's Clothes as a Slave, and so to keep her with me till we could get an Opportunity to get away in some Christian Ship. But when she heard that I had turned Mahometan, though but in Appearance, she let fall a Shower of Tears, all her Courage forsook her, and she cried, Ah! my *Antonio*, my Hopes are at an end, Misery must attend us. Whilst we were thus busied in talking, we minded not that a venerable old Man was behind us, he was employ'd in picking up Sticks to make a Fire; but

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fearing.

fearing to be discovered as well as we, as we came soon after to know, he stop'd; and placing himself behind a Tree, stood and overheard all we said; then coming forth, he saluted us in the *Italian* Tongue, saying, God save you, Christians, fear me not, I can furnish you a very poor but safe Retreat; and, if the Lady will accept of it, some Refreshment. We viewed him with Surprize, for he was very antient, and looked much as I do now. We thanked him, and he led us to this Cave, and entering into it said, Here I have served my God these forty Years, having no other Companion but the wild Beasts, yet this is better than Slavery: I frequent the neighbouring Villages to sell some Baskets which I make with Rushes, and some wooden Toys, which I employ my idle Hours in; with these I purchase Bread and Oil for my Lamp. I am a Native of *Italy*, and a Cordelier, I was going on the Mission to *Japan* in a Ship that was taken, and so brought in here: I was a Slave many Years; I have been whipped, and so beaten, and endured such Hardships that it would melt the Souls of Christians but to hear me relate my Sufferings; I have had the Nails of my Toes pull'd off with Pincers, been burned with red-hot Irons: In fine, I did suffer for ten long Years innumerable Miseries, till at last I resolved rather to live amongst Beasts than Men; so I fled to the Woods, and filing off my Fetters, remained for a while concealed all the Day, and so crept to the Villages in the Night, where I picked up the dirty Bones and stinking Scraps which were thrown out into the Streets for the Dogs, nay, I was glad to feed often on the putrified

trified Carcasses of the wild Beasts which I found in the Woods who had died with Distempers, or been wounded by the Hunters. Oh! how often, *said he*, have I reflected on the profuse Manner in which Christians live in *Europe*, and how unconcerned great and rich Men sit down to their Tables to feast on the costliest Delicacies, whilst thousands of poor Christians perish in loathsome Prisons and the Streets for want of Bread; and what is still more terrible, are left in Slavery in the cruel Hands of Infidels who delight in torturing and tormenting their poor Fellow-Creatures, particularly such who will not forsake their Saviour for the Impostor *Mahomet*. At last I found this Cave with two young Lions in it newly whelped, and the old Lion sorely wounded so that she could not rise: I ventured in boldly, perceiving she had a poisoned Arrow sticking in her Side; I boldly pulled it out, and she licked my Hands, so I laid down by her to warm myself: In fine, I fed her daily with what I got and could not eat; but wanting Milk, one of her young Cubs died, and next herself. The other Cub was a Female, and I bred her up with Difficulty and made her tame, and she has lived with me ever since, and I spay'd her very young, fearing to have more; so she goes abroad, catches and brings her Prey home. On this and Roots I chiefly live, and finding she grows old, I am looking out for to find a young one to succeed her when she dies. Having thus told us his Story whilst we sat to rest, he brought us Bread and Meat, the Flesh of a Kid boiled, which his

Lion had caught, and he had dressed; we could not but admire his way of Life, and were glad to accept of such a safe Retreat for a few Days to hide my *Beatrix* in, till I could provide a better; so I left her there whilst I rid back to a Town where I bought her a Slave's Habit, with which I returned to the Cave; and having dressed herself in it, we went to a Village where he directed us, and there I placed her at a poor Widow Woman's House as a sick Slave to recover her Health; and being beautiful, the Woman no doubt supposed her a favourite Slave whom I kept for my Pleasure, as it is usual with the *Turks* to do. Having placed her there, I went back to *Tunis*, slipped into my Apartment, and there found my faithful Slave *Francisco*, who rejoiced at my safe Return. All my Thoughts were now bent upon getting away from this barbarous Country, and I continually went to visit and pass whole Nights and Days with my dear *Beatrix*. Mean Time the Bassa having the News of her Escape from the Seraglio, was like an enraged Lion, yet could not discover where she was, nor who had been privy to her Escape; yet he suspected me above all others, and set Spies upon me, which I soon perceived, and finding it would be impossible for me to avoid being discovered, or to get away, if I did not put an end to his Suspicions by entirely disappearing, I at last resolved on a Stratagem which could not but succeed; so I pretended to be very sick, and so retired, being carried in a Horse-litter to my Country Seat, which was some Leagues from *Tunis*, there my Slave *Francisco* assisting, I feigned dying, and was in Appearance buried. This News

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was soon spread abroad, and my Command was given to another; and to prevent all Suspicion, he gave it out that I died of a pestilential Fever, so that my own Slaves did not dare to approach my dead Body, but bore me to my Grave, as they thought, without viewing it, and indeed it was only a wooden Statue which we had dressed up in my stead. Nor did I trust even *Francisco* with the Place of my Retreat, but only set him free, and left him enough to make him happy in any Christian Country. And now I fancied myself very safe with my dear *Beatrix*, and being disguised in a poor Fisher's Habit, I bought a Boat to go a Fishing, hoping to meet some Christian Ship to carry us off, and our good Friend the Cordelier. But to blast all my Hopes, my beloved *Beatrix* fell sick of a Fever, and in eight Days died: This struck my Soul with such a profound Melancholy, that I laid aside all Thoughts of Liberty and Happiness, and resolved to quit the World and retire to the old Hermit's Cave with her dead Body, which was a Treasure I knew not how to part withal; and I accordingly bought a large Chest, filled it partly with unslacked Lime, and put the Body into it, and hired a Horse-Litter to carry it near the Wood; there I made it to be set down, and sent the Litter away: Then I went up and acquainted the good Cordelier, who soon came and helped me to carry it into his Cave, and applauded my Design. We buried the Treasure I had with me, and we lived together five Years; during which Time the Lion died, and I found another young one which we bred tame also; then my good Companion died, and 'tis now

thirty odd Years that I have lived alone in the Manner you see, and often relieved poor distressed Christians, like you, and now this kind of Life is grown habitual to me, and I often venture out early in the Morning to some neighbouring Villages, where I comfort the weary Slaves, assist the Dying with ghostly Counsel, purchase what I want, and return home at Evening; but I never discover my Abode to any body. Thus the good Hermit ended his strange Relation, and I was very glad to abide with him for some Days, till the Fury of the Search was over after me; but I could not forbear often to go forth with the Bow and Arrows to shoot Birds and Beasts, and to venture even to the utmost Bounds of the Wood; so that the ninth Day the *Turks* lying in wait for me, caught me, coming upon me at unawares, and they tied me with Cords to a Horse's Tail, and so dragged me along to the cruel Governor's, before whom I was brought. He loaded me with Injuries, and then commanded me to be loaded with Irons, and to receive the Bastinado; and they accordingly hanged me up by the Heels, and gave me fifty Blows on the Soles of my Feet; then I was cast into a loathsome Dungeon and fed with nothing but Bread and stinking Water. After this I was put amongst the other Slaves to draw Water, and treated with the greatest Inhumanity, being often lashed and almost starved, reviled and tasked above my Strength:—So that at Length I was no longer able to support such Treatment, being even ready to die; so I took up a desperate Resolution to escape, or die in the Attempt.

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I took an Opportunity one Evening when I was sent to draw Water to take my Flight, and leaving my Pitcher by the Well-side, it being Evening, I went as fast as ever I was able towards the Wood where the Hermit my old Friend lived: I travelled all Night, but being loaden with my Chains, could not reach half way, and all the Day long I was forced to hide myself behind some Hedge or Tree for Fear of being seen; and having no Food with me, I fed on the wild Roots and Fruits which I found in the Woods. Thus I travelled three Nights and Days till I reached the Place where the noble *Albertus* found me. This, my dear Children, and generous Friends, is a true Narrative of my Sufferings, since my *Leonora* escaped, whom I concluded dead and devoured by wild Beasts, or got aboard some Christian Ship and gone hence. You can easily conceive my Joy to find you, my dear Child, so safely lodged, and so well disposed of; and I beseech the Almighty to give us the Means to leave this inhospitable Place, and bring us in Safety to our native Countries again. All the Company joined with him in these Wishes, and much admired his Story of the Hermit: Nay, Lord *Albertus's* Curiosity to see him was such, that he resolved to make him a Visit before he left the Country. After this they retired to Rest, and the next Morning he set out for the Cottage in order to go to his Pupil *Mustapha* to effect his intended Design: And he so well succeeded, that in few Days he persuaded him to purchase a small Vessel, but a good Sailer, to take their Pleasure and Diversion in, that he might teach him perfectly the Art of Navigation after

the *European* Manner. There needed not many Hands to manage this Ship, seven or eight were sufficient; and Lord *Albertus* said he could provide a rare old Pilot, meaning Don *Gomez*, and our *Mustapha* provided four Mariners, all *Turks*, and now Provisions were sent aboard, and the brave *Gomez* being recovered and put in a Sailor's Dress came aboard, and *Mustapha* came in the Evening with his beautiful Slave *Juliana*, and they past the whole Night on board very agreeably, the cunning Pilot using his utmost Dexterity in working the Ship, to shew his new Lord how well he understood his artful Business. Mean Time Lord *Albertus* entertained them with such Relations of the Politeness of *France*, *Spain*, and other Christian Kingdoms, as might both divert and raise young *Mustapha's* Curiosity; so they went ashore again at Day-break, and then the Ship was committed to the new Pilot's Care, who staid aboard with the Sailors. In a few Days after Lord *Albertus* proposed to *Mustapha* the same Diversion, and asked his Leave to bring some of his own Friends aboard, some *Turks* of Quality whom he had cured of Indispositions, and his Request was readily granted; so that nothing now remained but to put all things in order for to leave *Barbary*; and it was resolved that the three Ladies should be disguised in Men's Habit like so many young Slaves, such as the noble *Turks* keep for their Pleasure, Boys being there in as much Esteem as Women, and that they should attend the noble Moor with the two faithful Slaves, and the Women Slaves belonging to him, and *Anna* his fair Wife; that *Jaqueline* should wait on

on the two Children as their Nurse; and the Count *D'Olone* was to put on a *Turkish* Habit, and pass for the noble *Abra's* Friend, and that they should conceal about them all the Gold and Jewels they all had saved, and so come on board the Ship with poniards and Pistols concealed under their Vests in case of Need, and be there before *Mustapha* came on board. Lord *Albertus* provided also store of Sherbet and Rum, with some Wine, which although the *Alcoran* forbids the Mahometans to drink, yet they will drink very freely of in private. All things being thus got ready, nothing remained but to gratify the Count *D'Olone's* and Lord *Albertus's* Curiosity of seeing the old *English* Hermit, which they did in the Manner following.

C H A P. VIII.

THE two Lords rose at Day-break, and set out for the Wood, where being arrived they found the venerable old Man at his Morning Devotions, with his Lion lying at his Feet, waiting to be fed; he immediately rose from off his Knees, to go and embrace the noble Strangers, and so soon as they named Don *Gomez D'Arcos*, demanded how he did. So they sat down, and Lord *Albertus* related to him all the Story of his being taken, and Sufferings with the *Turks*; as also his Escape, and the deplorable Condition he found him in, with his Daughter *Leonora's* History: In fine, he entertained the

the attentive Hermit with an Account of himself, his Friend, and the noble *Abra*; a Story so full of Wonders, that he could not forbear to often break out into Ejaculations of Praise to the all-merciful God, who thus miraculously had and does preserve those who trust in him, and often gives Deliverance to poor Christians out of the Hands of *Turks* and Infidels. Then they invited him to leave his desolate miserable Habitation, and to go along with them to the Fortrefs, in order to return to *Spain* or *Italy*, there to taste the Sweets of Christian Conversation and Liberty. But he seemed unwilling to leave his Cave and Company, the sacred Remains of his dear *Beatrix* and Vassal Lion. Thus we see how possible it is for a Man to grow enamoured of the most unpleasant things, and how easy it is for us to habituate ourselves to Fasting, Cold, Solitude, and the greatest Austerities which Religion and Penitence can enjoin us to suffer for our Enormities, or Vices; at which the voluptuous Sinner trembles, or laughs, as impossible for Humanity to support. Thus deprived of all the Comforts of human Life, our Hermit, fearful to launch out into the World again, although worn out with Age, and fond of what we Worldlings esteem Misery, chooses to live with wild Beasts and dead Bones, to eat gross Meats and unsavoury Herbs and Roots, to converse with his Creator and his own Soul only, and to fly the endearing Company of his fellow Mortals, lest he should begin to love this World again, and grow neglectful of the next. What a wise, but a hard Lesson is this, for us of this Age to learn, who shrink at the slightest Disappointments,

appointments, who are Strangers to Self-denial, and can scarce find Dainties to please and gratify our depraved Appetites, or soft Beds and downy Pillows, splendid Apartments and well situated Habitations, to repose our indulged feeble Bodies in, and court our wandering Senses to soft Slumbers; when want of Labour hinders from sound healthful Sleeps: But the prudent Hermit is contented with that Way of Life which Providence had now placed him in, and reflecting on the past Misfortunes of his Life, prefers this poor Retreat to *European* Palaces? He gave our noble Lords pious Advice, embraced them tenderly, and conducted them to the Wood-side, and there he took Leave, promising his Prayers should ever attend them. Thus they left him, much admiring his resolute Piety and Wisdom, and returned to the Fortrefs, where they surprized their Friends with an Account of what had passed, for they had all concluded that the Hermit would rejoice at the Offer of Liberty and Safety. And now nothing remained but to execute their Design of escaping themselves; and the appointed Morning being come, they went all aboard, as it had been before agreed, and soon after *Mustapha* came with the fair *Juliana*; he saluted the noble *Moor* and *Turk*, whose handsom Slaves he beheld with youthful Desires. Sherbets and Wines were served, with store of Sweetmeats, and the Anchor was weighed, the Sails unfurled, and a fresh fair Gale blowing, they sailed before the Wind, and were soon got out to Sea, before *Mustapha* was aware; to delude whom, the Slaves danced and sung. But when Lord *Albertus*

and his Friends found they were out of Danger of the Infidels, they smiled upon one another; and Night coming on, and *Mustapha* dead drunk with Wine, they secured him on a Bed, and mounting on the Deck, gave Wine to the Mariners below. In fine, they reached the *Spanish* Shore by Day-break, and cast Anchor in the Port of *Barcelona*. The Infidels were much surprized to see themselves betray'd, but it was too late, for the *Spaniards* in their Boats soon came aboard, and the noble Lords and Ladies were congratulated as became the Occasion. The News soon spread ashore, and in all the Ships lying in the Port; and *Mustapha* was so treated and caressed, that he seem'd not much displeased. They were all carried ashore, and conducted to the Governor's House, with a Crowd of the rejoicing Populace attending; and there the Ladies retired to the Governor's Apartment, and put on Women's Habits, such as became their Sex, and her Generosity to give them: So the Ship and *Turkish* Mariners were secured, and here this noble Company were entertained and visited with the utmost Magnificence and Civility for the Space of a Month; during which the young *Turk Mustapha* was converted, and baptized, and married to the fair *Juliana*. All the Nobility strove who should shew themselves most generous and obliging to these noble Strangers; and the Ladies, *Leonora* and *Anna*, writ to their Relations, who soon came or sent to congratulate them on their Return to *Spain* and Liberty. After some Time spent at *Barcelona*, they all took Leave of the Governor, with many Acknowledg-

Acknowledgments for the Civilities they had received of him, his Lady, and all the Nobility and Merchants there; and having agreed before not to part, these noble Travellers, having converted the Jewels which they had saved and brought along with them, into Money, which the two Lords, the noble *Moor*, Don *Gomez D'Arcos*, and *Mustapha*, divided equally amongst them, they all set out for *France*, Lord *Albertus* and the Count *D'Olone* being desirous to return to *Paris*, and to make *France* their Place of Abode: The faithful *Jaqueline* and Slaves attending them, they soon arrived there in Safety; and the Count *D'Olone* bought a fine Country Seat for himself and his beloved *Leonora* in *Normandy*, to which he invited his Friends to pass the Summer, and particularly Lord *Albertus*, whom he esteemed as himself; intreating him not to venture any more abroad to visit strange Countries, but to content himself with doing God what service he could in that Nation: You may here, said he, my noble Friend, find Objects enough to exercise your Patience and Piety upon, such as ignorant Peasants to instruct, debauched Noblemen to reprehend, sick and dying Persons to exhort and attend; in fine, expose not your Life to Seas and sultry Climates, to Infidels and Barbarians any more. The Lord *Albertus* seemed to hearken to his Advice; and preferring Solitude and Retirement to crowded Courts and Cities, took up his Residence altogether at Lord *D'Olone's* Country Seat, where he continued for three Years; but Providence had decreed that he should end his Life elsewhere, and obtain a Crown of Martyrdom.

tyrdom. The Count *D'Oloné* fell sick and died; his widowed Lady retired to a Convent, giving her Estate to the Church and her two Friends *Juliana* and *Anna*, to be equally divided: And four Jesuits being ordered on the Mission, and going in one of the Ships of the Squadron sent by the *India* Company from *France*, to *China* and *Japan*, Lord *Albertus* obtained Leave to accompany them, being very desirous to share their Labours, and bear a Part in their Sufferings, to propagate the Christian Faith. Thus the divine Wisdom does often direct us by secret Inspirations to the glorious Ends designed for those who follow its Dictates, and obey the divine Call: And he who loves his Saviour's Honour, and Mankind's Good before his own, shall not fail of a happy End.

In the Year 1723, the 17th of *February*, the noble Monk, Lord *Albertus*, went on board the good Ship the *Enterprenant*, bound from *Port Lewis* to *China*; they set sail the 18th with a fair Wind, having four Ships more in Company; and having a prosperous Voyage, they arrived safely in *China* the 10th of *August* following. He landed at *Nimpo*, a considerable City and Haven in *Chekiam*, a Province in *China*; there being the four Jesuits in Company, viz. Father *Fonteney*, *Fountain*, *Gerbillon*, and *de Visdelon*. *China* is a very ceremonious Country, and they were all forced to appear before the chief Mandarin, who examined them strictly as to their Business there, and viewed all the Goods belonging to them; which were only Clothes, Mathematical Instruments, Books, Pictures, Images of Saints, and such like, with
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some curious *European* Toys, and Watches. In fine, they passed through all the usual Formalities, and were then permitted to go to *Pekin* their capital City, to the rest of the good Fathers Missionaries; and there Lord *Albertus* remained for some Months, to learn the Customs and Language of *China*, which, though it contains but three hundred and thirty Words, and all of them but of one Syllable, yet is extreme difficult to be learned; because every one of these Words being pronounced in different Accents, hath different Meanings, and each Word is to be spoke in five different Tones, which swells the Number to one thousand six hundred and sixty five Words; then speaking quick or slow, roughly or smoothly, does again change the Sense; which renders their Language very harmonious, and they seem to speak musically; but this renders it also extremely hard for Foreigners to learn or understand, and a great Memory is absolutely necessary to attain it. So soon as Lord *Albertus* had made himself enough Master of the Tongue to be understood, he set out from *Pekin* with Father *Jacob*, another Missionary, who had been five Years in *China*, and was going to visit the Province of *Xensi*, which lyes on the Confines of *China* next *Tartary*; which is separated from that great Empire, only by that famous Wall so much spoken of in History. Here he came to a Town called *Cumchem*, and was received by the few Christians who lived there with great Joy: Here he preached, exhorted, confessed, and baptized all who were willing, or could be drawn to embrace the Christian Faith, and performed all the Duties

Duties of an Apostle and Christian Pastor. There was at this Time, as there is almost continually, Wars betwixt the *Tartars* and *Chinefe*; who make Excursions frequently upon one another; and one Night, a Party of the *Tartars* enter'd the Town where the good Father was, and having plundered it, carried away many of the Inhabitants, amongst whom the brave *Albertus* was made a Prisoner. They were all pinion'd, and some of them tied to the Victor's Horses Tails, and so driven before, or dragg'd after them to the *Tartars* Camp; and from thence sent farther into *Tartary*, treated as captive Slaves, and disposed of as such. Lord *Albertus* appearing sickly, was looked upon as unfit for Drudgery, and being known by his Habit to be a Christian Priest, was examined about his Knowledge in the Sciences, and finding him to be learned in the Mathematicks, Astrology, and Navigation, one of the *Tartarian* Cans or Generals sent him to his Palace at *Turquestan* to educate his Favourite Son, and here he lived for two Years, in which Time he converted his Pupil *Ousanquea*, and his two Sisters *Timene* and *Panerata*, baptized and perfectly instructed them in the Christian Faith, and by their Means procured for his Use, in private, an old Mosque in a Wood, where he secretly instructed many *Tartars*, and received them into the Church: But at last this Truth coming to light, the Infidels grew enraged, and seized upon the pious Monk one Day as he was performing Divine Service in his poor Oratory in the Mosque, his Pupil and the young Ladies being present: He was dragg'd away by the People, his Pupils following and

and entreating them in Behalf of their Tutor, but in vain, their Nobility nor Intreaties bore any Weight, but rather intraged the Populace the more, because it discovered that they were also Christians. An Account of this Tumult was soon brought to the Magistrates Ears; and the *Tartarian* General, who was just returned home, it being the Season when the Army was gone into Winter Quarters, hearing that his Son and Daughters were turned Christians, flew to the Place where our Christian Hero was, attended with a Troop of Soldiers; there he no sooner saw the venerable Monk but he loaded him with Reproaches, and next proceeded to revile his own Son and Daughters; but they all continued firm in their Faith, and answered with the greatest Bravery, confessing their Saviour and renouncing the false Prophet *Mahomet* and his abominable Doctrines; whilst Lord *Albertus* stood with the greatest Meekness and Fervour, lifting up his Hands and Voice to Heaven, rendring Thanks to God who did thus manifest his Power amidst those Enemies of Truth, and had vouchsafed him the Favour to suffer this for his sake. He likewise encouraged his Pupils, crying aloud, Oh! my dear Children in Christ, fear not to stand up for the Truth, but like me lay down your Lives to obtain an eternal Weight of Glory. This more incensed the Infidels against him, who laid on him with Stones and Clubs, so that at last he surrendered his Soul into the Hands of him that gave it, and died praising God, with such Faith and Constancy, that even his Murderers were filled with Admiration: But his Pupils fell upon the dying Saint, pouring out
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Tears and Lamentations, and were dragg'd thence to Prison; where they in few Days after did likewise expire, being poisoned by the Villany of one of the *Tartarian* Bonzes or Priests, who being ordered by the Can their Father to attend them, in order to bring them back to Mahometism; and being unable to answer them in Dispute, or effect his Design, and fearing to fall under the Can's Displeasure, because the Villain had attempted to debauch one of the young Ladies in the Prison, they being lodged in different Apartments; he secretly threw Poison into some Water which a Slave had brought for them to drink, and so these innocent Martyrs all three died, and the guilty Wretch being put to the Torture, confest the Fact, and was recompensed with an ignominious Death. Thus this great and good Man, whose Birth and Infancy was attended with such wonderful Circumstances, who was indeed miraculously preserved alive, and whose whole Life had been in a manner a Series of Misfortunes and Deliverances. After having travelled over the greater Part of the Universe, and been surprized and exposed to the most imminent Dangers amongst Barbarians, and again restored in Safety to a Christian Country where he might have lived and died in Peace: Yet could he not restrain that ardent Zeal for God's Glory which filled his Soul, but must again launch out and run the Hazards of a long and dangerous Voyage to convert Infidels and Pagans to Christianity, and gain that Crown of Martyrdom which so few in this unthinking Age do court or endeavour to obtain, sealing the Truth
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of the Doctrine he had taught with his Blood. An Account of his Death, and the Manner of it was brought into *China* by some of the Christians who had been taken Slaves along with him into *Tartary*, and redeemed some Time after by being exchanged, and thence an Account was transmitted by the Missionaries at *China* to *Spain* to the Bishop of *Toledo*, who published it with a Design to do a just Honour to the Memory of so excellent a Man, and with Intent to excite others to follow so holy and brave an Example. But I forgot that I am speaking in a Nation and to a People who are the greatest Part of them more fond of Pleasure than Martyrdom, and care not to be reminded of Death; yet I hope there is a great Number of good Christians amongst us who are truly zealous for God and Religion, and would not scruple to lose their Lives and Fortunes in a good Cause: These I honour, and to these I dedicate this History, hoping they will excuse any Oversight which I have committed in the writing of it, and admit me into the Number of their Friends.

The End of the Second Volume.

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